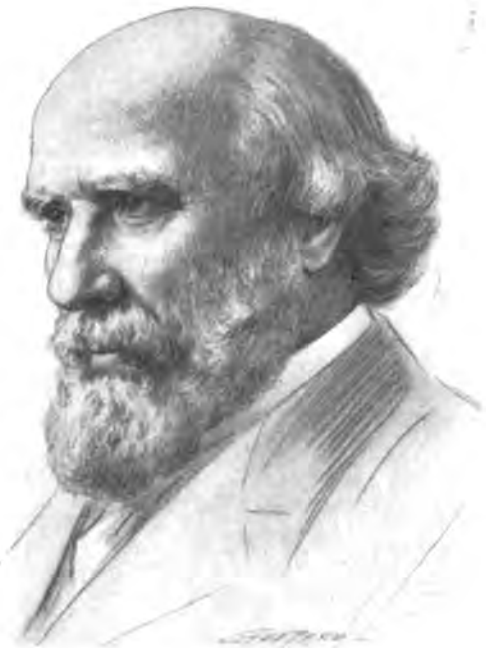
THE FRA

EXPONENT OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY

Vol. IX APRIL, 1912 No. 1



JAMES J. HILL

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THE FRA

EXPONENT OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY

Vol. 9 APRIL, 1912 No. 1

¶ Those Who Till the Soil Are the Chosen People of God.—*THOMAS JEFFERSON*

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THE OPEN ROAD

AFOOT WITH THE FRA

A Commonsense Education



ONE of the most important measures before Congress today is what is known as Senate Bill Number Three, introduced by Senator Carroll S. Page of Vermont. Senator Page wants the Federal Government to take an active, hearty interest in the education of the young, to the end that every girl and every boy shall be manually efficient as well as intellectually capable. ¶ Senator Page believes the first requisite to a happy, healthy life is that the individual shall be able to earn his own living, and add to the wealth and happiness of the world. The proposition is based on the predicate that only the useful person is safe and sane. Senator Page does not say so in so many words, but his endeavor is to do away with the necessity of hospitals, jails, reform-schools and prisons.

If I mistake not, the only other man who ever presented a similar measure before the country, with a similar idea, was Thomas Jefferson. But in Jefferson's time we were so busy cutting down the forests, killing wild animals, and eliminating the Indians, that Thomas Jefferson's plan of a public-school system that would educate not only for ornament but also for efficiency was, for the time, pigeonholed.

Briefly expressed, Senate Bill Number Three provides that the Federal Government shall appropriate a certain amount of money from the United States Treasury to be apportioned among the States in proportion to the amount of money that the States shall raise for a similar purpose.

This money is to be used for giving instruction and encouragement in agriculture, the trades and industries, and home economics.

That is to say, our public-school system is to take on vocational subjects. We will not merely talk about things—we will let the children do them.

Senator Page does not suggest any revolutionary methods. He merely pleads for the extension of the ideas that are already in the minds of all good teachers, and, in degree, are now being carried out in the schools.

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Children are all interested in Nature. The growing, living things interest them. Abstract ideas are difficult, and no wonder that punishment has been meted out in the form of study. This will not be so when we make study pleasurable

The State of California has voted to teach farming in all public schools.

That proposition of the good mother who wrote to the teacher, "We want Johnnie learned so he won't have to work—he has to work at home," makes us smile.

No life can be well rounded where the individual has not been brought up to work, and work intelligently, with his hands. Only in this way is he able to sympathize with the world of workers.

The Living Cost

GREECE and Rome went down to their death when the population became congested in the cities and the farms were forgotten

Twenty-five years ago in America, half of our population were directly interested in farming. Now less than one-third of our population are farmers. High prices of living come as a necessary result of such a condition.

¶ The farmer is in partnership with Nature, and if any man's business should be respected it is the farmer's.

For the Federal Government to co-operate with the States in the education of the young is eminently wise, beautiful and right.

The amount of money required to bring about this great betterment is comparatively slight. Prior to the year Nineteen Hundred Fifteen, less than four million dollars is asked for, and this money is to be used in the education of teachers along the lines of agriculture and industrial training.

By Nineteen Hundred Fifteen—the year of the World's Fair in San Francisco—the project will be well under way; and it is already arranged that in San Francisco in Nineteen Hundred Fifteen the teaching of agriculture and the trades will be a matter of exhibition.

¶ Doctor Taylor, of Moline, Illinois, is one of the world's great teachers in an agricultural way. This man has devoted a lifetime to the scientific study of scientific farming. Doctor Taylor gives it as his opinion that through an understanding of the soil and right methods our acreage yield in America could practically be doubled. This is no wild guess, for Doctor Taylor has taken the average farm in both the Eastern and the Middle States, and by the application of scientific methods done the thing

"The Rochester Plan"

CONCERNING the necessity of the better education of the young along the line of production, there is no question or dispute

The maximum cost to the Government, as provided in Senator Page's Bill, will not exceed twelve million dollars a year, which is about the price of a dreadnaught, and when a dreadnaught is built the expense only begins. And I trust I do not have to prove that a dreadnaught neither creates nor produces After it is blown up, it may take a million dollars to remove the wreck.

But this expenditure for a better education will all come back to us, ten times over, in both money and manhood.

One of the most interesting features about this Bill is the fact that it provides that none of the money appropriated by the general government shall be used for the purchase of land or in building buildings, or for the rental of buildings. The intent is to utilize the school plants that already exist.

Money appropriated for buildings affords the finest opportunity for misapplication of funds that can possibly be imagined.

If any one doubts this proposition, I suggest that he read the history of the Capitol buildings at Albany and at Harrisburg.

All over the United States there are towns and cities following the lead of what is known as the "Rochester Plan," which is simply a scheme to utilize school-buildings for the young and old, at such times as these buildings are not required for the regular school routine. Saturdays, Sundays, evenings, the school-buildings in Rochester are used for the education not only of the young, but of everybody.

¶ Senator Page provides a similar suggestion in his Bill, to the end that there shall be no age limit to the pupils who attend these commonsense schools.

Not over eighty per cent of all the children now in the public schools reach the sixth grade, much less the high school. The rest drop out and are set to work to earn a living, and most of these are very imperfectly equipped for the struggle.

Senator Page is an epoch-maker If the

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people could be rightly informed as to the excellence of his farm-schools, the plan would have the hearty approval of every good citizen, male and female.

I suggest that every reader of this article write to his own Senator and Representative, endorsing this great educational and economic betterment. This is no party measure. It is for the benefit and advantage of everybody in every possible walk of life. All of us will share in the increased prosperity that the passage of this Bill will bring about.

The higher the intelligence the finer the powers of discrimination; the finer the powers of discrimination the more things you will reject; the more things you reject the finer you become.

School-Gardens



AT the recent Land Show at Madison Square Garden, a daily lecture, illustrated with moving pictures, was given by Henry G. Parsons.

It was a wonderful sight to see how love and labor transformed the waste places in a great city and made them blossom with delight.

At first the children looked with suspicion on what was to be done.

When the hoes, spades, rakes and watering-pots began to arrive, the grim little faces relaxed, and soon you could almost hear the smiles

Girls and boys alike entered upon the tasks with glee. And always they were so reverent and careful of the growing things.

Beside the actual gardening, there was a great educational by-product in teaching children to respect and care for property.

Mrs. Parsons and her son should have the gratitude of the world for their practical commonsense work in school-gardens. And it is good to see that the New York Board of Education are upholding them in this enterprise that makes for beauty, happiness and efficiency

City boys take more kindly to the business of farming than do country lads. The reason farmer boys sometimes hate the farm and are filled with the desire to get away from it is because they have had a double dose of the farm. ¶ Too much of anything is bad But indoor school-work and farming should go hand in hand, and I believe the time will come when agriculture will be taught in all public schools.

The Mother of Us All

GOOD is the primal need. We get our living out of the soil, and no man can be healthy, happy or wise who is separated long from Mother Earth.

The child will dig in the sand before he can talk, and find satisfaction in the exercise And a knowledge of the soil and of the things it will produce when rightly manipulated is the foundation for sanity and efficiency in every walk of life.

In fact, man is a product of the soil.

My business is writing. I can do several other things. But the thing I get the most joy out of is this Cadmean game of expressing my thoughts in words. And constantly I find that my knowledge, gained on the farm, of trees, plants, flowers, horses, cattle, swine, poultry, guinea-hens, guinea-pigs, frogs, pollywogs, bugs, bees and butterflies, forms a valuable addition to my vocabulary.

All Nature, says Emerson, is for symbol and suggestion. Everything we see should remind us of something else, and without for an instant setting myself up as a pedagogic pattern I still maintain that no man can be considered an educated man who is not on good terms with Mother Earth, and with all the wonderful things that creep, crawl, run, climb, burrow, swim and fly.

The advantage which this new education affords, over the philosophy of Switzerland and Germany, lies in the fact that it holds all schoolteaching should be incidental.

The boy is not merely getting ready to live. He is living now; he is making himself useful; he is doing something for somebody.

And this is the first, last and one great lesson we must all learn: that success lies in doing something for somebody. We can only help ourselves as we help other people Non-productive effort, getting ready to do something useful, is n't nearly so good as to be useful right now. The boy is not to be waited on and cared for; he cares for himself.

Since the roads are for all the people, they should be built by all the people.

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Politics and Headgear



YOUR attitude towards the world is symboled by your hat

So we have the Quaker, who was born with his hat on and never removes it, even in the presence of royalty, and Beau Brummel, who was always lifting his hat with flourishes and gladsome salaams

We show our respect, or lack of it, by touching our hat-brim with one finger, or making the motion as if we were going to lift the hat.

In the presence of certain individuals we uncover and stand with hat in hand.

Old Doctor Johnson once stood in the rain for an hour, bareheaded, hat in hand, on the spot where forty years before he had short-changed an apple-woman to the extent of tuppence, and then very naturally called her a bad name when she accused him.

The cocked hat of the Little Corporal is unforgetable

General Harrison, "Old Tippecanoe," devised a most expressive lid, which was brought out again and made good use of as a campaign prop some years later.

Now comes the startling news that President Taft, having been presented a most impressive Stetson, wore it with eclat and things through Nebraska, Wyoming, Idaho and on to the Pacific

Wherever he appeared wearing this high-crowned, broad-brimmed brain-top he was received with an enthusiasm which was entirely lacking where the beaver was not in evidence

Americans have no use for a crown as a decoration for the sky-piece of their Chief Executive, but they glory in a hat that expresses individuality.

In the Presidential campaign of Nineteen Hundred Twelve, the Bill Taft Hat is going to play an important part.

Gladstone made famous the Inverness cape, but he had a special reason for adopting this peculiar form of garment. Instead of standing on the rear platform, a thing you can not do on the English railroads, you stand in the door of your car. There is just room in the doorway for one individual, especially if he is the size of Taft. Gladstone, standing in the door of his car, wearing his long Inverness cape, looked bigger than he was. As he stood there he shook hands with thousands, with the help of his secretary—a lean, lank, long-armed Scotchman—who stood behind him and pushed his red Scotch hands out under the cloak worn by his chief. All the time Gladstone's own hands were in his trousers-pockets, and he was shaking hands with the multitude, bowing, smiling, passing out the political platitudes, and, let us hope, winning votes

On one occasion his hat worked havoc with the scheme Suddenly a gust of wind came and lifted the lid while he was shaking hands with the proletariat, and he reached out two more hands and grabbed his hat, and a guard, who was on to his job, signaled the engine-driver to "let 'er go!"

He who influences his time influences all the times that follow—he has left his impress on eternity

Reforming the Reformers



THE one desirable betterment now in America is to reform the reformers.

Our besetting sin as a people is neither intemperance, idleness nor grafting. It is the hot intent to reform the world, by making other people live up to our ideals.

As a suggestion, I move that the reformers declare an armistice, and just for a year try to set us an example.

Give the heathen a rest. Cease all slumming. Relinquish work in the Personal Purity League. Declare a vacation in the W. C. T. U. Cease tariff-tinkering. Give the Trust-Busters a lay-off. Then let each man set a guard over his own spirit, and try to be greater than he who taketh a city.

In other words, let us do our work, performing the duties that lie nearest. Practise the old, plain, simple virtues of industry, economy, charity and honesty.

The passion for doing good to others is an obsession

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To deceive ourselves into the belief that we are filled with abnegation and self-sacrifice is the supreme manifestation of selfishness and tokens fatty enlargement of the ego.

Especially does the business world need a rest from the busy reformers and self-appointed saviors with pompadours, and without

Precept and mandate can do little in the way of reformation, but example can do much

A-bas on the academic economist! Live a little of it, at least!

The talent is the call, and if a man fails to do his work in a masterly way, make sure he has mistaken a lazy wish for a divine passion.

The Clean-Mouth Campaign



ONE fine day, on board ship, a fresh young man said to Wu Ting Fang, "Why do you wear that pigtail?" And Wu Ting Fang came back with another question, thus: "Why do you wear that moustache?"

"Because I have an impossible mouth."

"Ah," said His Excellency, "so it seems!"

I suppose it can be truthfully stated that one-half of the adults in the United States have an impossible mouth.

Oral hygiene is a new science. Very few people use a toothbrush industriously, skilfully and opportunely

Dental floss is an article practically unknown to the laity.

Yet there are a vast number of diseases and ailments that spring from an unhealthy mouth, and everybody should know it.

Pyorrhea is a disease that comes from an uncleanly condition, superinduced by some slight accident to the gums.

Finally, it follows up the tooth and attacks the alveolar processes. Most old people who lose their teeth do so through pyorrhea.

I tried to state something along this line at length in *The Fra* Magazine some months ago, and the result was that I received a deal of very frank criticism, mostly from dentists

I am sorry to say that some of my correspondents informed me that I did not know anything about the subject.

But many other dentists wrote me at length, thanking me for all I said, and endorsing my statements

Artistic jealousy everywhere prevails; and if a man does a thing particularly well, he wants to warn all other people off his preserve.

I hope I did not give the impression that I know all about the subject. All I claim at the most is that I am fifty-one per cent right.

Leaders in the Dental Profession

AS a class, I think the dentist ranks high, intellectually, but he is unfortunate in this: He works in a very small office, in a very small aperture—about two inches square. He deals with the abnormal and the diseased, and if he does not get out every day and walk five miles and let the winds shake off his little troubles and worries, he is apt to get his nerves on the outside of his clothes.

Every dentist should be a good sport—and, thank heaven, some of them are.

In my article I gave a list of dentists that I happened to know were treating pyorrhea successfully

But a few other specially skilled dentists have come to my notice, as follows:

Arthur H. Merritt, New York City.
Clarence Watts, Des Moines, Iowa.
J. A. West, Des Moines, Iowa.
Frank Skinner, Chicago, Illinois.
Elgin Mawhinney, Chicago, Illinois.
J. P. Buckley, Chicago, Illinois.
C. E. Meerhoff, Chicago, Illinois.
J. H. Wolley, Chicago, Illinois.
L. O. Green, Chicago, Illinois.
F. W. Brophy, Chicago, Illinois.
W. G. Ebersole, Cleveland, Ohio.
J. P. Carmichael, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Burton Lee Thorpe, Saint Louis, Missouri.
George Bowman, Saint Louis, Missouri.
W. T. Chambers, Denver, Colorado.
Frank Pague, San Francisco, California.
Edward Younger, San Francisco, California.
Charles Oakman, Detroit, Michigan.
George F. Burke, Detroit, Michigan.
G. R. Lindsay, Grand Junction, Colorado.
Robin Adair, Atlanta, Georgia.

Undoubtedly, there are many more dentists in America who successfully treat pyorrhea. But I still believe that Doctor Robert Good of Chicago is setting the United States a pace in this line.

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Dentists as Businessmen

EVERY good dentist, nowadays, is a teacher as well as a dentist. His business is to inform his patient how to get along without him.

Dentists, for the most part, are not sufficiently paid for their work. They are not good businessmen. The first thing a dentist should learn now is how to charge.

Think of a lawyer sending you a bill for seven dollars and fifty cents, as my good East Aurora dentist did for me last week!

I admire this East Aurora dentist. He is a right manly fellow, but he does not impress me the way my Buffalo lawyer did a short time ago, when he sent me a bill in blank and said, "Fill this out for anything that you think just, right and proper."

To preserve my self-respect, I had to write in his fee in six figures.

Peace comes to him who brings it, and joy to him who gives it; but a perfect understanding comes to him only who loves perfectly.

Remember the Maine



WE have been so long admonished with the slogan, "Remember the *Maine*," that it has sort of got into our circulation

But what this country should now do is to forget the *Maine*.

Our old college chum, General Weyler of Packing-Town, was the man who blew up the *Maine* He bought eight thousand pounds of dynamite and two hundred twenty-five miles of insulated wire, and just laid for the *Maine*, with one hand on a battery-key.

She was blown up, first, from the outside, and then her magazines exploded and she was blown up from the inside All of which is inside information now in possession of the United States Government, and given out to those who wish to know.

One thing worth considering just about now is this: That millions invested in a battleship may be blown up from the outside, or the inside, or both, by the touch of a finger; but millions of dollars invested in good roads can not be destroyed by any one individual, or even by an army of individuals.

In fact, no one has the desire to destroy good roads. They do not anger or aggravate. But from the children going to school, the farmers going to market, the old folks going to town, or the tourist in his automobile—all are blessed and benefited.

I favor a policy compelling our friends at Washington, when they appropriate money for a dreadnaught, to appropriate a like amount for good roads.

The only things that Julius Cæsar did that exist today are the roads he built Good roads are monument enough for any man. Let us build ourselves monuments.

The ideal life is only the normal or natural life as we shall some day know it.

Education by Doing Things



WE are changed through our activities. ¶ Abstract ideas, preaching, precept, injunction, mandate, coercion, repression, never made a city great, or a restless, nervous boy efficient. School should not only be a preparation for life: it should be life itself. Friedrich Froebel was right. If we utilize the tendency to play, we have made work a pleasure instead of a burden.

The Roycrofters some time ago inaugurated a School for Boys. They did this in self-defense, simply because, for the last ten years, parents from time to time have been sending them boys, requesting that these lads be set to work. ¶ Most of these boys at The Roycroft School are suffering from an overplus of cosmic gingersnaps. Very naturally, their activity is occasionally misdirected.

The problem of education is to direct the energies into useful and pleasurable channels; and get the youngster to do things because he wants to.

For instance, let us take the case of one boy, aged fifteen, big, husky, beautifully blundering, delightfully dull, with periods when he was obstinate, irritable, faultfinding. Nothing satisfied him, and he always had reasons for not doing the thing he should have done

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The boy was suffering from too much instruction, which had very naturally drifted off into faultfinding and scolding, until the youngster sort of half-imagined that his parents, teachers and guardians were spending their spare time in devising schemes to make him miserable.

Herein, of course, he complimented himself, for he was not of enough importance, either way. But he was in evidence, kicking over things, scuffing up the rugs, scratching hardwood floors, occasionally breaking dishes or windows, pitching things into the gutter, incidentally smoking cigarettes, threatening to run away, reading dime novels, alternately overeating and then losing his appetite.

The plan at The Roycroft School is to work at the books in the morning, and in the afternoon engage in manual work—good, plain, old-fashioned work out of doors!

The boys are up at six in the morning. There is then work at the barn, taking care of horses, cattle, pigs, poultry, for nearly an hour ❧ Then comes breakfast, with an interval of half an hour before the school-lessons begin. Until noon, the boys are busy at their books. At one o'clock, it is heavy boots, corduroy breeches, reefers, jumpers, and out of doors—no matter what the weather is! All weather is beautiful, and work has to be done, whether or no ❧ ❧

Our "Bad" Boy

OUR particular boy with the big feet and the big mouth was not inclined to work, except with his mouth. So the scheme was devised of sending him up to a farm three miles away, and letting him help the carpenters who were building a barn, or assist the farmer at the thousand and one things that always have to be done around the farm. There was something heroic in going away alone.

The boy was rather fond of horses, and so he was given a colt to ride. He had to take care of the colt, and soon this colt and the boy were very chummy. In caring for the colt the boy forgot his supposed troubles. Incidentally, he adopted a dog and got on good terms with a bunch of rabbits, with a few minor ambitions in the direction of raising squabs ❧ ❧

He fixed up his pigeon-house at spare times, with the advice of the head carpenter; and every day he rides up to the farm and back. His life is full of work, and there is enough diversion in it so the youngster has no time for introspection.

He has forgotten his enemies, and incidentally gained fifteen pounds in weight. He is willing to go to bed at nine o'clock, because he is dead-tired. He goes at his work because he is interested in it, and altogether has made decided strides physically and mentally ❧ If he keeps on, surely in a year, the farmer says, he will be a first-class farmhand, and the carpenter says he will be able to earn two dollars a day at carpentering. Oh, I see, you do not want your boy to be a farmhand or a carpenter! But, Madam, if farmhands can be something else, they do not remain farmhands. And in any event, farmhands do not gravitate into the bread-line.

And so, it looks as if the bad boy was a good boy who had misdirected or failed to use his energies.

The problem of industrial education requires a careful survey of each particular case: supervision with the supervision out of sight, discipline that is not in evidence, and opportunities for actual productive work.

All of these things no military college can supply. The average boarding-school, founded on the English idea, is purgatory, and, as Dickens asserted, out of line with Nature ❧ We succeed in education just as we succeed in anything—if we succeed at all—through following Nature.

Man is supposed to be poor. He is supposed to earn his living every day; he is supposed to battle with the elements; to subdue wild animals; to overcome the inertia of Nature; and if we can make education conform to this general idea of adaptation to environment, to overcoming the disadvantages of environment, and then of shaping environment, the problem is solved.

Education of the young can never approximate perfection until we evolve a race of teachers who are industrial workers as well as bookworms. ¶ Ten per cent of our entire population are degenerates and inefficients, and most of these ten-per-cent folks are not ignorant—they are those who are overeducated and wrongly educated.

They were supplied things that they had not earned, and consequently they have no appreciation of the efforts of others, nor have they gratitude for anything done for them.

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The first great lesson in life is to know just how long and how much physical effort it takes to earn a dollar. Any man who has got this first primal fact fixed in his sky-piece can never be a care to society, a menace to his family, or a charge on the community

To fail to win the approval of one's Other Self is defeat, and there is none other.

Yours for the Revolution



UR comrades who sign themselves, "Yours for the Revolution," would do well to cast their glimmers in the direction of Mexico.

The men who fought to bring about the revolution, and succeeded, have now revolted against their leaders and are endeavoring to revolutionize things back to where they were before the revolution began

Nature works through the processes of evolution, not revolution or devolution.

Things done in violence have to be done all over again.

The better sentiment of the world is now alive to the fact that man in his individual evolution passes through the savage stage.

Let a call come for arms, and nine-tenths of the boys between sixteen and twenty will enlist, and gladly, not that they know anything about the issue or care anything about it, but they want to exercise their savage instincts. These instincts stand for revolution, dissolution, war, destruction.

The problem of education is to bridge this explosive period by supplying the youth enough natural difficulties so he has something upon which to break his energies.

In Mexico, the "leisure class" abounds. Illiteracy is the rule. It is the same in Cuba, where revolution is perennial.

The people who live along the Fortieth Parallel who sign themselves, "Yours for the Revolution," should move down toward the Equator, where the climate is more propitious for their business

If you consume more than you produce, some one must labor to make good the deficiency.

Shoes and Stockings



A MANUFACTURER of a wonderfully advertised shoe for ladies tells me that if the average woman should wear a pair of his best style of shoes all day, she would soon be a chronic invalid.

These society shoes are not built on anatomical lines. No woman could walk off across the fields in a pair of "evening scupps." They neither protect her feet nor make for efficiency. Their only use is a secondary, sexual advertisement. And among other things they advertise the wearer's inability to run—thus harking back to the old time when marriage was a predatory proposition, and the raid of the Romans on the Sabines was simply the Roman way of popping the interrogatory pop-valve.

However, I know perfectly well that this little criticism, and many others like it that may be made, will not influence the situation in the slightest degree; but it is well enough to state the fact, nevertheless, that discomfort in the feet tends to discomfort all over the body. Especially is the spine affected, and anything that affects the spine—which is the great central cable system for the nerves—is going to affect the brain.

The fashionable high-heeled shoe with its narrow sole and pointed toe makes hospitals necessary. Cause and effect have their perfect run. It may take five, ten or twenty years to travel from the fashionable salon to the hospital, but the trail is well-worn and no one need miss it.

It is a somewhat curious fact in esoterics that as hosiery becomes more pronounced in art features, dress-skirts become shorter and shoes grow gaudy, fetching, peculiar and expressed in fancy.

The law of compensation never ceases, and when we get short skirts as a fashion, we are also going to have the tortures of the Inquisition in the line of shoes. What you gain in speed you lose in power.

I wonder if it will ever come about that a woman will not care for the admiration of a man who is attracted by fluffy ruffles, incapacity and lu-lu inefficiency?

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Equal Suffrage is a wonderful thing, but when fifty delegates from an Equal Suffrage Convention came out from Buffalo to East Aurora, about forty of the feminine bunch were unable to walk a mile on level ground. The rest hobbled, minced, jigged, ambled and suffered

Comfort they could have had by calling on my old friend Papa Coward, who ran a Sandal-Shop in Athens in the time of Pericles, where he fixed out with footwear the runners who won in the Olympic games. But comfort was n't what the sufferin' ladies wished most. They were clutching for something else.

Why not prize life, inasmuch as it is transient! It is slipping away from us every moment, never to return. Let 's wear clothes that minister, and leave vogue to the vixen and the virago.

All the men and women who have ever lived and loved and hoped and died were God's children, and we are no more.

Scientific Farming



WITH the aid of a scientific rotation of crops and farms properly equipped with live-stock, we are going to double acreage production in America.

Some of the best brains in the world are now at work on this problem, and knowledge is being put before the people as never before in all history

Greece and Rome went down to their death simply because they neglected the fields, and population centered in the cities.

Until very recent times in America, the population in the cities increased much faster than in the country, but now there is a return movement. Gasoline has a deal to do with the proposition. Automobiles, motor-trucks and tractors are having their sure and certain influence

And with gasoline must come good roads. Agriculture has never been really respectable in America because it was not profitable

Pioneer people are always reckless and extravagant in the use of Nature's products. This period of waste, it seems, must be gone through with in the life of a nation, just as it has to in the life of the individual.

So we had to destroy our forests and deplete the soil before we really awoke to the fact that forestry, gardening, and the care of live-stock are eminently the most respectable callings in which a man can possibly engage. The farmer is in partnership with Nature. Said Thomas Jefferson, " Those who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God."

We are under bonds for the moderate use of every faculty, and he who misuses any of God's gifts may not hope to go unscathed.

Canadian Water-Power



THERE are a good many people in the United States who do not realize that Canada has a greater available water-power, twice over, than has the States.

Her best water-power, perhaps, is in the Province of British Columbia, but the rapids in the Saint Lawrence River have never been utilized except in a very small way.

Now English capital is incorporating a company with a capital of one hundred million dollars, to utilize three rapids in the Saint Lawrence River. These are entirely in Canadian territory. They are the Cedars, the Cascades and the Coteau.

The plan is to build an ideal manufacturing city. Engineers and architects will work together. The general plan will be very much like that of the Central Manufacturing District in Chicago. There will be water-facilities for every manufacturer, and railroad-sidings as well, with parks, playgrounds, schools, clubs, opera-houses, electric transportation, and, of course, electric lights, indefinitely and without reserve.

The land along the rapids at the points named has been secured, and options taken on a big acreage. The present value of this acreage is very slight, and so as a land-promotion scheme it is one of the biggest things ever attempted on the American continent

In view of what we now know of the value of electricity, joined to our knowledge of archi-

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tecture, the whole scheme is one that will attract worldwide attention.

Here is Big Business which proposes to build a city avowedly of an industrial nature, and one in which art will play an important part.

¶ It will be a city without slums, without poverty, vice or disease. Sanitation, hygiene, health and education are each and all to have careful consideration, and behind it all will be capital enough, and an earning power sufficient to keep beggardom at bay.

The world has had inspired poets, inspired writers, prophets, orators, agitators and reformers, but the inspired businessman and industrial leader is a brand-new thing in the evolution of the genus homo.

The world will watch the evolution of this ideal city on the banks of the Saint Lawrence with great interest.

What carries with it more of awe and majesty than the sight of the unconquered, unconquerable soul of man battling against odds with defeat as a sure result?

Social Centers



AND now comes the good news that the city of Chicago has opened thirteen of her public-school buildings as neighborhood social centers.

For the first time in the history of Illinois a Board of Education has laid down the proposition that school-buildings are not for the exclusive benefit of children.

We have always fixed a limit on school education. In most States it is fixed by law. The child must not be under six and not over twenty-one.

The credit for this new departure must be given to the city of Rochester.

And now the Chicago Board of Education has declared that the public-school system is for grown-ups quite as much as for children, and that any one who needs, or thinks he needs, the help that the public-school system can give is entitled to it.

To this end night-schools are to be carried on, and lectures given with the aid of stereopticon and moving pictures.

Societies are being formed to take proper care of each school-building and to conduct the exercises. As fast as a neighborhood shows its ability to properly utilize school-buildings, the entire school plant is at the disposal of the society.

Debating clubs, literary clubs, dramatic clubs —anything that tends to amuse, instruct and benefit the neighborhood—is allowed.

And here is something that would have given our grandmothers a great shock! In various and sundry of these school-buildings, under the new regime, seats of a portable kind are to be arranged, and these seats will be removed one evening in the week for the purpose of dancing and gymnastic exercises.

In Rochester it has been found, where the school-buildings were utilized evenings, that parents would come in swarms with their children and make use of the buildings as social centers.

The Poor Man's Club

IT has always been claimed that a saloon was the Poor Man's Club—in fact, that he had no other place to go. But this excuse is to be taken away; and the argument is made that any place where a man will go with his wife and children is beautiful, right, proper and altogether lovely.

And so this is the new education of the grown-up, in which the public-school system is to co-operate. And when the bill of Senator Page is passed, and the federal government co-operates with the public-school systems of every State, it will be one great stride toward the Celestial City of Fine Minds.

The public-school system was devised by Thomas Jefferson, the world's first and only Democrat. He argued for it, pleaded for it, fought for it, and he brought it about; yet, so far, we have not caught up with Jefferson's ideals as to what it should be. But we are getting there!

The public-school system cements: it does not divide. It does not break the town up into little religious cliques and social sets: it eradicates feud, jealousy, caste, and makes for true democracy—the Brotherhood of Mankind

Eternal Unities require a condition where men and women shall live to love and not to sorrow; where the tyranny of things hated shall not forever prevail, nor that for which the heart yearns turn to ashes at our touch.

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Murphys, Spuds and Praties



SEVERAL big shipments of Irish potatoes have recently arrived in New York City from Scotland, paying a stiff duty to Uncle Sam.

But before you begin to get the wickershams, by saying that America is looking to Europe for food, suppose we get the facts.

These potatoes were sold at an advance of something like fifty per cent on market price and shipped to the West to be used for seed. I bought a bushel and had to pay three dollars in good hard-earned mazuma.

The United States imports oats from Norway, and has for years, but potatoes from Ireland have made a thousand editors throw double Arabs

And now a bigger cargo still is coming direct from Ireland, to be distributed throughout the United States for seed purposes.

If we get Irish and Scotch folks for seed purposes, why not spuds!

The Irish potato is strictly an American product. These same merry colonists who took tobacco over to England carried with them potatoes.

But potatoes were not raised in Ireland to any great extent until about one hundred fifty years ago. The transplanting was a lucky stroke for Ireland. The climate and soil there were eminently adapted for raising potatoes. The potato saved Ireland from starvation and turned the tide from misery to a life that produced quite a number of White Hopes.

And I guess it is a fact that the land which will produce good potatoes will also produce good men.

Some Potato Facts

IRELAND has kicked up a dust in a political way quite beyond her size, measured in square miles. Transplanted Irish rule the world. Transplanted potatoes feed the world.

¶ And this move of bringing potatoes from across the sea for seed purposes in America is eminently scientific.

Maine has two great crops, potatoes and politicians, and I trust no one will dispute me when I say Ireland has the same.

Potatoes require a soil with more or less clay and gravel, and not too rich in loam. In other words, potatoes are like folks—they require a certain amount of difficulty and hardship

And another feature in which they are like humans: they need a change of environment. They "run out" when seed is planted over and over from one locality, just as families die from want of transplantation and transmigration. In Illinois we used to save the little scrubby potatoes to plant, and the good ones we sold or ate. The result was, we soon were raising scrubs. That is what happens to society in war-time—we breed from the unfit, and that is the real curse of war. Ask Andy!

¶ Plenty of educated folks do not know that the seed of the potato is not the tuber or root which we eat. Potatoes flower, and bear a little black seed in a pod or ball. To get a new breed, we have to plant the seed, not the "eye." And here again you find a case where genius does not reproduce itself. The "eye" will give you the same sort of potato, but the seed harks back to a former ancestor, and may give you something totally different. To fertilize the flower of a potato-vine with the pollen of some one particular breed is a delicate operation. Then to plant the seed and pick out certain tubers and plant these requires great patience and much time. You thus see why and how certain potatoes may be cheap at a dollar each.

Small potatoes and few in a hill means probably an ill-bred potato, where the poorest have been used for seed. The Divine Energy that takes the special form called a potato is very particular at times. It has its likes, dislikes, preferences, prejudices, glooms and joys

Some potatoes cross with others most happily, and others are grouchy, glum and unsociable.

Transplantation

POTATOES like a change of soil and climate They have a passion for migrating. In Idaho and in Greeley County, Colorado, they raise such crops that I dare not tell you the truth as to how many bushels per acre, for fear you would put me in the overcrowded Ananias Club. But at a risk, let me say that six and seven hundred bushels to the acre are not unusual. But these tremendous crops are mostly raised from seed carried from Maine, just as the finest roses in California are slipped in Monroe County, New York. Transplanted to a more favorable soil, with more

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water and sunshine, the new product is twice the size of its parents.

For several years this increase will be noted, and then the breed gets tired, languishes, grows small, becomes sickly and has to be abandoned. A rotation of crops, or a moving from field to field, is the only thing that will keep one kind of potato from running out ❧ Potatoes from Maine are sent to Texas and all Southern States for seed purposes. Potatoes in the South will run about a hundred bushels to the acre. The potato does not like hot weather, but a Maine potato planted in the South will often jump the yield from a hundred to two hundred bushels an acre. ¶ The Roycrofters raise several thousand bushels of potatoes each year. The little spuds or the irregular, crooked ones we cook in big boilers and mash up with middlings for the hens and little pigs as Winter feed.

The hens lay eggs and the pigs evolve into sausage. And spuds, eggs and sausage, rightly combined with ozone, produce editorials for *The Fra*.

❧

Modern Business prays with the help of a buzzer, instead of a bell, book and candle.

❧

To Live Long, Keep Busy



THE death of John Bigelow in his ninety-fourth year closes a busy life of an extraordinary man ❧ ❧

Up to the week of his death Bigelow took a hearty interest in all political and social happenings that were of import to the world.

Bigelow was just eight years younger than Abraham Lincoln ❧ When Lincoln died Bigelow was forty-eight.

Herbert Spencer once said that the majority of Englishmen who live to be over seventy have softening of the brain. And then he explained that the reason they had softening of the brain was because they did not use their brains.

The brain is an organ, and the only way to exercise it is by thinking—pleasurable thinking; and an interest in what the world is saying and doing, with the proper expression of your own thoughts, is eminently hygienic.

Letizia Rothschild, the mother of ten great Rothschilds, lived to be a hundred; and when she was ninety-eight she did not hesitate to express her disapprobation of some of the policies followed out in a political way by Nathan, her brilliant son.

Caroline Herschel, musician, astronomer, student, schoolteacher, also made the century run. ¶ Bishop Bowman, of England, is ninety-two ❧ ❧

John Tenniel, famous cartoonist, is ninety, and at work.

Lord Strathcona, otherwise Donald G. Smith, is ninety, and the other day he quoted Sir Humphry Davy, who when asked what was his greatest discovery replied, "Michael Faraday!" Continuing, he said that his own greatest achievement was the discovery of James J. Hill, "who would yet make a mark for himself."

Sir Charles Tupper and Clara Barton are both in their ninety-first year.

Alfred Russel Wallace is in his eighty-ninth year, and not long ago refused to buy a horse that was twelve years old, stating that he wanted a colt so he could break it, and it would last him the rest of his life.

Doctor Robert Collyer, Ex-Senator Davis and John Buckner are each eighty-seven, and still stirring up the animals.

Levi P. Morton is eighty-six, and is out with an article in favor of the National Reserve Association, saying that he never wants to live to see another financial panic.

The Passing of Fear

DOZENS of men can be named between eighty and ninety who are taking a very practical interest in the world of politics, business and literature.

The five great insurance companies report an average of fifty-seven deaths where a hundred were due to shuffle off the mortal coil.

Undoubtedly, the greatest factor in longevity is an active interest in human affairs—not village affairs, but the affairs of the nations.

The fear of death, as a philosophic proposition, has passed from the world. We have no sorrow for the dead, and science has shown us that pain is an attribute of life, and that the dying have neither pain nor fear.

The orthodox religion, which was devised to give men comfort, gave them just the opposite thing ❧ ❧

Happily, the Devil is a joke and the tears of pity have put out the fires of Hell.

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Life is beautiful, and for all we know, death is just as good. And death, science shows, is in itself a form of life.

The man who lives well is the one who is willing to go or stay. And the man who is willing to go or stay, stays quite a while.

John Calvin and John Knox had a deal to do with devising and formulating a religion of sorrow, and each died old at fifty-seven. Unfortunately, they took themselves seriously, attempting to say the final word. And any one who does this is suffering from arterio-sclerosis of his think-cells. Life is fluid; and nothing is permanent but change.

After all, is there anything better than a willingness to help—a cheerful, active, intelligent, earnest wish to be useful?

Acts and Reasons



MAN'S actions may be right, but his reasons for these actions, seldom

We band ourselves with our kind in a social way because it is the law of our nature, and then we conceal ourselves from ourselves by giving a reason. A religious denomination is an excuse for certain people forming a little social community. I have no fault to find with the action: I only point out the phenomenon It is an instinct implanted deep in the heart of humanity, and has come to us adown the ages from the time when self-preservation made clanship a necessity. Secret societies exist for the same reasons The strife of existence sets every man's hand against every other, and to stand against a greater foe clanship came in, and certain men swore to other men fealty and fidelity.

The line of cleavage is purely social affinity, but men say it is because one believes in baptism by immersion and the other by a touch of the forefinger.

The excuse is accepted seriously by both parties, and henceforth you have two institutions instead of one. And the only thing that will ever remove that artificial idea that one kind of baptism is right and another wrong is social affinity.

Women's Clubs are everywhere breaking down sectarian lines and lessening faith in "justification" and "original sin," simply because Presbyterian women find that Unitarian women are companionable. And we have always known that whenever a stalwart young Methodist falls in love with a charming young Baptist, either one or the other will soon shed all conscientious denominational scruples concerning tweedledee and tweedledum. If men will ever grow great enough so that they no longer fear other men, and feel at home with all their kind, instead of merely with a few, then will sect disappear, for sectarianism is only a masked religious vendetta. The vendetta never had a sufficient excuse, and anything in this day that separates man from man is not just and right.

Great and wise men have ever loved laughter. The vain, the ignorant, the dishonest, the pretentious, alone have dreaded or despised it.

Love and Reason



YESTERDAY woman was a chattel Now she is, in law, a minor. Tomorrow she will be free, or partially so—that is to say, as free as man

These changes have gradually come about through isolated discoveries that a woman might be a man's comrade and friend—that a man and a woman might be mental mates

Then for the first time there existed honesty in the relation; for surely, I do not have to prove that honesty between master and slave is either an accident or a barren ideality? ¶ Love for its own sake can exist only between a man and a woman mentally mated; for only then is complete, unqualified, honest expression possible.

Men who marry for gratification, propagation, or the matter of buttons and socks, must expect to cope with and deal in a certain amount of quibble, subterfuge, concealment, and double, deep-dyed prevarication.

And these things will stain the fabric of the souls of those who juggle them, and leave their mark upon futurity.

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The fusion of two minds in an idea has given a new joy to the race, a zest to life and a reason for living. ¶ Love is for the lover.

And in this new condition, where the mental equality of the woman is being acknowledged, there will be no tyranny and therefore no concealment and untruth ❧ There will be simplicity and frankness, and these are the essence of comradeship.

And where there is comradeship, there can love and reason walk hand in hand.

Love and Reason!

Love for its own sake, with honesty and truth for counsel and guide, is the highest good. It is the supreme endowment of God. And under these conditions he who loves most is most blessed.

Love and ownership.

Love and "rights."

Love and finesse.

Love and management.

These things are very old, but love and reason is a new combination. And it can exist only where there is the unconditional admission of equality.

Such a partnership means a doubling of every intellectual joy, and an increased sympathy with every living thing, a oneness that knows no limit. It means universality.

We reach God through the love of one. We can gain the kingdom of heaven by having the kingdom of heaven in our hearts.

Love for love's sake—there is nothing better. ¶ It sweetens every act of life.

Love grows by giving. ¶ The love we give away is the only love we keep.

Insight, sympathy, faith, knowledge and love are the results of love—they are the children of parents mentally mated.

Love for love's sake!

❧

CLOTHES play a most important part in Cupid's pranks. Though the little god himself goes naked he never allows his votaries to follow suit. That story of Venus unadorned appearing from the sea is but a fairy-tale—such a sight would have made a lovelorn swain take to the woods ❧ The wicket, the lattice, the lace-curtain, the veil and mantilla, all are secondary sexual manifestations ❧ In rural districts, where honesty still prevails, the girls crochet a creation which they call a "fascinator," and I can summon witnesses to prove it is one.

"Got His Goat"



THERE are lots of highly educated people with college degrees who do not know the origin of the classic expression, "Got his Goat."

This fine literary phrase, so far-reaching in its psychic import, originated in East Aurora ❧ ❧

It was first used by Ali Baba. ¶ Living neighbor to The Roycroft Shop was one Ed Geers, horse general and all-round sporty jackanapes, known to the world as the "silent man," on account of a way he has of lifting his voice so you can hear him a mile, and damning the stableboys at inopportune times.

In the stable of Ed Geers was a very fast horse known as Prince Regent. This horse was of a very nervous disposition, and when in a box stall by himself—especially in a strange place—fretted and suffered from homesickness ❧ Ed Geers bought a goat from Ali Baba and put it in the stall with the horse, and the horse and the goat became very chummy.

When they would take the horse out to trot on the track, he would seemingly look forward to the moment when he could get back and relate his experiences to the sympathetic goat.

There came a day when this horse was to trot for the Futurity Stakes in Buffalo. All went well, and it looked as if Prince Regent had a sure thing. The bets were all in favor of Prince Regent.

But at midnight on the day before the race, some one got in the barn and stole the goat, and the horse so pined for his mate that he seemed to lose heart, and by the afternoon when the time came for the horses to be called, Prince Regent lost his nerve.

"What 's the matter with that horse?" somebody said, as they noticed the animal's drooping ears.

"Why, somebody has got his goat," said Ali Baba.

And so the phrase has gone clattering down the centuries, like a tin kettle to a dog's tail. It has been fixed in the current coin of speech.

"We have got his goat." That means the man is done for and out of the game.

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Destiny and the Soil

By Alice Hubbard



NO one lives in the country now in the sense that people lived in the country half a century ago. General conditions have so changed that all living has changed. We have many needs which we expect to have supplied, which were once the dream of the overindulged ❧ No one talked then of the "poor farmer." He was called just "farmer," because everybody knew he was poor.

The village youth would speak of him often as a "hayseed," and impertinently call to him to get the straw out of his hair. This superior attitude of the village boy was usually because he lived where the mail came twice a week, and he was so near the post-office that he could get the newspaper the moment it arrived. The farmer might have to wait a day or two after the stage came in, before he could get to town, and the necessities of his work would not allow regularity in getting even this meager message from the outside world.

He, with his family, lived practically in isolation ❧ ❧

The farmer was poor, no matter how much land he had. If he had many acres, he must hire men to help him make the farm pay the taxes and give a living to those who worked the long hours a farmer must who sows and reaps ❧ ❧

If the farm was small, the man with the help of his wife did his own work, and merely managed to live.

Probably the best agricultural implement used on the farm was an Oliver plow that turned one furrow at a time, twelve inches wide. One man held the handles, and, if oxen were used, another man was often required to drive. A tooth-drag that one team could draw was the harrow that broke the lumps of soil and put the land into condition where the seed would grow.

And then the sower went forth to sow. A bag of grain was strapped across his shoulder, and in and out went the hand of the farmer, who scattered the seed evenly over the field. ¶ Ten acres of oats! Compute the times it would take to get such a field ready for the sun and rain and warmth that grows the grain ❧ ❧

And the harvest? Cradles were swung by strong men who kept step and time with the swish, swish of the grain as they deftly dropped it into the wide swath. They were followed by others, skilled in binding up armfuls of grain, with a band of the same knotted around the bundle. Then the bundles were picked up and shocked together, heads up, to dry for the threshing-floor.

When it was ready, wagons were driven into the fields, and all was gathered into the barn, where men with flails beat out the grain from the straw.

And a bushel of grain cost?

All it was worth in food-value.

No waste could be allowed.

Few horses and oxen could be kept on the farm, because many could not be fed. Grass was cut with scythes, potatoes were planted by hand and dug with a hoe.

All farming was comparatively "one horse." ¶ Agricultural implements were primitive. Machinery was not yet here.

The power of steam was for railroads and steamships. Electricity was a phenomenon and to be feared. No thought for its use had yet been worked out and made practical. Lightning-rods were placed on buildings to ward off its dangerous presence.

The limit upon grains and other farm-products was fixed by the farming implements. Man-power was only so much. The capacity of the earth's output was small. The human race was not able to produce more from the soil, because humanity had reached its limit of toil ❧ ❧

And there came a day when civilization paused, and waited until McCormick drove a reaper through a field of wheat.

Progress could be made no further until men mixed brains with their soil—to use Horace Greeley's expression. And the result of the first mixing was machinery.

The Farm Woman

THE "wimmin folks" on the farm! ❧ Existence was possible to them simply because they were, for the most part, with little ambition. Their demand was regulated by what the farmer could supply. The women made their rounds of toil as did the men. It was woman's work to make the fires in the

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morning, cook the breakfast, milk the cow, feed the chickens, wash the dishes, sweep the floor. Then there followed the cooking of dinner and more dishes. In the afternoon, women spun, wove, sewed, cooked supper, prepared for the morning work, sewed, knit and slept.

Day after day this program was repeated, and then year after year, the only variations being the hardships which came with the changing seasons.

The coming of the children was an incident in their existence, because necessity made one continuous event.

Monotony was their malady. There was little of romance that came into their lives.

When Necessity uses a whip, she drives love away, also beauty.

Farmers' wives were well acquainted only with work, duty, hardships, deprivation, disappointment and fear.

There was little to sell and no money with which to buy. "Cash and Barter" was the sign on the General Store in the village. The farmer took a few pats of butter and received in return thread, saleratus, possibly a little tea and sugar, and cotton cloth.

The little flock of sheep supplied the wool that the wife (weaver) must work up into clothing for the household, fiber by fiber, stitch by stitch. Flax could be raised even on poor soil, and this the farmer's wife must break, cure, card and spin if she would have linen ❧ ❧

The tallow candle, which the wife herself made, was the only light at night, except that which came fitfully from the fireplace.

The occasional newspaper was read as holy writ, and unwarranted importance was placed upon every word of the printed page. Magazines were unknown.

The books in the house were King James' (or Bacon's) translation of the Bible, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Baxter's *Saints' Rest*, *The Prince of the House of David*, *Call to the Unconverted*, and possibly a copy of Mrs. Hemans' poems—a wedding-gift from a city relative.

The natural opportunities for thinking were all there, but they were not available to the minds of the farming people.

The farmers' daughters repeated the experiences of their mothers. There was but one future for them—to be wives of farmers. So they raised wool and flax—cured, carded, spun and wove it. They bleached the linen and dyed the wool, using the processes evolved centuries before. The tin chests were filled, made ready against the time when the farmer youth should have a few acres on which to build for himself a little cabin where the bride could go and unpack her treasures.

Then she followed in her mother's footsteps, and that tale was retold.

This monotonous repetition seemed like an impenetrable forest where the human race would be lost.

The Advent of Machinery

BUT Nature's law of evolution was at work ❧ There came a day when the rhythmic poetry of "The mowers as they go, through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row," was replaced by the merry clatter of the mowing-machine ❧ "Maud Muller on a Summer's day raked the meadow sweet with hay," driving the judge's horse as she rode on the sulky, and cleverly tripped the shift, leaving the hay in long windrows for the hay-loader to lift onto the hayrack.

The unloading is done in the barn, with a hay-fork, where an eighth of a load is lifted to the mow at once, by ropes running over pulleys, and a horse out in the road does the work easily—work that men used to strain and sweat to do.

Twenty-five acres of clover—a hundred tons—are cut and housed in three days by four men, eight horses, and machinery.

The Bobbie Burns crowd of boisterous, roisterous lovemakers is replaced by one man, four horses, one reaper and binder combined. Yonder the threshing-machine is being set up, the engine already puffing and anxious for the grain which will be threshed in the open field. Teams draw the sheaves of grain to the thresher, and teams draw away the grain to the granary by the wagon-load.

The gleaners nowadays are a horserake and a boy driving his horse like a grocery's delivery-wagon.

The lovemaking in the harvest-field has been driven out—all of it—by machinery. Yet there is more love in the country today than was ever there before, and it lasts longer. Love must have a little leisure, the luxury of time to think and plan and hope, and someone to whom to tell the dreams. The present economy of time by machinery has given the

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farmer opportunity to be gentle, kind and lovable. He reflects his surroundings. His harsh belief in a God of wrath and gloom has changed with his circumstances to a God of love and joy.

One man can drive ten horses, and ten horses can pull two wagons piled high with bags of wheat.

Two men can turn fifty furrows with the gang-plow, drawn by an oil-pull engine, that is now available for large tracts of level land.

Man's brain has multiplied man's power by twenty-five, by fifty, by one hundred.

A man is now a Samson, a Goliath, a David, a Hercules, a Brobdingnag, a seven-league man, a Mercury, a Prometheus, a Theseus, a Neptune, a Pluto and a Jupiter.

Man's inventions have lengthened his arms until he is omnipotent. The telegraph and the telephone have made him omniscient. And quick transportation has made him almost omnipresent, qualities once ascribed only to the Creator of the Universe.

Man has removed mountains. He has said to the river, "Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea."

He has tunneled under the rivers and through the earth. He has navigated the air. In his vest-pocket he can carry enough potential power to swing this globe out of its orbit.

Ask Madame Curie.

He is learning the use of power, how to apply it, and how to economize it.

And man has increased the productiveness of the earth in the same ratio as he has increased his own efficiency.

He has brought for man's use resources that were not known until machinery extended man's power.

He has as yet used only a portion of the surface of the earth, and there are unlimited resources still on the surface.

What latent power lies below eight inches of the top soil he has as yet only dreamed.

Three-fourths of the earth is covered with water. Man has not used the sea except for a roadway.

He has only just begun to live. There are infinite worlds to discover and conquer right where we are today.

The once dark, pathless and impenetrable forest, enemy to man, has become shade-trees and city parks.

The jungle full of deadly wild beasts is now waving grain-fields, and orchards whose products are sent to Paris or to London, and consumed by the great-grandchildren of men who told anthropophagi stories of darkest Africa and Asia. The mysteries of the Nile are all cleared away. The tales of the miracles are melted into other mythologies.

Men in Egypt as elsewhere are not absorbed in preparing for a world to come, but they are living in this life and concentrating upon giving their best to this world. They have a hint of the truth that postponing your best living is never to live your best.

The Interests of City and Country

WHEN Rome was at the height of her prosperity, her country was divided into little farms—small holdings. The farmers did not stay on the farms during the night, but had their homes within the walled and fortified cities, to which they went after the day's work was done.

Their farms were under the protection of the government as well as their homes. They gladly paid tribute-money for this protection, and were, in fact, a part of the entire general government, which was also the civic.

The cultivation of these small farms was what made Rome have a height to her power. And the reason she "declined" and "fell" was because she took away the small farms and made vast estates of them.

Rome at her best had no hayseed farmers. They were intelligent men who lived in touch with the interests of their time.

They knew all that the Roman City citizens knew, and they knew the farm-work besides. ¶ Their occupations by day kept them from spending their time foolishly, kept them normally interested in affairs of markets and government, but kept them from vices.

The city was so close in touch with the country that it knew how dependent it was upon the products of the soil, and it respected the farm and the farmer.

The discontent of the agrarian was just as much feared by the people in political power, as was the discontent of the Patricians and soldiers. So the government planned for the welfare of the agrarians with great care.

And this mutuality of interest was because of the mutual understanding and common intelligence of agrarians, manufacturers, Patricians, Plebeians, soldiers and priests. They knew that the source of all wealth is the soil. The

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country was brought to the city and the city to the country.

They appreciated the monism of life.

It was death to Rome when she centered her interests on conquests and exalted the soldier above the farmer. ¶ When Rome divorced the farm from the city she died.

Today, the city and country are becoming one in their interests.

The farmer does not have his home in the city, but every day the news interests of the world are brought to his door.

The neat little post-box is a bureau of information, where the R. F. D. boy stops regularly and slips in the daily paper, the magazines, letters, catalogs, with advertisements of all inventions, machines, public activities, topics of political and international interest. The farmer may be superior in intelligence if he has a desire to be.

This privilege the government has made practicable and has given assurance of its permanence ❧ ❧

The wonderful efficiency of the monotype, linotype, and huge printing-presses has put literature within the reach of every man, woman and child who lives on a farm.

The farmhouse with a good library is not an exception. The Bible and its Commentaries, the family album and books of gloom and fear are not found on the marble-top table, nor on the whatnot in the corner.

Cheerful, practical books on live topics are on open shelves easy to reach. The late stories —a few of them—are there, and occasionally a Bernard Shaw, a Maeterlinck, and a John Burroughs.

The Power of Light

"AND God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light," but only for eight hours a day in the Winter on the Fortieth Parallel. ¶ "More light!" "More light!" was Goethe's urgent cry.

What are the long evenings for, during October, November, December, January, February, March and April, if you can not read and study? Sins and crimes take place in the dark ❧ ❧

"Let there be light," and the human race will become intelligent and civilized.

The light of the world is its intelligence, and its intelligence has come only as artificial (man's) light has come to illumine the sixteen dark hours when the sun gives us but eight.

¶ With as prompt regularity as the R. F. D. wagon reins up to the post-box, and deposits its papers, magazines and books, so does the Standard Oil wagon drive into the farmyard and fill the kerosene-tank with oil that is sold for twelve cents a gallon.

Fifty years ago, the day was done at four o'clock in the afternoon. The wife with her tallow dip crept dimly around from room to room with the uncertain light she carried in one hand, and with the other shielded the flaring flame from the draft that threatened constantly to blow it out.

Now every farmhouse may have its hanging oil-lamp with a reflector that illumines the room. The entire family may see to read in one room by a double-wick lamp that gives a steady, clear light. The cost to them for such illumination for six hours is three cents or less ❧ ❧

John D. Rockefeller's system of the distribution of light is as complete and serves the country people as efficiently as does Uncle Sam's R. F. D.

Ministering to the Farmer

ONE little lamp, half a century ago, was a luxury very few could afford ❧ Oil was fifty cents a quart, you went after it yourself, and it gave you a light equal to about two candles. If two persons were able to see by this light, they were fortunate. But they could not see well, and the consciousness of the cost of each moment's illumination turned out the lamp early.

Edison has put into every village a light which rivals the sun in illuminating power, and it has no rival in dark corners, closets, cellars and mines. Even in the country, the electric light is possible, but costly as yet except in communities.

Electricity for light, power and heat has only begun to be used, and its influence upon civilization is as yet only imagined.

Manufactories have grown in a night, making products impossible until this great power. Notably among these are Carborundum and Graphite. Nature has taken ages to do what Doctor Acheson does in a few hours ❧ Two thousand horsepower of electricity changes sand and coke into products for which we have a million different uses. Abrasives and lubricants are put within easy reach of the farmer, for their cost is comparatively trifling and the supply unlimited.

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The Farmer a Businessman

ALONG the roadside of almost every highway in America are tall poles, like Roman sentinels on duty. They carry wires on and on, without a terminal—a maze and network of information. At every farmhouse a branch is sent off from the main wire, which puts the farmer in communication with the world, at least with his neighbors far and near. The telephone-rate is so reasonable that people, even on little farms, afford it ❧ The present-day farmer has a community of interests—not just one. He can know what the market will be, before he starts out with his produce. He can read the Roger Babson forecast with more profit and with as intelligent an understanding as he does a Cuthbertson ❧ That is to say, the farmer is now intelligent and lives intelligently, because the drudgery of work is removed from man and is placed upon machinery and horses.

A drudge can not think. Man has only so much capacity for expressing energy. If he gives all his strength to pull the plow, he has none left with which to plan the course of the furrow ❧ ❧

What one man alone can do is very little indeed. He can barely make a living.

Multiply his strength by machinery, and man becomes one organ of an organization, and that organ is brain ❧ He is the director of energy, working, not through his own body alone, but with fifty times as much energy as he has.

A man who can direct and utilize the energy of a powerful machine is brain for that power and actually earns fifty times one man's earning power. He also earns that when he wisely directs the work of fifty men.

And the Twentieth Century farmer can do this. He uses machinery wherever it can be used. The earth gives him many times more than it gave his ancestors, because he directs that much more energy than did they. He is not only mixing brain with his soil, but he is cultivating—using—more of the farm. He expends energy wisely, so that he gets great returns for all he does.

A farmer is as rich now as he is intelligent in what he does.

It is brain more than brawn that the farmer needs ❧ ❧

He must have an intellect and use it to the best advantage, or he will fail even to get a living ❧ ❧

There is a market for every product of the farm ❧ ❧

The wise man, however, knows his soil and what it is best adapted to grow. He economizes his time in choosing a market that costs the least and renders an equitable service.

All crops are perishable. Vegetables, fruits, eggs, butter, cream and milk must find their destination quickly or their food-value deteriorates ❧ ❧

The Roman plan of making what Doctor Bowsher calls a terrestrial program was an economy. Rome consumed all her farmers raised. They needed no foreign market. So the crops, when ready to be used, were brought in daily as the owner came home at night, and he lost no time in seeking customers nor in sending his goods on long journeys. He went loaded wherever he journeyed, to and fro ❧ ❧

The Roman province consumed all it raised, and its supply was so close to the demand that the people learned economy.

Communities thrive because they so combine their work that there is little lost motion in the large family group. They are intelligent in planning where they shall use their time and what they have a market for.

The Farmer and the State

AS a people, we are more wasteful than any prodigal son that ever came from the Orient to spend in riotous living what he did not earn.

We do not know values, especially foods. We throw things away with vicious carelessness. Food does not mean to us a value in human life—in vital energy. When we see it, we think of it as something to please the palate, rather than as something to serve life and to prolong the blessed privilege of living.

So far have we gone from pioneer days, when food was so scarce that men ate only to satisfy serious hunger!

However, primitives and fundamentals do not change. Natural wants never become so refined that they are attenuated.

Death takes care of people who become too ethereal for hunger.

We say no rich man can prosper for long unless he lives like a poor man. He must keep close to Nature. Unless he eats simple, plain food, sleeps all he needs, exercises enough in the open air, he dies before his time.

Nature knows only poor men.

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She expects every one to dig his living out of the soil, and she demands that one man shall personally use only so much—one man's allowance. Then she snuffs him out.

The practise of economy has been the greatest factor in civilization. It makes man think and become intelligent.

The panic of Nineteen Hundred Seven did us, as a nation, far more good than harm. We economized, and used our brains in order to do it ❧ The death-rate was lower and the amount of sickness considerably less that year than for many years.

To economize in eating and to think are both health-producing. The brain is an organ and needs exercise just as does any other part of the body.

The high cost of living has made us think, find facts, and arrive at truth. Butter at fifty cents a pound makes us hunt the cause, and while we are hunting we waste no butter.

It brings the human molecules together, so that we realize we are one element in the universal scheme.

We become the United States of the World when something is fundamentally wrong with the supply for the hunger want of the race.

We pull down the tariff wall when humanity needs necessities. All men become brothers. Monism is recognized.

When foodstuffs are scarce, everybody awakes to a consciousness of their value and the danger of not changing conditions.

The biggest brains and the best skilled men are conferring with the farmer, who is then recognized as a fundamental workman, dearest to Nature. He is the man of the hour.

Occasionally a farmer is found who meets thinking men on a thinking basis. He has attended a State Agricultural College, perhaps, and knows farming as a practical scientist should. He knows that successful farming is the most difficult business any one can engage in, and he likes the difficulties.

Good farmers are as rare as great businessmen ❧ ❧

State roads have helped more than we can compute in bringing the city within the reach of the farm.

Also, the automobile has added to the prosperity of the farmer. The price of a light-running Ford is within his reach and saves for him time, the most precious asset of success. It also gives to the farmer, the wife, the children, an opportunity to meet conditions of life as they are, and gives them a feeling of being one with the world today.

A light motor-truck carries produce to market the same morning it is gathered, and then gets the marketman back in time for an afternoon of work.

Edison is eminently wise in adjudging as the greatest man, the inventor and manufacturer who places automobiles within the reach of the man who brings the food out of the soil. Such a man has added to the wealth of nations.

The use of compost on the soil has been known for centuries. Somebody discovered that where it was spread, the crops grew more luxuriantly. This fact passed into tradition, and to preserve and use the waste from the barnyard became a custom. ¶ However, its real value has only recently been known and is not now understood generally. It is supposed to fertilize the soil, add something to it.

We think we know that its use is to deflocculate the graphite that is in the soil, so that the plant can use the carbon that is in the graphite. What is there in the manure which does this? The tannin, found also in abundance in the bark of trees, but available to us from the stable.

Careful computation has given us this statement that, from every load of grain fed to cattle, one-third of its cost comes back to the farmer in his crop the next season in the added value to his land from the compost.

Man's Problem

THE terrestrial program is complete in Nature. In it there is no loss, no waste. Death is only a chemical change.

Everything that grows, gives back to the elements all it consumes, and is simply changed in appearance.

The weight and value of the world is the same. It has lost nothing through the ages. Its course through space seems to be as it was when man first watched the sun and the stars move through the heavens.

Man is consuming nothing and can consume nothing ❧ ❧

The wealth, natural resources and necessities are as great as they ever were, and they will so remain. There is no such thing as loss in Nature ❧ ❧

Nothing is static. Nothing is permanent. Life is motion.

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Man's problem is to develop his brain so that he may recognize the changed and changing forms in which the elements appear and come again for man to use.
This is man's problem.

Let the fruit pray for the welfare of the leaf.—*Talmud.*

Public Opinion and Publicity

By William G. Mc Adoo



THE most potential factor in the affairs of civilized life today is public opinion—that dominant verdict of the multitude, based upon truth and human reasoning, from which no successful appeal may be made. It is the measuring-stick of merit, the gauge of good intentions, and the accepted test of truth. To sway, to influence or to control public opinion is the underlying purpose of all advertising, and we are rapidly learning the lesson that our efforts in that direction will succeed or fail in exact proportion to the measure of sincerity or insincerity in our declarations to the public
What is public opinion? Newspapers and magazines are not public opinion; they are merely the medium for its expression. They represent public opinion only so far as they accurately reflect it, and they are influential in molding it so long only as truth and honesty are their guiding principle. Public opinion is in reality the voice of the people. We must understand the people if we are to sway them by advertising.

Lincoln's "Common People"

WHO are the people? They are everybody—the upper, the middle, the lower classes—principally the middle and the lower classes, or those whom Lincoln called the "common people."
These common people are something more than a mere herd of humanity. They are the great American public, industrious, intelligent, patriotic and liberty-loving. Strong in the rugged virtues and stern in condemnation of wrong, they are the safe and sane jury for the decision of all those questions which, under a Republican form of government, are necessarily submitted for their final arbitrament
It is a common thing, in some quarters, to speak of these people as "the mob," and to decry certain progressive movements of the day as tending to substitute government by the mob for that of privilege. Nothing could be more absurd, because there has never been, in the history of this country, what may be called a "political mob." The great electorate seems always to have its sanity when exercising the right of suffrage. Three great crises in the history of the Republic prove this assertion
First, the slavery issue, over which the minds of men could not have been more inflamed, yet the people settled that question in the right way.
Second, the "greenback issue," complex and seductive, but decided by the people with unerring wisdom.
Third, the "free-silver question," bristling with economic intricacies and alluring promises of doubling the value of property while reducing the obligation of debt; but it was condemned at the polls by the commonsense of the common people.
I need not multiply instances to prove that the American public has never manifested, even in the midst of the most exciting political battles, the spirit of the mob, and that it has always, with wonderful foresight and intelligence, decided the issues with remarkable wisdom.

Public "Unreasonableness"

A MISTAKEN idea has long prevailed that the public is also unreasonable
Corporations of this country, particularly those engaged in operating public utilities, have always acted upon this belief. This mistaken idea has caused most of the trouble that has arisen between the people and the corporations. It explains many indefensible things that the corporations have done, and it illumines the attitude of the people toward the corporations.
Some years ago we were confronted in New York with the necessity for beginning the operation of a new rapid-transit railroad. We had to come in contact and intimate relationship with millions of people who were to ride over this road annually. It became necessary to determine how to deal with these people. We made a great discovery,

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and, like most great discoveries, it was an exceedingly simple one. We discovered that the public at the core is reasonable, that it is just as responsive as the average sane individual to decent treatment. Keeping this truth in mind, the problem of dealing with the public became comparatively easy. We determined to advertise by word and performance, principally by performance, and in all these cases, performance must be as genuine as the spoken word must be true ❧ We also made another discovery: We discovered that the public has feelings—we found, in fact, that the public, speaking in a composite sense, is altogether a very reasonable, human and likable sort of individual. Treat him decently and he will treat you decently; cuff him and he will strike back; appeal to his reason and he will respond with reason ❧ The public is, like the individual, sometimes unreasonable, and, like the individual, is sometimes wrong in its judgments; but when it is, its judgment is based too often upon ignorance of facts. These ought to be supplied wherever possible, and if they present a fair case, the public is likely to uphold it. A corporation manager can not always do the popular thing, but he can do the right thing and the reasonable thing, and when he has this ground under him, he can usually vindicate his position if he goes honestly and frankly to the public with the facts.

Honesty as a Policy

IT is a wrong notion that one should be honest, simply because it is advantageous to be so. Honesty should be practised as an inflexible standard of right and truth, and never as a mere matter of policy. It is an inspiring thing that honesty has become so popular during the past few years. A higher standard of ethics prevails all round. Corporations are more honestly managed today than ever before in their history. Men are generally more punctilious about their business dealings with each other; government—National, State and Local—is being purified, and the light of truth and honesty is penetrating the remotest corners.

With the vast public reasonable, and honesty as the accepted standard, what must the advertiser do to sway public opinion? Above all things, he must understand and believe in the public. He must realize that it is reasonable, and he must be impressed with the necessity for honesty in his dealings with it. His advertisements should be, not only plethoric with promise, but potential with performance. They should be clothed in originality and vitalized with truth; they should be designed to sway public opinion, not merely for personal profit, but also for the public good. By this I mean that the object of personal gain should never induce the advertising of any article or thing that would be injurious to the public health or public morals, and that the advertiser should undeviatingly exploit those things only which, while offering an honest reward, are compatible with the public good.

Faulty Publicity

IN the last few years, the corporations have come to recognize the public as a real factor to be reckoned with, and they have begun to appeal to the public by advertisements in newspapers for the purpose of influencing public opinion. We have had a notable example of this in the recent subway fight in New York City. There the two companies filled the newspapers with advertisements of their respective claims; they placarded their stations with posters; and every billboard became a silent but conspicuous mouthpiece for the contending companies. These advertisements did not seem to make much impression upon the public. The reason for it was twofold: first, because the public has long been suspicious of corporations, and hesitates to accept as true any of their representations: and second, because much of the advertising in question was not accurate. It did not state the facts fully and honestly (I do not say that this was intentionally done), and therefore it failed of its purpose. This serves to show how absolutely essential it is to make your advertisements pregnant with truth if there is to be the least hope of influencing public opinion.

The Higher Ethics

THERE is another kind of advertising—a well-known kind, and little thought of, but nevertheless an infallible test of the value of truth and sincerity—advertising of the public man through his own actions and utterances. If he is genuine, truthful and sincere, he will stand the test and survive. If he is not he will, in time, be found out and fail. The people, with their wonderful gift of divination, are quick to appreciate the

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genuine and to expose the counterfeit. They do not need to read it in plain print; they can tell it by the ring. Douglas went down before Lincoln because he was a sophist and did not ring true, and Lincoln overcame Douglas because he was the very embodiment of truth and expressed it with invincible power.

It is a fine and inspiring thing, this striving of the people for an improvement in their ethical standards. It has undoubtedly produced much of the so-called disturbances and agitation of the past ten years, but it has not been harmful to the country. It has been helpful because it has aroused a keener consciousness of right, and has inspired a higher and nobler endeavor.

All that advertising men have to do, all that the men in public life have to do, all that the managers of big business and of big corporations have to do to sway public opinion, is to be responsive to the higher ethics; to have faith in and to understand the people; to deal squarely and honestly with them, and to measure up to the popular aspiration for better and cleaner methods in all the concerns of civilized life.

It is just as important to maintain good roads as it is to build them.

World's Greatest Industry

By Milo Hastings



IN the United States the value of the poultry crop excels that of pork, coal, iron or lumber ❧ The product of the hen ranks in the same class with wheat and cotton, and is excelled only by corn, beef and dairy produce.

Corn, the Colossus of Uncle Sam's industrial offspring, is a plant native to the Western World, but it is almost unknown in the old and crowded countries; while in Southeastern Asia, where one-half of the world's people live, beef and milk are as unusual articles of food as goat's meat or horseflesh.

Pork is an important American food; it is also a Chinese food; but it is little eaten in Japan or India ❧ The cotton production of the world is almost monopolized by Uncle Sam. Our excessive consumption of lumber is notorious; while the United States, with one-seventeenth of the world's population, produced two-fifths of its iron and nearly as large a proportion of its coal.

Of the great industries of earth, we have left in the race for first honors only wheat and poultry—one the acknowledged staff of life, the other known to the world chiefly as the rude awakener of the suburbanite's dream of an easy road to fortune.

Wheat is the breadmaking material of the inhabitants of Southwestern Asia, Northern Africa, Southern and Western Europe, and the descendants of these people in other lands. But in the populous districts of Northern and Eastern Europe, rye is the staple food; in Mexico and South America, corn is the human breadstuff; while for nearly one-half the world's population in Asia, wheaten bread is replaced by rice, or to a less extent by millet.

¶ The United States produced seven hundred million dollars' worth of wheat, while the value of the world's wheat crop is estimated at three billion dollars. This gives a per-capita consumption of wheat of about eight dollars for the American and two dollars for the world-man. In other lands wheat is replaced by other grains, while in the densely populated regions of Asia and Africa poultry serves to replace much of the beef and milk in the diet of the Anglo-Saxon.

If we assume the poultry consumption of the world to be only one-half the American figure, or four dollars per capita, the grand total of the earth's poultry crop would be six billion dollars—twice as much as the world's wheat crop, five times as much as its annual output of iron, and equal to the product of the world's gold mines from the discovery of America until the demonetization of silver in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-three.

The Hen's Wonderful Future

WE are awed and impressed by the large industries that are concentrated in few hands, but the great totals of small items repeatedly escape attention. The wealth represented by the poultry on hand at any one time is comparatively small compared with the output ❧ A hen lays from three to five times her worth of eggs in a year, and rears each season about twice her value of young poultry.

Such commodities as diamonds, oranges or

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mutton get into commerce because the region of their production is limited; but the hen is grown everywhere, and is eaten everywhere, and it is only in the later stages of civilization, when half of humanity is separated from contact with the soil and dwells in sterile structures of steel and stone, that poultry products enter into commerce and thus make known their wealth to us through the power of exchange.

Of all animal industries, poultry production is the best adapted to intensive agriculture. Cattle-growing is but one step above the chase, and is developed in new and sparsely settled countries ❧ Australia has 2.78 cow brutes per capita, the United States 1.22, England .28, Japan practically none.

Into the wilderness with his flocks and his herds the captain of the prairie-schooner takes the hen; the range is fenced—the sod is turned—farms grow smaller, and the flocks and herds give way before the ever-increasing human swarm—but the hen remains, and comes nearer following the man to a city home than any other food-producing animal. ¶ Some day we will forget the taste of pork, as we have forgotten the taste of venison, and beef will become a by-product of the dairy business, but the hen will stay with us until she is relieved by the analytical chemist, and eggs are made at Niagara Falls.

❧

I look for the day when education will be like the landscape, free for all.

❧

The Landscapist

By J. B. C. Corot



LANDSCAPIST'S day is divine. You are jealous of the moments, and so are up at three o'clock—long before the sun sets you the example. ¶ You go out into the silence and sit under a tree, and watch and watch and wait and wait.

It is very dark—the nightingales have gone to bed, and all the mysterious noises of night's forenoon have ceased—the crickets are asleep, the tree-toad has found a nest—even the stars have slunk away. You wait.

There is scarcely anything to be seen at first—only dark, spectral shapes that stand out against the blue-black of the sky. Nature is behind a veil, upon which some masses of form are vaguely sketched ❧ The damp, sweet smell of the incense of Spring is in the air—you breathe deeply—a sense of religious emotion sweeps over you—you close your eyes an instant in a prayer of thankfulness that you are alive. You do not keep your eyes closed long—something is about to happen—you grow expectant, you wait, you listen, you hold your breath—everything trembles with a delight that is half pain, under the invigorating caress of the coming day. You breathe fast and then you hold your breath and listen. You wait. You peer. You listen.

Bing! A ray of pale yellow light shoots from horizon to zenith. The dawn does not come all at once, it steals upon you by leaps and subtle strides like deploying pickets. ¶ Bing! Another ray, and the first one is suffusing itself across an arc of the purple sky.

Bing, Bing! the East is all aglow. The little flowers at your feet are waking in joyful mood. The chirrup of birds is heard. How they do sing! When did they begin? You forgot them in watching the rays of light. The flowers are each one drinking its drop of quivering dew. The leaves feel the cool breath of the morning, and are moving to and fro in the invigorating air.

The flowers are saying their morning prayers, accompanied by the matin-song of the birds. ¶ Amoretti, with gauzy wings, are perching on the tall blades of grass that spring from the meadows, and the tall stems of the poppies and field-lilies are swaying, swaying, swaying a minuet motion fanned by the kiss of the gentle breeze ❧ Oh, how beautiful it all is! How good God is to send it! How beautiful! How beautiful!

But merciful easel! I am forgetting to paint—this exhibition is for me, and I am failing to improve it. My palette—the brushes—there! there! We can see nothing—but you feel the landscape is there—quick now, a cottage away over yonder is pushing out of the white mist. To thine easel—go! Oh! it 's all there behind the translucent gauze—I know it—I know it—I know it!

Now the white mist lifts like a curtain—it rises and rises and rises.

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Bam! the sun is risen. I see the river, like a stretch of silver ribbon; it weaves in and out and stretches away, away, away.

The masses of the trees, of the meads, the meadows, the poplars, the leaning willows, are all revealed by the mist that is reeling and rolling up the hillside ❧ I paint and I paint and I paint, and I sing and I sing and I paint! We can see now all we guessed before ❧ Bam, Bam! The sun is just above the horizon—a great golden ball held in place by spider-threads. I can see the lace made by the spiders—it sparkles with the drops of dew. I paint and I paint and I sing and I paint. Oh, would I were Joshua—I would command the sun to stand still. And if it should, I would be sorry, for nothing ever did stand still, except a bad picture. A good picture is full of motion. Clouds that stand still are not clouds—motion, activity, life, yes, life is what we want—life!

Bam! A peasant comes out of the cottage and is coming to the meadow.

Ding, ding, ding! There comes a flock of sheep led by a bell-wether. Wait there a minute, please, sheepy-sheepy, and a great man will paint you. All right then, don't wait. I did n't want to paint you anyway.

Bam! All things break into glistening—ten thousand diamonds strew the grasses, the lilies and the tall stalks of swaying poppies. Diamonds on the cobwebs—diamonds are everywhere. Glistening, dancing, glittering light—floods of light—pale, wistful, loving light: caressing, blushing, touching, beseeching, grateful light.

Oh, adorable light! The light of morning that comes to show you things—and I paint and I paint and I paint ❧ Oh, the beautiful red cow that plunges into the wet grass up to her dewlaps! I will paint her. There she is—there! Here is Simon, my peasant friend, looking over my shoulder.

"Oho, Simon, what do you think of that?"

"Very fine," says Simon, "very fine!"

"You see what it is meant for, Simon?"

"Me? Yes, I should say I do—it is a big red rock."

"No, no, Simon, that is a cow."

"Well, how should I know unless you tell me," answers Simon.

I paint and I paint and I paint.

Boom! Boom! The sun is getting clear above the tree-tops. It is growing hot. The flowers droop. The birds are silent. We can see too much now—there is nothing in it. Art is a matter of soul. Things you see and know all about are not worth painting—only the intangible is splendid. Let 's go home. We will dine and sleep and dream. That 's it—I 'll dream of the morning that would not tarry—I 'll dream my picture out, and then I 'll get up and smoke, and complete it, possibly—who knows! Let 's go home ❧ Bam! Bam! It is evening now—the sun is setting. I did n't know the close of the day could be so beautiful—I thought the morning was the time. But it is not just right—the sun is setting in an explosion of yellow, of orange, of rouge-feu, of cherry, of purple. Ah! it is pretentious, vulgar.

Nature wants me to admire her—I will not. I 'll wait—the sylphs of the evening will soon come and sprinkle the thirsty flowers with their vapors of dew. I like sylphs—I 'll wait. ¶ Boom! The sun sinks out of sight, and leaves behind a tinge of purple, or modest gray touched with topaz—ah! that is better. I paint and I paint and I paint. Oh, Good Lord, how beautiful it is—how beautiful!

The sun has disappeared and left behind a soft, luminous, gauzy tint of lemon—lemons half-ripe. The light melts and blends into the blue of the night. How beautiful! I must catch that—even now it fades—but I have it; tones of deepening green, pallid turquoise, infinitely fine, delicate, fluid and ethereal. Night draws on. ¶ The dark waters reflect the mysteries of the sky—the landscape fades, vanishes, disappears—we can not see it now, we only feel it is there; but that is enough for one day—Nature is going to sleep, and so will we, soon. Let us just sit silent a space and enjoy the stillness. The rising breezes are sighing through the foliage, and the birds, choristers of the flowers, are singing their vesper-songs—calling, some of them, plaintively for their lost mates.

Bing! A star pricks its portrait in the pond. All around now is darkness and gloom—the crickets have taken up the song where the birds left off. ¶ The little lake is sparkling, a regular ant-heap of twinkling stars.

Reflected things are best—the waters are only to reflect the sky—Nature's looking-glass. The sun has gone to rest; the day is done. But the Sun of Art has arisen, and my picture is complete. Let us go home.

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James J. Hill

By Elbert Hubbard



JAMES JEROME HILL has one credential, at least, to greatness—he was born in a log house. But let the painful fact be stated at once, without apology, that he could never be President of the United States, because this historic log house was situated in Canada.

The exact spot is about three miles from the village of Rockwood, Wellington County, Ontario. The date, October Sixteenth, Eighteen Hundred Thirty-eight.

Rockwood is seven miles East of Guelph, forty from Toronto, and a hundred from Buffalo

Mr. Hill well remembers his first visit to Toronto. He went with his father, with a load of farm produce. It took two days to go and two to return, and for their load they got the princely sum of seven dollars, with which they counted themselves rich.

James Hill, the father of James Jerome Hill, was a North of Ireland man; his wife was Anne Dunbar, good and Scotch. I saw a portrait of Anne Dunbar Hill in Mr. Hill's residence at Saint Paul, and was also shown the daguerreotype from which it was painted. It shows a woman of decided personality, strong in feature, frank, fearless, honest, sane and poised.

The dress reveals the columnar neck that goes only with superb bodily vigor—the nose is large, the chin firm, the mouth strong. She looks like a Spartan, save for the pensive eyes that gaze upon a world from which she has passed, hungry and wistful. The woman certainly had ambition and aspiration, which were unsatisfied. ¶ James J. Hill is the son of his mother His form, features, mental characteristics and ambition are the endowment of mother to son.

It was a tough old farm, then as now. As I tramped across its undulating acres, not long ago, and saw the stone fences and the piles of glacial drift, that Jim Hill's hands helped pick up, I thought of the poverty of the situation when no railroad passed that way, and wheat was twenty cents a bushel, and pork one cent a pound—all for lack of a market! ¶ Jim Hill as a boy fought the battle of life with ax, hoe, maul, adz, shovel, pick, mattock, drawshave, rake and pitchfork. Wool was carded and spun and woven by hand. The grist was carried to the mill on horseback, or, if the roads were bad, on the farmer's back. All of this pioneer experience came to James J. Hill as a necessary part of his education Life in Canada West in the Forties and Fifties was essentially the same as life in Western New York at the same period. The country was a forest, traversed with swamps and sink-holes, on which roads were built by laying down long logs and across these, small logs. This formed the classic corduroy road When ten years of age James Hill contracted to build a mile of corduroy road, between his father's farm and the village. For this labor his father promised him a two-year-old colt. The boy built the road all right. It took him six months, but the grades were easy and the curves so-so. The Tom Sawyer plan came in handy, otherwise it is probable there would have been a default on the time-limit.

And Jim got the colt.

He rode the animal for half a year, back and forth all Winter, from the farm to the village, where he attended the famous Rockwood Academy. Then some one to whom the elder Hill was indebted, signified a desire for the colt, and the father turned the horse over to the creditor. When little Jim went out and found the stall empty, he had a good cry. Three years after this, when his father died, he cried again, and that was the last time he ever wept over any of his own troubles.

Those U. E. Loyalists

FROM his seventh to his fourteenth year, young Jim Hill attended the Rockwood Academy. This "Academy" had about thirty boarding-boys and a dozen day-scholars. Jim Hill was a "day-scholar," and the pride of the master. The boy was studious, appreciative, grateful. He was n't so awfully clever, but he was true.

The master of the Academy was Professor William Wetherald, a Quaker, stern to view, but very gentle of heart. His wife was of the family of Balls. The Ball family moved from Virginia, two generations before, to Western New York, and then when the Revolutionary War was on, slid over to Ontario for political reasons, best known to themselves.

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There was quite an emigration to Canada about then, including those worthy Mohawk Indians whose descendants, including Longboat the runner and the Princess Viroqua, are now to be found in the neighborhood of Brantford ❧ ❧

That Northwestern Passage

THERE are two ways for a traveling-man to make money: One is to sell the goods, and the other is to work the expense-account. ¶ There are two ways to make money by managing a railroad: One is through service to the people along the line of the road; the other is through working the bondholders ❧ It was the eventful year of Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, before James J. Hill really got up steam. He was then thirty-eight years old. ¶ He was agent of the Saint Paul and Pacific, and in this capacity he had seen that the road was being run with the idea of making money by milking the bondholders.

The line had been pushed just as long as the bondholders of Holland would put up money. To keep things going, interest had been paid to the worthy Dutch out of the money they had supplied. Gradually, the phlegmatic ones grew wise, and the purse-strings of the Netherlanders closed. For hundreds of years Holland had sought a quick Northwest Passage to India. Little did she know she was now warm on the trail.

Little, also, did Jim Hill know.

The equipment—engines and cars—was borrowed, so when the receiver was appointed he found only the classic streak of rust and right of way. No doubt both of these would have been hypothecated if it were possible ❧ Mr. Hill knew the Northwest as no other man did, except, possibly, Norman Kittson. He had traversed the country from Saint Paul to Winnipeg on foot, by ox-carts, on horseback, by dog-sledges. He had seen it in all seasons and under all conditions. He knew the Red River Valley would raise wheat, and he knew that the prosperity of old Lake Agassiz meant the prosperity of the railroad that ran between that rich valley and Saint Anthony's Falls, where the great flouring-mills were situated, the center of the flour zone having been shifted from Rochester, New York, to Minneapolis, Minnesota. To gain possession of the railroad and run it so as to build up the country, and thus prosper as the farmers prospered, was his ambition. He was a farmer by prenatal tendency and by education, a commission-man by chance, and a master of transportation by instinct. Every farmer should be interested in good roads, for his problem is quite as much to get his products to market as to raise them. Jim Hill focussed on getting farm-products to market. While he was a Canadian by birth, he had now become a citizen of the United States. His old friend, Commodore Kittson, was a Canadian by birth, and never got beyond taking out his first papers. The Winnipeg agent of the Hudson Bay Company was Donald Alexander Smith, a hardy Scotch burr of a man, with many strong and sturdy oatmeal virtues. He had gone with the Hudson Bay Company as a laborer, became a guide, a trader, and then an agent. Hill and Kittson laid before Smith a plan, very plain, very simple—buy up the bonds of the Saint Paul and Pacific from the Dutch bondholders, foreclose, and own the railroad!

Now, Donald A. Smith's connection with the Hudson Bay Company gave him a standing in Montreal banking circles, and to be trusted by Montreal is to have the ear of London ❧ Donald A. Smith went down to Montreal and laid the plan before George Stephen, manager of the Bank of Montreal. If the Bank of Montreal endorsed a financial scheme it was a go. Only one thing seemed to lie in the way—the willingness of the bondholders to sell out at a figure which our four Canadians could pay. Mr. Hill was for going to Holland, and interviewing the bondholders, personally. ¶ Stephen, more astute in big finance, said, bring them over here. Hill could not fetch them, Kittson could n't and Donald A. Smith could n't, because there was no dog-sled line to Amsterdam.

The Bank of Montreal did the trick, and a committee of Dutchmen arrived to look over their Minnesota holdings with a view of selling out. Mr. Hill took them over the line—a dreary waste of slashings, then a wide expanse of prairie, broken now and again by scrub-oak and hazel-groves; deep gulleys here and there—swamps, sloughs and ponds, with assets of brant, wild geese, ducks and sand-hill cranes.

The road was in bad shape—the equipment worse. An inventory of the actual property was taken with the help of the Dutch Committee ❧ ❧

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The visiting Hollanders made a report to the bondholders, advising sale of the bonds at an average of about forty per cent of their face-value, which was just about what the inventory showed.

Our Canadian friends secured an option which gave them time to turn. Farley, the Receiver, was willing. The road was reorganized as the Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad. George Stephen was President, Norman Kittson First Vice-President, Donald A. Smith Second Vice-President, and James J. Hill General Manager. ¶ And on Mr. Hill fell the burden of turning a losing property into a prosperous and paying one. From the very day that he became manager he breathed into the business the breath of life.

He advertised the railroad lands at a price and on terms that were attractive to settlers. There are two ways of making railroad-rates: one is based on the cost of transportation, including overhead and terminal charges; and the other is simply based on the idea of moving the tonnage. Hill made rates that caught the homeseekers. He figured that if the country could be populated with prosperous people, the rest was easy.

He sent over to England and bought hundreds of young Hereford bulls, and distributed them along the line of the road among the farmers. "Jim Hill's bulls" are pointed out now, over three thousand miles of range, and jokes on how Hill bulled the market are always in order. Clydesdale horses were sent out on low prices and long-time payments.

Farm-seeds, implements and lumber were put within the reach of any man who really wanted to get on. And lo! the land prospered. The waste places were made green, and the desert blossomed like the rose.

Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin had quit wheat and turned to corn-growing. Minnesota was coming into her own—the tide of immigration was pushing over the North and West. It was the psychologic moment—time and tide had joined hands with James J. Hill in order that he might build an empire.

The "Jim Hill Country"

THE financial blizzard of Eighteen Hundred Seventy-three was, without doubt, an important factor in letting down the bars, so that James J. Hill could come to the front. The River Valley at that time was not shipping a bushel of wheat.

The settlers were just taking care of their own wants, and were feeding the Lady of the Snows up North around Winnipeg. We now know that the snows of the Lady of the Snows are mostly mythical. She is supplying her own food, and we are looking toward her with envious eyes.

In the year Nineteen Hundred Eleven, just passed, the two Dakotas and Minnesota produced over two hundred million bushels of wheat—worth, say, a dollar a bushel. And when wheat is a dollar a bushel the farmers are buying autos. ¶ The "Jim Hill Country" East of the Rockies is producing, easily, over five hundred million dollars a year in food products that are sent to the East for market.

The first time I saw Mr. Hill was in Eighteen Hundred Eighty. He was surely a dynamo of nervous energy. His full beard was tinged with gray, his hair was worn long, and he looked like a successful ranchman, with an Omar Khayyam bias. That he has n't painted pictures, like Sir William Van Horne, and thus put that worthy to shame, is to me a marvel. ¶ Working under the direction of Mr. Hill, as Railroad Superintendent, at this time was Allan Manvel, who was hands and feet and eyes for Hill. Allan was Scotch, of course. He could take orders and give them. I remember of Mr. Hill once passing him out some Billy Muldoon vocabulary, and Allan handing it back with compound interest, but going right along and doing the thing just as he was told. Allan graduated—"One of us had to go," said Jim.

Manvel became President of the Santa Fe, and a kind of foster-father to that very able man, Paul Morton, who was a Vice-President of the Santa Fe before President Roosevelt invited him into his Cabinet.

Hill has been an educator of men. He even supplied Donald A. Smith a few business thrills

"Tomorrow night I intend to entertain the Governor," once said Smith to Hill.

"Tomorrow night you will be on the way to Europe to borrow money for me," said Hill. And it was so.

First and foremost, James J. Hill is a farmer. He thinks of himself as following a plow, milking cows, salting steers, shoveling out ear-corn for the pigs. He can lift his voice and call the cattle from a mile away—and does at times.

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He bought a section of Red River railroad land from himself and put it in his wife's name. The land was swampy, covered with swale, and the settlers had all passed it up as worthless.

Mr. Hill cut the swale, tiled the land, and grew a crop that put the farmers to shame.

He then started a tile-factory in the vicinity, and sold it to the managers—two young fellows from the East—as soon as they proved that they had the mental phosphorus and the commercial jamake.

The agricultural schools have always interested Mr. Hill.

That which brings a practical return and makes men self-supporting and self-reliant is his eternal hobby. Four years in college is to him too much—"You can get what you want in a year, or not at all," he says. He has sent hundreds of farmers' boys to the agricultural colleges for short terms. Imagine what this means to boys who have been born on a farm and have never been off it—to get the stimulus of travel, lectures, books, and new sights and scenes! In this work, often the boys did not know who their benefactor was. The money was supplied by some man in the near-by town—that was all. These boys, inoculated at Mr. Hill's expense with the education microbe, have often been a civilizing leaven, in new communities in the Dakotas, Montana and Washington.

In Eighteen Hundred Eighty-eight the Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba became a part of the Great Northern.

Hill had reached out beyond the wheat country into the arid zone, which was found to be not nearly so arid as we thought. The Black Angus and the White-Faced Herefords followed, and where once were only scattering droves of skinny pintos, now were to be seen shaggy-legged Shire horses, and dappled Percherons

The bicycle had come and also the trolley-car, and Calamity Jake prophesied that horses would soon be valuable, only, for feeding Frenchmen. But Jacob was wrong. Good horses have steadily increased in value. And today, in spite of automobiles and aeroplanes, the prices of horses have aviated. And Jim Hill's railroads, this last year, hauled considerably more than three hundred thousand horses out of Montana to the Eastern States.

Mr. Hill's Ambition

RAILROADING reduced to its lowest terms means cost of moving one ton of freight one mile—this is the unit of measurement

Mr. Hill's ambition is to get this cost down to the lowest point that will allow returns, namely: first, payment of wages and for material to keep up the road; second, interest on bonded indebtedness; third, dividends (reasonable) on the capital stock of the road.

¶ Railroadmen for years strove to get moving cost down to one cent per ton per mile—that was their goal. But Mr. Hill got it down to 791-1000 cent, and finally reduced it to 749-1000 cent—less than three-fourths of a cent for hauling two thousand pounds one mile. This is his triumph.

The development of this prairie country never could have been made so quickly without cheap lumber. The forests of Michigan were about exhausted by Eighteen Hundred Eighty-five; Wisconsin in the Nineties; and Minnesota soon followed. The demand for lumber in North Dakota could not be supplied from the East. The South was out of the question—you can not get freight to move easily along parallels of longitude; it always seeks latitude, the same as man in his migrations.

¶ On the completion of the Great Northern Railroad to the Pacific tidewater—say in February, Eighteen Hundred Ninety-two—Mr. Hill announced a rate of forty cents per one hundred pounds on lumber from Washington mills to Saint Paul-Minneapolis—say two thousand miles or less—at a cost of eight dollars a ton. This means two-fifths of one cent per ton per mile. It had to be hauled over two mountain-ranges, and across semi-arid plains, and miles of alkali-lands that furnished no coal for steam, nor water fit for boiler use.

¶ This was a tremendous cut, and it made the Northern Pacific squirm. How could he do it? The secret was railroad-passes in the mountains at lower elevation than any competitor, easy grades all along the line, thousands, yes hundreds of thousands, of dollars spent in changing grades from, say, eight-tenths to six-tenths per cent.

The highest point on the Great Northern Railroad in the Rockies is five thousand two hundred six feet—less than one mile above sea-level. No other transcontinental line has an elevation so low. Crow's Nest Pass in the

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Canadian Rockies is less, but is as yet used only by the Canadian Pacific Railroad into Spokane. Mr. Hill has a track through the same pass, and also easier grades beyond toward Vancouver, British Columbia, and will soon have a freight line of least grades between Puget Sound and the Great Lakes

A one-per-cent grade means a rise of one foot in a track one hundred feet long. Two per cent is called a mountain grade. All transcontinental lines have grades in mountains running two per cent and over, save the Great Northern Railway. This is his secret: easy grades, without too much cost in added distance. He threw away eighty miles of mountain line in Montana once just because later surveys proved a much easier grade possible in another direction. The difference between eight-tenths-per-cent grade and six-tenths per cent does not seem much, but a locomotive will pull one-half as many more cars on the latter as on the former. That is to say, the cost of hauling on a road containing eight-tenths-per-cent grades is fifty per cent greater than operating on a road of six-tenths-per-cent grades. When other roads go into a receiver's hands, Jim Hill continues to make seven-per-cent dividends for his stockholders

A steadily falling cost of hauling freight, with greater expedition of same, has marked Mr. Hill's progress in the railroad world. In the Spring of Eighteen Hundred Eighty-seven, the Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad started Westward from Minot, North Dakota, toward Great Falls, Montana, a distance of five hundred fifty miles. The Montana Central Railroad, now part of the Great Northern Railway System, carried it on one hundred miles farther to Helena. The steel was all laid in one Summer, at times as much as five miles a day. Mr. Hill kept close supervision of the progress of this work, driving over the grade almost monthly from end of track to Great Falls. With relays of ranchers' horses, one hundred miles per day could be inspected

Commonplace people have good memories. They never forget the good they do; the wrongs that are done them; nor the faults of their friends. Memory means misery, but heaven lies in faith, hope and love; and love looks to the East, with a finger to her lips.

The Political Pot

By Elbert Hubbard



THE recall of incompetent public servants is no new thing. ¶ But the recall of judicial decisions by the people is a brand-new proposition in civilization

It takes us back to the days of Pontius Pilate when he washed his hands in innocency, allowed the mob to have its way, and gave them their Barabbas.

Constitutions have one purpose, and that is stability.

Civilized men have decided that there must be an end of quarrels somewhere, and the American Constitution so provides. George Washington said its purpose was to prevent civil war. ¶ The business of the courts is to uphold the Constitution.

The proposition of Theodore Roosevelt that the people shall have the power to overrule the Constitution and the courts is distinctly in the line of revolution and anarchy.

In sober moments, after calm consideration, the people decided to make the Supreme Court of the United States a court of last appeal. There the argument should end.

Not so, says Theodore Roosevelt. The people shall have the right to recall and override a decision. If the court decides against you, call out the boys and shoot up the court!

By the Rooseveltian method, disputes would have no end. Litigation would lead to endless feud

That the people are right when not swayed by passion and incited by hate and prejudice, we all admit.

Our government had its rise in the proposition that the people shall choose their rulers. That is to say, the people at the last are the masters. Our government has its basis in the consent of the governed.

According to the plan suggested by Theodore Roosevelt, the people would no longer be supreme

If they had the right to override the United States Supreme Court, this would only be done when under stress of great excitement, when reason was dethroned and the hoarse roar of the mob was heard in the land.

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The Vogue of the Demagogue

POPULAR verdicts are, in great degree, brought about by the demagogue—by boomerangs, flagrant untruths, lying innuendoes, hate and prejudice.

Recognizing this fact, we devised the Constitution, and selected the judges who are sworn to uphold this Constitution, and not the passionate mob.

This plan has but one purpose, and that is to prevent the rule of the unfit. We want no War of the Roses.

When hate, prejudice and fear combine to sweep the land like a tornado, no recall of a decision would be possible on the part of the people unless led by the demagogue.

Every mob has its leader.

So really, what Theodore Roosevelt suggests is to replace the Supreme Court of the United States by the unofficial, irresponsible leader of the mob.

Theodore Roosevelt himself would question and has questioned court decisions, denouncing them as "miscarriages of justice." And thus, if he had had the power, he would have made himself the practical Chief Justice of the United States and called on the Rough Riders for support. This means South American revolution, and puts us where Mexico now stands.

¶ In order that the people may continue their peaceful vocations of production, transportation and distribution, we have agreed on a method of settling our disputes.

This plan has worked to the advantage and benefit of the nation for over a hundred years, and under this rule has the United States grown into her present proud place among the nations of the world.

Shall It Be Mob-Rule?

NOW, Mr. Roosevelt wants this policy all changed. His desire is to make it possible for the people to interest themselves directly and override the will of their elected judges. This would, under certain conditions, lead straight to revolution, dissension and disturbance that would destroy and dissolve the United States of America as a people.

For the quiet, calm, uninflamed, judicial mind Mr. Roosevelt prefers the blatant ballyhoo and the irresponsible action of the many-headed, led by the irresponsible.

In case of a recall of a decision it is quite probable that the many continuing their tasks, each with his self-appointed work to do, would leave the question to the mob. We would then be ruled by the minority, that is to say, by the noisy, the idle, the inflamed, the discontented—those who have nothing to lose.

Coxey's army has n't anything else to do but recall decisions. And all Coxey's army lacks is a leader. Roosevelt proposes to give this leader a legal status.

The country should be saved from the danger of the mob-rule and the disturbing effect of numerous elections. This is the very intent and purpose of the Constitution of the United States, and of the judges that we elect and appoint to uphold it.

That "Third-Term" Proposition

HIS proposition to destroy the Constitution of the United States will defeat Theodore Roosevelt at the polls, even if possibly it should not at Chicago.

But the one thing that will kill him as a candidate, aside from all questions of his personal fitness, is the Third Term.

The words and the action of George Washington that two terms was the limit to which any man shall serve as President are fixed in the minds of the people.

To override the wisdom of Washington would be to open up a well-settled question. If three terms, why not four or five? Indeed, if we have only one man really fit for the office, let 's put him in for life!

Three terms is a move in the direction of a monarchy—a dictatorship—and the thought of a monarchy the people of the United States will not tolerate.

Three terms would mean an admission that one certain, particular man is necessary to our political salvation. And this one-man proposition is an un-American idea.

Indeed, we are inclined to agree with the newly arrived Irishman who said, "In America one man is as good as another—and a dam sight better!"

But, granting for argument's sake that Theodore Roosevelt is the most competent, clear-seeing, sympathetic, gentle, altruistic and able man in the world today—granting that he acts with malice toward none, but with charity for all—we can not afford to ignore the George Washington precedent by electing him to a third term.

Is Roosevelt any more necessary for President now, than was Washington in Seventeen

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Hundred Ninety-seven? Washington had no desire to set up a monarchy, and he would never have done so; but to save the country from a future danger, he fixed a limit to the Presidential term that any one man should serve. The question now is, shall we declare George Washington, our first President, a back number?

I think not.

AT the close of the Seventeenth Century, Spain, bankrupt through the expulsion of the Jews, barren through loss of the Moors, was a giant, moribund and starving. Only the Holy Office, terribly alive, was terribly fed. Every man was an object of suspicion, and every man was suspicious. The secret denunciation, the sudden arrest, the dungeon, the torture, the stake—these things awaited any one ❧ The Nation, silent, somber, morbid, miserably poor, none the less was draped proudly enough in its tatters ❧ The famine, haughty itself, that stalks through the pages of Cervantes is the phantom of that pride ❧ Beside it should be placed the rigid ceremonial of an automaton court where laughter was neither heard nor allowed, where men had the dress and the gravity of mutes, where women counted their beads at balls, where a minutious etiquette that inhibited a queen from looking from a window and assumed that she had no legs, regulated everything, attitudes, gifts, gestures, speech, the etiquette of the horrible Escorial through which gusts of madness blew ❧ On festivals there were all manner of follies, processions, semi-erotic, wholly morbid, through cathedrals that were haunted by entre-metteuses, through chapels in which hung Madonnas that fascinated and shocked: Virgins that more nearly resembled Infantas serenaded by caballeros than queens of the sky, and beneath whose indulgent eyes rendezvous were made by lovers whom, elsewhere, etiquette permitted only the language of signs.—*Edgar Saltus*.

A MAN without a bank is a man without a business, for a business without a bank is without hope. By all fair and reasonable means bring your bank and your business into as close touch with each other as possible. It is n't cash, but credit, that makes for confidence and growth in the business world.

—*Henry Clews*.

Education

By Ernest Crosby

THERE are two educated men.

The one has a smattering of Latin and Greek;

The other knows the speech and habits of horses and cattle, and gives them their food in due season.

The one is acquainted with the roots of nouns and verbs;

The other can tell you how to plant and dig potatoes and carrots and turnips.

The one drums by the hour on the piano, making it a terror to the neighborhood;

The other is an expert at the reaper and binder, which fills the world with good-cheer.

The one knows or has forgotten the higher trigonometry and the differential calculus;

The other can calculate the bushels of rye standing in his field and the number of barrels to buy for the apples on the trees in his orchard.

The one understands the chemical affinities of various poisonous acids and alkalies;

The other can make a savory soup or a delectable pudding.

The one sketches a landscape indifferently;

The other can shingle his roof and build a shed for himself in workmanlike manner.

The one has heard of Plato and Aristotle and Kant and Comte, but knows precious little about them;

The other has never been troubled by such knowledge, but he will learn the first and last word of philosophy, "to love," far quicker, I warrant you, than his college-bred neighbor.

For still is it true that God hath hidden these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes.

Such are the two educations:

Which is the higher and which the lower?

I AM larger, better, than I thought. I did not know I held so much goodness. From this hour I ordain myself loosed of limits and imaginary lines, going where I list, my own master total and absolute; listening to others, considering well what they say, pausing, searching, receiving, contemplating; gently, but with undeniable will, divesting myself of the holds that would hold me.—*Whitman*.

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THE TRAVEL NUMBER

THE FRA

NOT·FOR·MUMMIES

A·JOURNAL·OF·AFFIRMATION

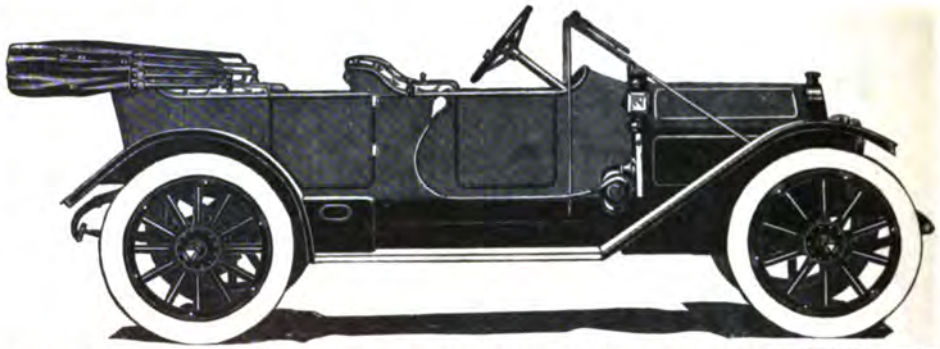
Vol. IX MAY, 1912 No. 2



THE ROYCROFT INN

PUBLISHED·MONTHLY·BY·ELBERT·HUBBARD
EAST·AURORA·ERIE·COUNTY·N.Y.
25·CENTS·A·COPY·2·DOLLARS·A·YEAR

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The price for either of three models—Touring, five-passenger; Torpedo, four-passenger; or Roadster, two-passenger—is $1600. Not a cent more is needed to equip either car before it is ready for use, for top, Disco Self-Starter, Demountable rims, BIG tires, windshield, large gas tank, magneto—dual ignition system—and all things usually listed as extras are included. Write for illustrations showing how the *New* Self-Starting Hudson "33" is simpler than any other car.

Beware of *Unsafe* Motor Car Purchases

Don't buy an automobile that has been forced out-of-date by the advances of engineering progress. Such depreciation amounts to much more than does the effect of wear and service.

Cars not strictly up-to-the-minute in design and equipment lose value more rapidly because of that fact than from any other cause.

The one notable exception to the average car, in the matter of simplicity, for instance, is Howard E. Coffin's latest automobile—the

New Self-Starting HUDSON "33"

It has such advanced features that you will find them in combination on no other automobiles.

It has approximately 1000 fewer parts than has the average car.

It is a quiet automobile. Every moving part is thoroughly dust proof.

It has a Self-Starter that in thousands of tests proved to be 98% efficient and which for simplicity and efficiency is typical of the rest of the car.

It weighs but 4½ pounds and has but 12 parts.

There is nothing complicated. There is no great weight to tax the motor's power, to weight the tires and to invite the never failing troubles that are found in practically all other starters.

There are no check valves to leak.

You won't find as simple a car anywhere as is the HUDSON "33." All parts are instantly accessible.

When attention is required by any part of the car, it can be given without delay, extra cost or inconvenience.

Every detail of equipment is complete.

Easy riding springs, soft cushions, high grade upholstering, and lines which make the car as graceful as a yacht.

All Mr. Coffin's earlier cars—there have been five and all famous too—have served as models for other makes.

If you are thinking of some other car, the chances are it is modeled after one of Mr. Coffin's earlier designs. His cars have always set the pace. That is why you run great risk in buying any other automobile today.

Think what you lose when, next year, the then current model of the car you now think well of is made to conform to the principles that are introduced in the HUDSON "33."

Same Price to All—Everywhere

An important reason why you should prefer the Self-Starting HUDSON "33" is that it is not a "discount car."

Its price everywhere is the same price to every one. The only difference in the price you pay and what is paid in Europe—hundreds are sold there—is the difference in the duty and the greater freight rate from Detroit.

Dealers are not permitted to cut prices. They forfeit their right to sell HUDSON cars if they do. This means that your neighbor cannot buy for less than you can. It means that if you wish to sell after the car has given long service, and you want a new car, you can get a larger proportion of what you paid, because no one else has a car which cost him less.

By maintaining the price everywhere, dealers can give a real service to their customers, impossible when a car is sold at a cut price.

Think over this phase of the cut-price business before you buy. You will see the advantage of buying a car that is sold to all on exactly the same basis.

More than three-fourths of the entire 1912 production has already been delivered to individual users. There are thousands of HUDSON "33's" on the road. All who will want this exceptional car must act quickly, else they will be too late. Go see the car now.

"See the Triangle on the Radiator."

Hudson Motor Car Company

7331 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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THE FRA

EXPONENT OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY

Vol. 9 MAY, 1912 No. 2

You had better not burn your Bridges until you get your Subway ready

Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign Postage, 75 Cents Extra

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THE OPEN ROAD

AFOOT WITH THE FRA

United States of the World

THE San Francisco Exposition is an international, not a local, proposition. It represents one of the great epochs in the onward and upward march of the world's civilization.

The first great exposition in America was the Centennial in Philadelphia in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six.

The next was the World's Fair in Chicago in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-three.

Then came the Pan-American in Buffalo in Nineteen Hundred One.

After that we had the Saint Louis Exposition in Nineteen Hundred Three, celebrating the Louisiana Purchase.

The expositions at Seattle and Portland were wonderful and worthy enterprises, far-reaching in their influence for good.

But the exposition at San Francisco will eclipse, in a hundred ways, any other that has ever been held on the planet Earth. And it should, because all the days that have gone before have made this day possible. We build upon the past. The San Francisco Exposition will prepare the way for the United States of the World.

It is hoped and expected that in Nineteen Hundred Thirteen the National Advertising Convention will meet in San Francisco.

The primal object of the National Advertising Convention is the education of the members of the Ad-Clubs, in order that they may return home and, in degree, educate their own city as to what the world is doing.

Men go to these conventions, get inspiration, ideas, courage, and go back and give out the benefits they have received.

Nowadays, we keep things by giving them away. The love we liberate in our work is the only love we keep.

And in choosing a location for our Convention, let us choose the one where the greatest good can be had for the greatest number.

When the Ad-Clubs were formed—only a few years ago—they were made up of men who bought or sold advertising space. Now, anybody who reads advertisements is eligible, provided he has certain other valuable qualifications

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The eventual end of this great movement will be a solidarity, in sentiment at least, of the great business interests of America. In history it will rank with the rise of the Hanseatic League, which drove the pirates from the seas and made shipping safe.

Ad-Clubs now are not merely local gatherings of men intent on booming the interests of their own bailiwick. They are far more than that. ¶ They form a civic center, an ethical cult, and an educational propaganda. ¶ The object of the annual national meeting is not to publicize the advantages of any one particular section or city.

It is a gathering of the clans for mutual encouragement, uplift, consolation and victory over the forces of inertia and indifference that beset us all.

We must meet at the particular place that is, at the time, the intellectual storm-center of the continent.

Of course, any city where this Convention meets will be benefited. That is understood. Because all things are mutual.

But to meet in any city for the purpose of booming that city were an unworthy consideration ❧ ❧

Texas is just being discovered. Here is an empire being opened up to the world and, eminently, Dallas is the place for Nineteen Hundred Twelve, because we must, for our own good, get acquainted with Texas.

Any man who goes to Dallas will think better of himself, and of his kind—and he will think better of the United States of America.

Why San Francisco?

FOR the Convention of Nineteen Hundred Thirteen our friends in Baltimore and in Toronto are each making strenuous appeals ❧ ❧

Baltimore is a very interesting city, full of beauty, enterprise and thrift.

But there is no special reason for meeting in Baltimore that does not equally apply to a dozen other cities, save alone for the fact that Baltimore wants the Convention, and we would all like to be obliging.

Toronto represents the new Canada. Toronto is a growing, evolving, ambitious, beautiful city, marching with steady tread on the broad highway of civilization. To get in touch with Toronto and the various Canadian Clubs is a very desirable and a necessary thing to do.

But in way of education, inspiration and uplift, there is only one city in America that can supply the cosmic thrill in Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, and that is the city of San Francisco.

San Francisco in Nineteen Hundred Thirteen will give us the universal outlook. From now on—for the next four years, at least—San Francisco is the one place where the mental molecules will vibrate most.

If the National Advertising Convention is held in San Francisco in Nineteen Hundred Fifteen, we will see the Exposition, of course, but the Convention itself will be lost in the maze of the thousand other happenings and attractions. In order to make the National Advertising Convention a decided success, every city where it is held must give itself up to this one thing.

The National Advertising Convention can not afford to go in competition with the San Francisco Exposition in Nineteen Hundred Fifteen.

But if we meet in San Francisco in Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, we then will see what enterprise, persistence, health, thrift, and a far-reaching prophetic vision coupled with courage can do. We will meet the men who are making the Exposition. We will get lessons in architecture, such as nowhere else can possibly be seen. We will receive lessons in business management which before have been to us unguessed.

Publicity in San Francisco will get an attention never before given it in the annals of history ❧ ❧

We will all feel that we are a part of this great Exposition, which is to mark an epoch in the evolution of the race.

Just as the Exposition in Philadelphia in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six is a great white milestone in history, so will this Exposition in San Francisco be another.

To omit San Francisco in Nineteen Hundred Thirteen and go off to some other interesting place would be a grave mistake. Worse than that—it would be a blunder.

The Ad-Men in both Baltimore and Toronto represent good timber. They are active, hustling, progressive—justly proud of the progress made in their respective cities.

This is right and beautiful and well, but as Toronto will not abdicate in favor of Baltimore, and Baltimore will not abdicate in

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favor of Toronto, so both of these cities—following the example of East Aurora—will abdicate in favor of San Francisco. We will all get ours later.

Man's business is to avail himself of opportunity. Life is education. We should all be Fabians, and the Fabian is the opportunist. He does the thing that is best, and does it when he can. His business is wise selection. And just now, the business of the Ad-Clubs of America is to make a wise selection for the place in which to meet in Nineteen Hundred Thirteen.

There is just one place above all others. Granting every argument that our friends in Baltimore put forth, admitting every claim of Toronto, San Francisco still stands out clear, strong, vivid, unimpeached, without competition.

And the curious part is that Toronto says, "If we can not have the Convention in Toronto in Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, then we favor San Francisco."

And Baltimore says, "If it comes to a showdown between Toronto and San Francisco, why then we say by all means San Francisco!"

¶ So say we all of us—San Francisco, 1913!

To think, to see, to feel, to know, to deal justly; to bear all patiently; to act quietly; to speak cheerfully; to moderate one's voice—these things will bring you the highest good.

Roosevelt on Equal Suffrage



IN a late number of "The Outlook," Theodore Roosevelt explains how he is in favor of a thing to which he is opposed

He begins by saying that he believes in woman's suffrage, and he ends by saying that the time is not yet right for placing upon women this great responsibility.

He reiterates the old proposition that woman's place is the home. He repeats again and again the trite argument that man and woman are by nature different in strength and in temperament, and, therefore, their activities must and will always widely differ.

Worst of all, he disparages the women who are now taking an active part in an endeavor to bring about this great betterment. He intimates that the desire of these women is to destroy the home and bring about a latitude and license on the part of woman which will eventually destroy civilization.

Such an inference is wholly and decidedly unwarranted, and is most unbecoming in this day and generation.

Mr. Roosevelt sheds no new light on the problem

So far, nobody has ever brought up a reason why women should not vote that is not equally applicable to men.

Woman's interest in good government is just as great and just as vital as is that of the male citizen. In fact, it is more so.

For the education of women and in order that they may be better companions of men, the right of expressing their political preferences should not be any longer withheld. This is the attitude of the entire thinking world.

Inertia has its pull, and every change has to be fought for.

Theodore Roosevelt is on the side of the many-headed, who adhere to a policy to which the centuries have given approval. His dodging of the question by first declaring that he is in favor of it and then going on to give reasons, most of which are specious, why the betterment should not be brought about, puts the man in the light of an artful dodger

And also it gives him an opportunity to come over on the Lord's side when the mass of the people show their approval of equal suffrage. He can then say: "What did I tell you? I was always in favor of it!"

Huxley says that truth, in its struggle for recognition, goes through three stages. First, we say the matter is revolutionary, is opposed to the vital and will destroy the home and civilization. Next, we say it does not make any difference either one way or the other. Third, we say we always believed in it.

Theodore Roosevelt is just getting ready to make the third and final statement. The man is a great politician!

The faults and frailties of men and women caught in the swirl of circumstances are not without excuse, but the cold plottings to punish them and the desire to thrive by their faults are hideous.

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Russian Exclusion



THERE is no one subject that has taken up more space in the newspapers, as well as the Congressional Record, recently, than our diplomatic relations with Russia. ¶ It seems that Russia does not allow American citizens of the Jewish faith, or of Jewish blood, to enter Russia ❧ ❧

This seems like a tyrannical, unnecessary, absurd, unreasonable and insulting attitude.

Jewish citizens in America average high in point of intelligence, integrity, worth and general good citizenship. And we naturally say, "Why should Russia seek to humiliate these people by forbidding them to cross her borders?"

They may carry passports signed by the Secretary of State, and recommendations and testimonials without end, but all this makes no difference.

Felix Adler, humanitarian, scientist and philosopher—Oscar Straus, businessman, philanthropist, humanist, altruist—could not enter Russia.

So this is the proposition that has shaken Congress, convened conventions, caused resolutions to pass, and inspired oratory and animated thousands of editors to dip their pens in gall and write editorials that sizzle. ¶ And now comes Russia, fully cognizant of all we have said and done, and gives her reply in stern logic, meeting every issue, every argument—citing innumerable facts and quoting from the Record times without end, and not giving in an inch.

Be it said to the credit of Russia that her language in the matter is courteous, dignified, parliamentary. ¶ Now suppose we get the Russian view of this matter:

As for Russia not recognizing our passports, Russia responds that every country in the world claims the right and has the right, undisputed, to exclude any one and every one from entering her borders, that she wishes. Moreover, she is not obliged to give a reason. This is a right that all nations possess, and exercise.

Russia says that America has very strict immigration laws, and that no one is allowed to land on American soil until he gives a full account of himself, and until American officials are fully convinced that he is a desirable citizen, or that his presence as a visitor does not tend to discord.

For instance, we exclude anarchists. And Russia points to the fact that not long ago we kept a man by the name of Turner in prison for many months and then finally deported him. Yet Turner was a man of good moral character, and bore recommendations and testimonials from hundreds of citizens, of various countries, who were willing to vouch for him. However, in the face of this, America used her prerogative and sent the man away, for political and social reasons.

Russia has a State religion, and a State religion is something that an American can not fully comprehend. The word "God" is not in our constitution, but the word "God" is the biggest word, the most occurring word and the most important word in Russian politics. ¶ Russia claims that the Jews—not being members of the Greek Catholic Church, and in fact, being, as a class, opposed to it—form an explosive and dangerous element to the stability of the Russian government and, therefore, Russia deems it wise to prevent Jews from entering her borders ❧ Russia claims that the analogy between visitors to a country and visitors to a private house holds in the main. No man ever gives another man the right to send him visitors without his permission. People who are dangerous to our peace and well-being we always exclude, and such people have no right to say they are insulted.

Russia fully acknowledges the virtues and excellencies of the Jews, as we put the matter forth. At the same time, she explains that, granting all this, she still, without malice—simply as a political necessity—asks that any one of Jewish blood or of the Jewish faith shall not insist upon visiting Russia either for purposes of business and pleasure or with the idea of citizenship.

Russia then goes on to state that any religion that is n't in sympathy with the Russian form of government is not a desirable thing to have in Russia, and, therefore, members of any religious faith are debarred, that may seem to Russian officials to be dangerous to the peace, amity and well-being of the govern-

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ment. The rule is to debar all Protestant clergymen, exactly the same as Stephen Girard provided in his will that no clergyman should be allowed to enter Girard College

The Beam in Our Own Eye

THE argument has been put forth in America that Russia would be very resentful if we should debar communicants of the Greek Catholic Church. To this Russia responds that we have the perfect right to debar the communicants of any church, just as we have the right to debar members of any particular society or faith, be it political, social or religious, just as we debarred the Doukhobors.

Russia then cites instances of where we have deported members of certain Italian and Russian societies. We have endeavored to deport Emma Goldman, a Russian Jewess who was out of sympathy with American institutions, and the only reason we did not deport her was because she was the legal wife of an American citizen.

The plain statement is courteously made that the United States makes it the rule to exclude all foreigners who are out of sympathy with the American form of government; and Russia merely asks that we will generously give her a like privilege. ¶ Altogether, it looks as if Russia had the best of the argument, as far as logic is concerned. And she proposes, if we abrogate the treaty of Eighteen Hundred Thirty-two, that she will increase duties on American products one hundred per cent, which would practically exclude them.

It will be noted that the argument of Russia is that her enforcement of laws against the Jews does not violate the treaty of Eighteen Hundred Thirty-two, because the Americans themselves exercise exactly the same right that Russia does in excluding the Jews, and no custom or law of nations ever allowed the people of one country to send obnoxious persons into another.

The Russians call attention to the fact that the exclusion of the Jews is not a matter of executive decision. It is fixed in statute law and has existed steadily for over a hundred years, and that our recent agitation on the subject is entirely without reason, and that America has not been injured in any way, save in the supersensitive minds of people who are trying to push in her door.

Incidentally, the Russian Minister of State is polite enough to disallow any desire to insult Americans and professes the greatest esteem and admiration for American citizenship, hinting, very delicately, that Russian Jews in America are ours now and that we should keep them here and that Russia wishes them all joy and all prosperity. In point of diplomacy, and the retort courteous, Saint Petersburg certainly sets Washington a pace.

We see our highest ideals reflected and call them "God." As we change our ideals, we change our God.

Hobson and Japan



DOCTOR INAZO NITOBE, of the University of Tokio, Japan, has been giving a series of lectures in different cities of the United States. And in the course of his talk he has politely paid his respects to our friend Hobson. Doctor Nitobe shows that Hobson, eight years ago, prophesied that war with Japan would come within five years.

Doctor Nitobe very gently makes bold to affirm that so far the Government of Japan and the Government of the United States are on very good terms.

Doctor Nitobe says that Japan has all it can do to carry its present honorable war debt, and to take care of its own country and its own territory, without seeking new responsibilities

Doctor Nitobe is a graduate of Johns Hopkins, and his son is attending Haverford College, near Philadelphia, which is in charge of the Society of Friends. Practically, Doctor Nitobe says that he is a Quaker. And he believes that any complications or misunderstandings that may occur between Japan and America will be amicably settled by arbitration. Incidentally, the Doctor says that any American, no matter what his religious faith, is welcomed in Japan, everywhere. Moreover, he does not even require a passport from the Secretary of State, the mere fact that he is an American being credential enough.

This is a very gentle and courteous way of putting Russia on the oratorical barbed-wire fence

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Canada and Reciprocity



EMERSON says that the honest person can not accept a favor without giving one.

Gifts not backed up by the proper spirit are insults.

We want love, but only on certain terms.

Reciprocity, when it is reciprocal, is beautiful. But reciprocity passed out with a guffaw or a grouch we decline.

Reciprocity is a matter of spirit ❧ Reciprocity can not be voted in any more than virtue can be a matter of legislation, of edict, mandate, injunction and interdict.

Canada voted against reciprocity, if the papers have correctly informed us. Also, the overwhelming vote against reciprocity was a surprise to both Liberals and Conservatives. Also, it was a surprise and a shock to the United States of America.

For twenty years Canada had been suggesting reciprocity with us. McKinley scorned the thought. In fact, the whole District of Columbia did the same, and all the time population in our cities was increasing faster than in the rural districts.

Twenty-five years ago, half of our population were farmers. It is not so now. The population of Iowa, for instance—the greatest farming State in the Union, that is, the State with the least amount of waste land—has decreased in population during the last decade.

Illinois shows an increase of a million people, but this increase is all in the cities and towns, and especially in the city of Chicago.

Food is the primal need. We dig our sustenance out of the soil. Cities have to be fed by and through the efforts of the people who live in the country. This is a fact so patent that it seems foolish to say it, and yet wise people very often know everything but the obvious ❧ ❧

High prices of living are owing to this steady increase in city population.

And so it comes about that we need Canada's farm-products to feed our people.

Pinched by the growing and increasing prices of foodstuffs, shocked at our grocery-bills, grieved at the independence of the grangers, and the American buckwheat ceasing to be a joke, we suddenly look to Canada for relief and offer her the reciprocity which she has been offering us.

In the meantime, Canada has found a market elsewhere for her growing things. She has awakened a distinctly national spirit. Moreover, her values have vastly increased and the tide of empire has turned in her direction. The world has not only discovered Canada, but Canada has looked out of the window and discovered herself.

Love from a discarded suitor, who wears his derby over one eye and neglects to remove his cigar when he approaches, is not a gracious figure, especially when he comes from Missouri, his flag a-fluttering in the breeze, and on his banner the slogan, "Show Me!"

A becoming curiosity is always beautiful. A desire to learn is most excellent, but the attitude of asking to be shown should be balanced with a desire and ability to show ❧ And so Canada replied to Colonel Missouri with a shibboleth of her own to this effect, "I 'll Show You!" And she did.

The question of economics was not even remotely considered.

Material prosperity is beautiful, but it must come only on certain terms.

Sentiment speaks louder than soup, especially if you are not hungry.

We should have talked reciprocity with Canada soft and low, in the moonlight, years and years ago.

Even the Scotch turned reciprocity down, good and hard.

That Annexation Bugaboo

THE word "annexation" is always an insulting word. No individual wants to be annexed. We want to give ourselves, not to be grabbed.

The Romans annexed the Sabines—and every one else. In fact, the wealth of Rome came through exploitation and annexation.

Nowadays, no gentleman wants to annex anybody unless the other party is perfectly willing ❧ ❧

The talk about annexing Canada was an absolute insult—if it were not silly—because Canada is supposed to be the weaker party, and for a country of a hundred million people to annex a country of ten million people, without even saying by your leave, comes with a slam and a bang and a biff.

The man who used the word annexation,

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even as a joke, lacked humor. Humor implies a certain knowledge of psychology. When this joker followed up his joke with remarks to the effect that the Stars and Stripes would soon be unfurled over Parliament House in Ottawa, he caused a revulsion to spread through the Dominion, and the Conservative party were not slow in making use of the turn things took.

The Liberals in Canada were in the right, but the attitude of certain talkative men in the United States brought about their downfall.

It will not do to say a majority of the people in the States sympathized with this talk of annexation, but we were too slow in condemning it. But the sentiment swept on and tinted the Canadian Zeitgeist, and naturally, and very properly, Canada declined the soft impeachment.

The rebuke was coming to us. In one sense, it did not come through the Canadian people; it was a part of the great law of compensation. ¶ When we passed retaliatory laws against Canada, issuing a prohibitory tariff because Canada kept our property that reached the Dominion by the Underground Route, we built a Spite Fence.

And every Spite Fence has a line of spikes on top. In the course of time the builder of this Spite Fence is surely going to find it necessary to climb over; and when he does, God and Destiny can't keep his trousers from getting ripped. ¶ Uncle Sam got caught on the Spite Fence that he built.

The sentiment of Canada now, I believe, is one of greater respect for the States than ever before existed. And this I say positively, that we have a better comprehension of Canada than ever before. We have taken this matter home to ourselves. How would we feel to have the English people talk about annexing us? Wrath and revulsion would fill our souls and virginal hate would take possession of us. The people in Canada are just such folks as we. We trace a common ancestry. We have a common language, a common literature, and the things that move us are identical.

The love that comes after a good healthy spat, I am told by a widow who knows, is the best kind.

The next time reciprocity comes up for discussion Canada will vote it in, because it will be offered in a due spirit of respect. Uncle Sam will leave his overshoes on the veranda, he will throw away his cigar, and he will hang his hat and overcoat in the hallway. He will not stick his head in the window and shout his protestations of love. Everything must be done rightly and "the artistic way," says Ruskin, "is the beautiful way." Also, when the question of reciprocity again comes up, any gentleman or gent from beyond the Mississippi who jibbers the word annexation will be passed the frappe, and if he repeats it he will be thrown, poetically speaking, into the raging Kaw.

The true solace for all private troubles is to lose yourself in your work.

Alaska



WHEN William H. Seward bought Alaska for us, in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-seven, for seven million two hundred thousand dollars, the newspapers that passed judgment on everything declared in shrill black face that Seward was stung. One man tried to introduce a bill in Congress providing for an investigation as to how much commission Seward received from Russia for bringing about the deal.

Several newspapers openly declared that Seward was certainly working both ends against the middle and was getting rich by cultivating the expense-account.

We now realize, however, that next to the real-estate deal made by Thomas Jefferson, when he carried through the Louisiana purchase, Seward's purchase of Alaska stands as the greatest peaceful land acquisition of the century.

Alaska produced in the year Nineteen Hundred Eleven, just closed, nineteen million dollars in gold.

The copper mines of Alaska have not been worked, but it is believed that the wealth of copper will be found just as great as that of gold when the miners really get busy. Pioneers are always looking for gold; and what they want is the gold on the surface that is easily obtainable.

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Copper requires a different kind of mining investment, and comes later.

Alaska has silver, tin, marble, gypsum, copper and coal, none of which is mined to any extent ❧ ❧

What is called "conservation" prevents Alaska from making use of her mineral resources, except in a very limited way ❧ However, over two hundred million dollars has been sent out of Alaska since Eighteen Hundred Eighty. All but five millions of this represents gold.

Just at present Alaska needs coal more than any other thing, and yet Alaska has as much coal as Pennsylvania. To mine coal in this country requires the services of big business. Also, transportation facilities are lacking. Individuals can neither build railroads nor operate coalmines. This is the work of corporations—these bodies without death and minds without decline.

It is earnestly hoped that Congress will devise ways, means and methods of allowing the vast resources of Alaska to be opened up for the good of the world.

Conservation, like every other good thing, can be overdone.

One horseshoe brings you good luck, but a load of horseshoes is junk.

Write it on the walls of Congress!

❧

Dollar Wheat is here to stay ❧ This means prosperity for the pianola man.

❧

Seven Wonders of the World



ALEXANDER THE GREAT lived three hundred fifty years before Christ. He conquered the world, or all he could find of it. He began his task when nineteen. He completed it at thirty, and died sighing for more worlds to conquer.

We will never die from Alexander's disability. We see a milky way of worlds to conquer ❧ ❧

Alexander made a list of the Seven Wonders of the World, and it was his proud boast that all of these were his personal possessions. He did not produce these Seven Wonders—he simply took them over—or what was left of them. ¶ Alexander's Seven Wonders of the World were:

The Pyramids of Egypt
The Hanging Gardens of Babylon
The Tomb of Mausolus
The Colossus of Rhodes
The Statue of Zeus by Phidias
The Lighthouse on the Island of Pharos
The Temple of Diana

All these Seven Wonders are dust, living but in hearsay, save the Pyramids alone.

The Pyramids were erected about three thousand seven hundred fifty years before Christ ❧ When Moses led the Children of Israel out of captivity, these Pyramids were already old.

These Pyramids were built for tombs and monuments to the memory of certain great men. But the irony of things is manifest when we consider that, although the tombs remain, there is no authentic record as to whose memory they were erected to perpetuate ❧ The Hanging Gardens of Babylon were built about five hundred fifty years before Christ, by Nebuchadnezzar, for the gratification of his queen. She was from the mountains, and the Babylonian plain seemed dreary to her. The declining days of Nebuchadnezzar when he became a vegetarian are familiar to all. Nebuchadnezzar was the first man to take to the tall uncut. His Gardens were a plaything. They endured but a decade and then the worms and the weeds had their way ❧ The Tomb of Mausolus was erected at Halicarnassus by Artemisia, wife of Mausolus ❧ The Tomb was small, but most elaborate—a dream in marble, gold and silver and precious stones, fit for a dead deity, but dedicated to the memory of a commonplace man. The creation was too exquisite, too precious, to last. The barbarians overran the country, and the Tomb became one of the things that were ❧ Halicarnassus is remembered now only because it was the birthplace of Euterpe, mother of Themistocles. She made one remark to the Athenians that is deathless—"Yes, I am an alien, but my son is Themistocles!"

Only great people can render a location unforgetable.

The Colossus of Rhodes was a statue ninety feet high, representing Helios, the sun-god, the national deity of the Rhodians.

This great statue of bronze, made in separate parts and riveted together, bestrode the nar-

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row entrance to the harbor. It was set up two hundred eighty years before Christ, and in the age of Cæsar was but a memory. It, however, supplied Cassius a good simile. ¶ The statue of Zeus by Phidias was of marble, inlaid with gold, ivory and ebony. ¶ The statue was supposed to have been modeled from one made in the time of Homer, when the poet sat for the artist's model.

The statue was fifty-two feet high—colossal in proportions. ¶ The Romans tumbled this statue from its pedestal and carried it away piecemeal. In Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two, Michelangelo made his famous statue of Moses, inspired by accounts of the work of Phidias in his statue of Zeus.

The "Pharos" was a rocky island on the Egyptian coast. Alexander connected this island with the mainland, and at the entrance to the harbor of Alexandria built a magnificent lighthouse—the first maritime lighthouse erected

The Temple of Diana was built at Ephesus six hundred fifty years before Christ. The worship of Diana—otherwise the Goddess of Nature—was the recognized religion of the Ephesians. In its early conception it was a beautiful religion. But religions grown great and powerful lose their original virtues. Read history!

In the time of Paul, the Temple of Diana was falling into decay, and the material was being used for houses and barns by any one who cared to appropriate it.

Pliny says that the Temple was one hundred twenty years in building.

These Seven Wonders of the World were things of pride and pomp, constructed to glorify and amuse the few. Slave labor entered into their construction; and discord, death and misery for the many were the result of the proud plans of their making.

The Seven Modern Wonders

TODAY, if we were asked to make a list of the Seven Wonders of the World, we would name the things that contribute to human happiness and add to our well-being; that make the world better in its day and generation. ¶ Men are living longer now than at any other time in recorded history, because we are living better.

Vital statistics for the past year show a lower death-rate in America than has ever before existed. As we put discord, fear, hate, doubt, jealousy and revenge out of our lives, harmony, health and happiness come in and make their homes with us.

"The world has made greater head," says Anatole France, "in the last twenty years than it did in the two thousand years preceding."

If I were now asked to name the Seven Modern Wonders of the World, I would say they are:

The Telephone
The Trolley-Car
The Incandescent Lamp
The Steel-Frame Skyscraper
The Automobile
The Hoe Rotary Press
The Typewriter

These things minister to all the people.

They influence the lives of every sane and efficient person. ¶ They serve us daily.

Unlike the Seven Wonders of Alexander, none are for the exclusive few.

All represent inventions, not merely individual things

They can never die, because they represent ideas that are self-duplicating.

The principles they stand for sprang from the brains of individuals, but now these principles are the priceless heritage of the living world.

Men may die and turn to dust, but the record of their dreams once made tangible, remains.

Small men are provincial, mediocre men are cosmopolitan, but great souls are Universal.

A Government Telegraph



THE Postmaster-General has made a suggestion to Congress to the effect that the Government should purchase the telegraph-lines.

This is not the first time that such a suggestion has ever come from a Postmaster-General. John Wanamaker made the same recommendation. Perhaps Wanamaker was so far ahead of the procession that no one heard him.

In fact, the times were never ripe for it before. ¶ Now seems to be the psychological moment. The telephones have broken in on the telegraph business until now it is no longer the

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monopoly it once was, and the owners of the telegraph are open to argument.

There are only two of these telegraph companies to deal with—the Western Union and the Postal. And while they seemingly are competitors, it is very probable that the Government would only have to talk with one man in buying out the lines.

The Day Letter, whereby fifty words can be sent at one and one-half times the regular ten-word rate, "subject to delay," shows the tendency of the times. The Night Rate of fifty words goes for the same rate as the regular ten-word day message.

"Subject to delay" is merely a formal phrase, and nineteen times out of twenty the telegram will be delivered just as quickly as if it goes "regular."

Both companies now make it a rule to telephone messages and then send them by mail or messenger, at their convenience.

This plan seems to be eminently satisfactory to the "consumer," as a telephone operates much quicker than the average boy, and is safer as well

A messenger-boy was always proverbially slow and inefficient. All boys are, for that matter. All boys require supervision—and most men are boys who never grow up.

When a message is telephoned and then sent by mail, the risk of non-receipt is very slight.

¶ Postmaster-General Hitchcock does not say how much money will be required to buy out the telegraph business. He suggests that it can be easily financed, and that the profit from the business will pay interest on the indebtedness and also gradually form a sinking fund that will wipe out the principal.

Postmaster-General Hitchcock is a businessman and a salesman.

A few years ago this suggestion would have met with the cry of "Socialism" from all over the country, but now we see the idea almost unanimously approved.

Senator Bourne, who has long argued along a similar line, accepts the matter without exultation, simply as a matter of course, and says now it is only a question of detail, and that the people are ready to back the Government in bringing about this great betterment.

¶ Great Britain has a postal-telegraph system, and a message of ten words is sent anywhere in the United Kingdom for sixpence, or twelve cents.

For a time it was thought probable that the telephone-lines and the telegraphs could cooperate and maintain rates, but it is perceived that this now will not be possible.

There is bound to be competition, and if the men who operate and own the majority of the telephone-lines are not willing to enter into genuine competition with the Western Union and Postal, they invite new companies to enter the field.

The expense of building telephone-lines is comparatively trivial. It does not entail any such amount of engineering and financing as railroads do. Neither is there the same amount of skill required in management.

The Psychological Moment

MR. HITCHCOCK seems to think that we can extend the Post-Office System so as to take in the telegraph much easier than we can take over the express business.

Undoubtedly he is right in this. We hear several Senators saying that these two things can not be worked out at the same time; that we must either choose the express companies or the telegraph; that we can not engage with them both.

One of the curious things brought up in this discussion is that much of the stock of both the Western Union and the Postal is owned by a group of men who also have big interests in the express companies.

The telegraph people have the big competition of the telephones, while the express folks practically hold a monopoly.

Both the telegraph and the express folks see the handwriting on the wall, and are fighting for time and sparring for wind

So, in reference to the telegraph business, there is a gradual giving way all along the line, and men who never before have admitted the feasibility of the Government operating the so-called monopolies, now admit that Uncle Sam could manage this telegraph business and supply the goods to the people at about one-half what they are now paying, and this at a fair profit.

Hitchcock seems to be the big man just about now, and he has the backing of the administration

As for social betterments, I trust there will be no argument on the point that where the Government has to do the thing, the work will, of course, always be done by the party in power.

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This party in power will change as the times change, and the times will change as the people change. No party is going to relinquish its power through a failure to give the people what they want. But no party is going to give the people anything much faster than they are able to fletcherize it.

It makes us smile to think of the irony of Socialism coming about through the ministrations of the Republican party, but stranger things, far, than this have happened.

And one of them is that there are parochial schools all over the United States putting in manual training and making the criticism on the public schools that they are not up to date ❧ ❧

Here we get the eternal paradox of liberalism getting ankylosis, and dogmatism becoming fluid and progressive.

Paul going down to Damascus to persecute the Christians, and coming back one, is a type.

❧

The ulster of virtue, put on and buttoned to the chin as an expedient move in times of social and political danger, is a garment still in vogue.

❧

A Mutiny in Camp



CABLE from London tells us that a military riot has occurred at Longmoor Camp. At Longmoor there is a Mounted Infantry School connected with the Aldershot Division. It seems that certain Scotchmen among the troopers were out on Saint Patrick's Day. When a Scotchman goes out on an Irish holiday to have a good time, we know pretty well where he will fetch up. These men carried out all the traditions of The High Street in Glasgow.

When they came in, the next morning, they were duly reproved and several of them were put in irons.

Others were made to carry tubs and shoulder brooms ❧ ❧

The Scotchmen rebelled, claiming their right to do as they pleased one day in the year. The officers refused to accept the round robin, and ordered the men punished.

Then it was that the whole division bombarded the officers' quarters with bricks, smashed every window, broke in the roof, and declared that if any one of them was to be punished, all must be punished.

The "assembly" was sounded and all the officers turned out to quell the disturbance. The mutineers refused to fall in line. Instead they formed a hollow square around a big pile of brick and requested the officers to come on. The officers drew their revolvers, but of course dared not shoot.

Then it was that a happy thought came to one of the officers—a captain—who is a noted boxer.

He got the men quiet long enough to challenge them to pick out any one man to fight him, and they would settle the matter in single contest ❧ ❧

This pleased the Scotchmen very much, and they picked out their best man, formed a ring, and agreed to let the two fight it out, London rules to govern.

The men stripped and went into the ring. The officer was a little man and the man they put up against him was a big one. But the little man had science on his side. Also, "Thrice armed is he who knows his cause is just."

He put it all over the big Sandy McGee and in three minutes the seconds cried that their big man had had enough, and the soldiers stood ready to fall in line and obey orders ❧

A suggestion comes to us right here: Why would n't it be a good scheme for nations to settle their differences in this way?

Of course, fighting never settles which side is right: it merely settles which side is the stronger ❧ ❧

And all of the people in a nation never fight anyway. We only pick a few—and the fewer the better. This is an old-time method, going back to the days when David, a youth, called out Goliath and did him up with three small pebbles from the brook.

There is no copyright on the idea, and I put it forth in the hope that it will attract the attention of Andrew Carnegie and others who are working for peace.

❧

Every man who adds to the well-being of the world is one of the saviors of mankind; every tear that is shed in sympathy is putting out the fires of Hell; every loving heart-throb is a part of the atonement.

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One of the World-Makers



THE two most valuable things in the world, next to food and fresh air, are abrasives and lubricants.

The wheel is the greatest invention of man. It is a moving lever, and has no counterpart in the world of Nature, except the hoop-snake, which takes its tail in its mouth and rolls away to safety. And in passing, it is well enough to state the fact that no one has ever seen a hoop-snake, except excited colored men.

Before a wheel is made, an abrasive forms a big part in its construction.

And never a wheel turns without the use of lubricants. ¶ Abrasive and lubricant!

And the one man in the world who has done most towards supplying an effective abrasive and an effective lubricant is Doctor Edward G. Acheson of Niagara Falls—and the round world

No life-story is more romantic and reveals the ups and downs in life, its lights and shades, its tragedies and its successes, any more than that of Doctor Acheson.

By his brain, materials that were worth a thousand dollars a pound twenty years ago are now produced for twelve cents a pound. ¶ His two great inventions are carborundum and graphite, made artificially.

To manufacture a thing in a laboratory on a theoretical basis for the amusement and edification and diversion of a class of sophomores is one thing, but to produce this same thing in vast quantities and give it out to the world of consumers at a moderate price, thus adding to the welfare, the riches, the happiness and betterment of civilization, is another.

The latter achievement has been the accomplishment of Doctor Acheson.

Carborundum is an abrasive that will cut the diamond.

The word is a compound of carbon and corundum.

When the term was coined to express the nature of this new invention of chemistry, it was supposed that the materials were simply carbon and corundum.

Now it is known to be something else, and what this "something else" is chemists soon determined, for we know it as Carbide of Silicon

We know the value of the article, and it is being utilized today in the arts and in every branch of manufacture to the extent of ten thousand specific purposes, according to a recent calculation of a great manufacturer. ¶ Very seldom, indeed, are there found in one individual the far-reaching imagination, the compelling purpose, the prophetic vision, coupled with the sternest commonsense, that Doctor Acheson possesses.

Doctor Acheson's great achievements have all been the "utilization of accidents," to use his own modest phrase. Perhaps, at the last, the great man is the one who is able to cash in his mistakes and blunders, constantly rising on the ruins of his dead self to higher things. The ability to abandon a good thing for a better; to accept failure with a smile; to preserve animation and faith in the midst of disaster—these are the qualifications of this most extraordinary man.

Modest and gentle, yet strong and versatile: the workingman, the laborer, the clerk, the accountant, the laboratory drudge, the scientist and inventor linked in companionship to Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Humphry Davy, Michael Faraday, James Watt, Thomas A. Edison—such is Edward G. Acheson. Standing shoulder to shoulder with these men just named, history will place this man.

Boyhood Days

EDWARD G. ACHESON was born at Washington, Pennsylvania, March Ninth, Eighteen Hundred Fifty-six.

His father kept a small grocery, and the family lived over the store.

The grocery business did n't thrive—it never does

In Eighteen Hundred Sixty-one the family moved to the town of Monticello, Pennsylvania. Monticello is on the Alleghany River, about fifty miles above Pittsburgh. Here was a furnace owned by some relative of the family, and the elder Acheson was made manager and superintendent.

The iron business was coming into its own. The business at Monticello proved a success. ¶ Here, the Acheson children attended the "deestrick skule" in the Winter and worked in the garden or around the furnace in the Summer

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Edward Acheson seemed to have had, very early in life, those few particular virtues which evolve qualities, and make for success.

¶ The boy improved every opportunity to study. He saved up his pennies, and we find him going to a boarding-school at Sewickley and afterwards to an academy at Bellefonte, full of the beautiful fallacy that wisdom was to be acquired from professors, and out of books.

This transplantation made for growth. The boy was a mathematician by nature. Geometry, trigonometry and surveying were his pastimes

We find him inventing various short cuts in the management of his father's furnace, and acting as timekeeper.

Making Head

WORK and worry had their way, and the elder Acheson found rest in death in June, Eighteen Hundred Seventy-three

Then came the financial panic of that year, and the Monticello furnace was shut down.

¶ Edward struck out and got a job with a surveying party. Then he was a clerk in a Dry-Goods Store and later in a General Store, returning again to the surveying party.

He bought a mechanical patent right, for this was the time when hold-up men did their business by "selling territory." The patent, the right and the territory were all worthless so far as Edward Acheson was concerned. But he got his experience—everybody has to buy a gold brick some time

He was given a job as ticket-seller by Thomas M. King.

The inside work and the steady grind, however, of the office were not to the liking of young Acheson, and so we find him again in the field working the wigwag and sighting the transit. Then he became a gauger in the oil-fields.

Here he had his ups and downs, mostly downs, but not realizing that all the time he was getting an education and finding out a great number of things about mines, oil-wells, coal-pockets, railroading, the management of men and the use of machinery. Also, he was finding out a lot of things that will not work.

In Eighteen Hundred Eighty, no name loomed so large on the horizon of American affairs as that of Thomas A. Edison.

Menlo Park was a place where a high picket-fence was erected in order to keep out the sightseers, so that work might be done.

Edward Acheson, aged twenty-five, got through the pickets and interviewed Edison.

¶ Edison put one hand up to his ear to indicate that he was deaf—but no one yet knows just how deaf Mr. Edison is. Mr. Edison has a way of hearing everything that he wants to hear and everything that should be heard.

¶ He heard Edward Acheson apply for work, and he gave him a job in the drafting-department at Menlo Park.

Edison was at that time thirty-three years of age and world-renowned. Acheson was twenty-five.

Acheson became one of "Edison's boys."

¶ Edison yet looks upon Acheson as one of his own immediate family, and takes the heartiest kind of interest in his successes

These facts I got from Edison, not from Acheson

Acheson acknowledges his indebtedness to Edison in a thousand ways, and certainly he was never a parasite or a barnacle on the great ship known as Menlo Park.

In Eighteen Hundred Eighty-one Edison was preparing to make an exhibition of electric apparatus at the World's Fair at Paris, and Mr. Acheson was selected as first assistant to Mr. Batchelor, who was Mr. Edison's personal representative.

Acheson had never been across the sea before. The voyage, of course, was an epoch to the young man.

Paris was fairyland, and six months in France compelled a working use of the *parlez vous*.

¶ At the exhibition, Acheson saw about all of the world's great inventors of the time. Among others he met Sir William Crookes, then plain Mr. William Crookes.

Edison's incandescent lamps attracted great attention; and the business of Acheson was to explain the working of these to the visitors.

¶ Incidentally, he was sent out to instal lighting-plants in various cities of Europe. These plants were more for the purpose of exhibition and advertisement than anything else

Among other places where lights were installed was the great Scala Theater at Milan.

An electric-light plant was also installed in the National Museum at Brussels, another at Antwerp, another at Amsterdam.

While putting up one of these plants and

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stringing his wires, a slim, dark-complexioned youth came along one fine day and asked permission to help. This youth was Nicola Tesla, a Montenegrin, a man of culture and refinement, seemingly studying the subject from an academic point of view.

Tesla and Acheson became friends, and everything that Acheson knew about the business of electricity was explained to Tesla, who showed a wonderful capacity for absorption. ¶ The two went down to Rome and put electric lights at the entrance of the Royal Theater ❧ ❧

Edison formed an electric-light company at Milan, and Acheson was the head engineer at a salary of one hundred fifty dollars a month. ¶ He taught a man to do the work and then went to fill a similar position with the Edison Light Company at Paris at a salary of three hundred dollars a month.

All through the principal cities of France, Germany, Italy, the theaters, restaurants and hotels were installing electric lights, and Acheson's business was to go from town to town and reveal the miracle of light produced without oxygen. ¶ Acheson put up the first electric lights in Venice, decorating the entrance of storied Saint Mark's with the mysterious halo. He did a similar work at Genoa, where Christopher Columbus was born and where Paginini first played the violin as a beggar-boy in the streets.

From Genoa, Acheson went to Pisa, and there he illuminated the Leaning Tower, which we are told has since been straightened up by Oro Vocifero when he went along that way. ¶ This roving around the country had polished up the Acheson vocabulary, and the young man found himself able to *parlez vous* with the best of the cosmopolitans.

But the work of installing electric-light plants was not especially to the liking of young Acheson. The light, as yet, was more of a plaything or an advertisement than anything else, and Acheson became convinced that electricity was only in its infancy as an effective mechanical agent.

He wanted to get back to America and tackle some big, difficult propositions, and, if possible, work with the chief.

So back to America he came, again finding work at Menlo Park. Later, he was in the employ of the Consolidated Electric Light Company of New York City.

Acheson, by this time, had read everything that had been written on the subject of electricity. He was familiar with the work of Sir Humphry Davy and Michael Faraday, and had committed to memory the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.

About this time Acheson was married to a most excellent woman, Margaret C. Maher. Both were penniless, for most of Acheson's income had gone into experiments or the purchase of scientific books.

But evidently Miss Maher had faith in the young man's genius.

Acheson declined various positions as superintendent of electric-light stations, where he might have received an income of two or three hundred dollars a month.

He preferred to work for fifteen dollars a week and wear the overalls and work in an experiment station.

Among other experiments tried by Acheson was the introduction of natural gas into a highly heated furnace in which were clay articles ❧ ❧

The scheme of using natural gas for making pottery was Acheson's patent, although, I believe, before this he had taken out half a dozen other patents, costing him good money, none of which, however, were of any special value.

This patent for the use of natural gas attracted the attention of George Westinghouse. Westinghouse bought Acheson's patent for the tidy sum of seven thousand dollars in cash and fifty thousand dollars in stock in the Standard Underground Cable Company.

Westinghouse also engaged Acheson as electrician for the company at a salary of two thousand dollars a year. This was in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-six.

Acheson, by this time, was well out on the highway of prosperity. He had bought a house in the suburbs. He owned a horse, a cow, two pigs and twelve hens.

The cable company prospered, and Acheson made trips to various other cities superintending the laying of underground cables. He did work in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Washington, Buffalo, Detroit ❧ In these various cities he was wined and dined and called upon to respond to toasts. He wrote papers and read them at learned societies ❧ ❧

But all the time he was experimenting

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with electricity and reaching out for things unknown. Many are the dreams he had: the hope of making rubber out of the ordinary elements, instead of depending upon the uncertain rubber-tree, was one of them ❧ Among other worthy people whom Acheson knew was Doctor George F. Kunz, the eminent lapidary of Tiffany and Company. Kunz told Acheson about the value and the need of a good abrasive, and that there was no article in Nature that would cut the diamond. ¶ And this was the way that Acheson got it well fixed in his head that an abrasive was one of the most necessary and useful things in all the world of manufacturing. To shape things by rubbing them into shape was, doubtless, the first motion in manufacture.

So Acheson was on the lookout for an abrasive that would supersede all others. He got the thing in his head first, and then he discovered certain crystals on the point of a carbon. Then it was that he began to save these crystals, and from this the idea of carborundum was born ❧ ❧

These first crystals were sold at the rate of eight hundred dollars a pound.

The same thing is being produced now for ten cents a pound; and the world is producing ten million pounds a year.

The Divine Unrest

ACHESON is still a boy ❧ He is still experimenting, planning, dreaming, working ❧ ❧

A very happy man, and a wonderful man in this: he is not only an inventor, but he is a manufacturer and a salesman. He knows that the best things that the world has ever seen have always been refused and discarded by the people at large.

After a thing is invented, the people must be educated into its use.

No living man has been more stolen from than this man Acheson. Dozens of men have appropriated his ideas without leave, and waxed rich on them. But Acheson does not complain. He is rich in his own right.

Richer far is he in that noble unrest which never sits down to enjoy nor says, "Here will we build three tabernacles." Always and forever there comes to him the voice which says, "Arise and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest."

Life to Edward G. Acheson is a very precious privilege ❧ ❧

Not long ago, when I visited him at his laboratory at the noon-hour, I saw him brewing his little pot of tea over an electric lamp, eating his brown bread and cheese, and smiling to himself as some unseen fairy of invention, seemingly, whispered in his ear. ¶ Luckily, he had enough tea for two, and as he stirred the brew he explained to me, with all the enthusiasm of boyhood, his plan for producing a lubricant just as efficient as lard-oil at one-tenth of its cost.

It is a wonderful thing to live, to work, to fail, to succeed, to be misunderstood, to be reviled, even to be persecuted, and yet to love ❧ ❧

Acheson is not only a great inventor, but he is a great man in his simplicity, in his honesty and in his unselfishness.

Very, very few men have given the world so much.

Doctor Acheson's Two Great Inventions

EARLY in his experiments Doctor Acheson discovered that electricity, leaping from carbon to carbon, evolved a heat many times beyond that which could be produced by simple combustion, no matter what the fuel or how strong the draft.

To produce carborundum, Doctor Acheson mixed coke with sand, and turned through these a powerful electric current. The electricity leaping between the poles, twenty feet and more apart, with the sand and coke between, vaporized the sand, and this cooled in the form of carborundum crystals.

This was Doctor Acheson's first great and far-reaching discovery.

The second invention, which, in some ways, is greater than the first, came when a degree of electric heat was applied sufficient to decompose the carborundum, just as the sand had formerly been vaporized. When this was done, the substance was found to be pure graphite. Here we get a fulfilment of the law that the opposites of things are very much alike ❧ ❧

Graphite is a substance that has been long known as black lead. It is discovered in limited quantities, diffused over the whole world. Very seldom, however, is it found in sufficient quantities so it can be mined to advantage. ¶ There are graphite-mines in Ticonderoga, New York, and in New Hampshire, but considerable of the natural graphite used in America comes from the island of Ceylon.

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¶ All of the commercial lead-pencils now in use are made from graphite, there being no lead in the pencil at all.

Graphite made artificially is the undisputed invention of Doctor Acheson. It is not an imitation graphite. It is the production by man in a very short space of time of the same article which Nature has taken thousands of years to produce. The immense pressure or something else in Nature has undoubtedly evolved heat sufficient to form the graphite. And Doctor Acheson has discovered a method of bringing the proper conditions to bear, and quickly too.

There are three forms of approximately pure carbon. These are the diamond, charcoal and graphite ❧ ❧

The diamond and graphite are found in Nature. Charcoal is manufactured; and now graphite is manufactured. It will only be one step more to manufacture the diamond.

¶ But diamonds, when they are manufactured by the bushel, will not possess the value to the world that graphite does, although they may be valuable as an abrasive.

¶ The first business of the Acheson Graphite Company was to make rods or electrodes for use in electric furnaces. Next graphite was used for filling dry batteries ❧ Today a majority of the dry batteries used in the United States, also many of those made in Europe, contain Acheson Graphite produced in the electric furnaces at Niagara Falls ❧ Next, it was discovered that graphite was a very efficient pigment for use in making paints for painting metals.

The life of unprotected iron is short—it has one deadly enemy, oxygen. Now all beams and metal in steel-frame skyscrapers are treated with graphite paint.

It was not until the Summer of Nineteen Hundred Six, however, that Doctor Acheson succeeded in making a graphite that was soft, non-coalescing, and eminently suitable for a lubricant.

This is the very antithesis of carborundum, and yet the process employed in its production is very similar.

Carborundum in powder form mixed with a clay binder is now made into various shapes for use in many fields.

The lubricating graphite that Doctor Acheson is now making has a purity above ninety-nine per cent, and will pass through the meshes of a sieve with forty thousand holes to the square inch.

As a lubricant it can be used dry, but more generally a little grease is added, which prevents the particles from being blown away, the object of the grease being that of a carrier.

¶ Doctor Acheson regarded this discovery of a way to make graphite much purer than that which can be obtained from Nature as the crowning event in his career. Beyond this he did not expect or hope to go.

However, his self-satisfaction did not last for very long.

He has now discovered a way by which graphite, which is essentially heavier than oil or water, will remain diffused in either medium without sinking to the bottom ❧ This process is called deflocculation. And the thing that causes the graphite to remain equally distributed, without settling, is simply a small addition of tannin, and tannin is one of the most common elements to be found in matter ❧ ❧

Doctor Acheson does not pretend to say why the graphite sets at defiance the law of gravity, which it certainly does.

The secret of electricity, like the secret of life and this secret of a body defying the law of gravitation, is as yet unsolved.

It looks as if the expense of lubrication through the inventions of Doctor Acheson will be reduced one-half and more.

Think how the world is destined to profit by such results! Outside of the wonderful skill he has displayed in giving the world new products of tremendous value, his keen conception of trade needs, his honest commercial spirit, inspired him to create new words now known the world over as the names of Acheson lubricants.

Oildag is one of these words. It is the name given to the mixture of Deflocculated Graphite and oil, the lubricant that is so valuable for steam-cylinder, gas-engine and general lubrication.

Aquadag is another word he coined. It is the name adopted for the mixture of Deflocculated Graphite and water. This lubricant has been found extremely valuable in all kinds of metal-cutting.

Gredag is the third new name coined. This has been given as a name to a combination of disintegrated graphite and grease, the lubricant which has been found so valuable

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THE TITANIC

IT is a night of a thousand stars. The date, Sunday, April 14, 1912. The time, 11 : 20 P. M.

The place, off Cape Race—that Cemetery of the Sea.

Suddenly a silence comes—the engines have stopped—the great iron heart of the ship has ceased to beat.

Such a silence is always ominous to those who go down to the sea in ships.

"The engines have stopped!"

Eyes peer; ears listen; startled minds wait!

A half-minute goes by.

Then the great ship groans, as her keel grates and grinds. She reels, rocks, struggles as if to free herself from a titanic grasp, and as she rights herself, people standing lose their center of gravity.

Not a shock—only about the same sensation that one feels when the ferryboat slides into her landing-slip, with a somewhat hasty hand at the wheel.

On board the ferry we know what has happened—here we do not.

"An iceberg!" some one cries.

The word is passed along.

"Only an iceberg! Barely grated it—side-swiped it—that is all! Ah, ha!"

The few on deck, and some of those in cabins peering out of portholes, see a great white mass go gliding by.

A shower of broken ice has covered the decks. Passengers pick up specimens "for souvenirs to carry home," they laughingly say.

Five minutes pass—the engines start again—but only for an instant.

Again the steam is shut off. Then the siren-whistles cleave and saw the frosty air.

¶ Silence and the sirens! Alarm, but no tumult—but why blow the whistles when there is no fog!

The cold is piercing. Some who have come up on deck return to their cabins for wraps and overcoats.

The men laugh—and a few nervously smoke.

It is a cold, clear night of stars. There is no moon. The sea is smooth as a Summer pond.

The great towering iceberg that loomed above the topmost mast has done its work, gone on, disappeared, piloted by its partners, the darkness and the night.

¶ "There was no iceberg—you only imagined it," a man declares.

"Go back to bed—there is no danger—this ship can not sink anyway!" says the Managing Director of the Company.

In a lull of the screaming siren, a hoarse voice is heard calling through a megaphone from the bridge—"Man the lifeboats! Women and children first!!"

"It sounds just like a play," says Henry Harris to Major Butt.

Stewards and waiters are giving out life-preservers and showing passengers how to put them on.

There is laughter—a little hysteric. "I want my clothes made to order," a woman protests. "An outrageous fit! Give me a man's size!"

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The order of the Captain on the bridge is repeated by other officers—" Man the lifeboats! Women and children first!!"

" It 's a boat-drill—that 's all!"

" A precautionary measure—we 'll be going ahead soon," says George Widener to his wife, in reassuring tones as he holds her hand.

Women are loath to get into the boats. Officers, not over-gently, seize them, and half-lift and push them in. Children, crying, and some half-asleep, are passed over into the boats.

Mother-arms reach out and take the little ones. Parentage and ownership are lost sight of.

Some boats are only half-filled, so slow are the women to believe that rescue is necessary.

The boats are lowered, awkwardly, for there has never been a boat-drill, and assignments are being made haphazard.

A sudden little tilt of the deck hastens the proceeding. The bows of the ship are settling—there is a very perceptible list to starboard.

An Englishman, tired and blase, comes out of the smoking-room, having just ceased a card-game. He very deliberately approaches an officer who is loading women and children into a lifeboat.

The globe-trotting Briton is filling his pipe. " I si, orficer, you know; what seems to be the matter with this bloomin' craft, you know?"

" Fool," roars the officer, " the ship is sinking!"

" Well," says the Englishman, as he strikes a match on the rail, " Well, you know, if she is sinking, just let 'er down a little easy, you know."

John Jacob Astor half-forces his wife into the boat. She submits, but much against her will. He climbs over and takes a seat beside her in the lifeboat. It is a ruse to get her in—he kisses her tenderly—stands up, steps lightly out and gives his place to a woman.

" Lower away!" calls the officer.

" Wait—here is a boy—his mother is in there!"

" Lower away!" calls the officer—" there is no more room."

Colonel Astor steps back. George Widener tosses him a woman's hat, picked up from the deck. Colonel Astor jams the hat on the boy's head, takes the lad up in his arms, runs to the rail and calls, " You won't leave this little girl, will you?"

¶ " Drop her into the boat," shouts the officer. The child drops into friendly hands as the boat is lowered.

Astor turns to Widener and laughingly says, " Well, we put one over on 'em that time."

" I 'll meet you in New York," calls Colonel Astor to his wife as the boat pulls off. He lights a cigarette and passes the silver case and a match-box along to the other men.

A man runs back to his cabin to get a box of money and jewels. The box is worth three hundred thousand dollars. The man changes his mind and gets three oranges, and gives one orange each to three children as they are lifted into safety.

As a lifeboat is being lowered, Mr. and Mrs. Isador Straus come running with arms full of blankets, brought from their stateroom. They throw the bedding to the people in the boat.

" Help that woman in!" shouts an officer. Two sailors seize Mrs. Straus. She struggles, frees herself, and proudly says, " Not I—I will not leave my husband." Mr. Straus insists, quietly and gently, that she shall go. He will follow later.

¶ But Mrs. Straus is firm. " All these years we have traveled together, and shall we part now? No, our fate is one."

She smiles a quiet smile, and pushes aside the hand of Major Butt, who has ordered the sailors to leave her alone. " We will help you—Mr. Straus and I—come! It is the law of the sea—women and children first—come!" said Major Butt.

"No, Major; you do not understand. I remain with my husband—we are one, no matter what comes—you do not understand!"

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" See," she cried, as if to change the subject, " there is a woman getting in the lifeboat with her baby ; she has no wraps ! "

Mrs. Straus tears off her fur-lined robe and places it tenderly around the woman and the innocently sleeping babe.

William T. Stead, grim, hatless, with furrowed face, stands with an iron bar in hand as a lifeboat is lowered. " Those men in the steerage, I fear, will make a rush —they will swamp the boats."

Major Butt draws his revolver. He looks toward the crowded steerage. Then he puts his revolver back into his pocket, smiles. " No, they know we will save their women and children as quickly as we will our own."

Mr. Stead tosses the iron bar into the sea.

He goes to the people crowding the afterdeck. They speak a polyglot language. They cry, they pray, they supplicate, they kiss each other in frenzied grief. ¶ John B. Thayer, George Widener, Henry Harris, Benjamin Guggenheim, Charles M. Hays, Mr. and Mrs. Straus, move among these people, talk to them and try to reassure them.

There are other women besides Mrs. Straus who will not leave their husbands. These women clasp each other's hands. They smile—they understand !

Mr. Guggenheim and his secretary are in full dress. " If we are going to call on Neptune, we will go dressed as gentlemen," they laughingly say.

The ship is slowly settling by the head.

The forward deck is below the water.

The decks are at a vicious angle.

The icy waters are full of struggling people.

Those still on the ship climb up from deck to deck.

The dark waters follow them, angry, jealous, savage, relentless.

The decks are almost perpendicular. The people hang by the rails.

A terrific explosion occurs—the ship's boilers have burst.

The last lights go out.

The great iron monster slips, slides, gently glides, surely, down, down, down into the sea.

Where once the great ship proudly floated, there is now a mass of wreckage, the dead, the dying, and the great black all-enfolding night.

Overhead, the thousand stars shine with a brightness unaccustomed.

THE Strauses, Stead, Astor, Butt, Harris, Thayer, Widener, Guggenheim, Hays — I thought I knew you, just because I had seen you, realized somewhat of your able qualities, looked into your eyes and pressed your hands, but I did not guess your greatness.

You are now beyond the reach of praise—flattery touches you not—words for you are vain.

Medals for heroism—how cheap the gilt, how paltry the pewter !

You are beyond our praise or blame. We reach out, we do not touch you. We call, but you do not hear.

Words unkind, ill-considered, were sometimes flung at you, Colonel Astor, in your lifetime. We admit your handicap of wealth—pity you for the accident of birth—but we congratulate you that as your mouth was stopped with the brine of the sea, so you stopped the mouths of the carpers and critics with the dust of the tomb. ¶ If any think unkindly of you now, be he priest or plebeian, let it be with finger to his lips, and a look of shame into his own dark heart.

Also, shall we not write a postscript to that booklet on cigarettes?

Charles M. Hays—you who made life safe for travelers on shore, yet you were caught in a sea-trap, which, had you been manager of that Transatlantic Line, would never have been set, baited as it was with human lives.

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You placed safety above speed. You fastened your faith to utilities, not futilities. You and John B. Thayer would have had a searchlight and used it in the danger-zone, so as to have located an iceberg five miles away. You would have filled the space occupied by that silly plunge-bath (how ironic the thing) with a hundred collapsible boats, and nests of dories.

You, Hays and Thayer, believed in other men—you trusted them—this time they failed you. We pity them, not you.

And Mr. and Mrs. Straus, I envy you that legacy of love and loyalty left to your children and grandchildren. The calm courage that was yours all your long and useful career was your possession in death.

You knew how to do three great things—you knew how to live, how to love and how to die.

Archie Butt, the gloss and glitter on your spangled uniform were pure gold. I always suspected it.

You tucked the ladies in the lifeboats, as if they were going for an automobile-ride. " Give my regards to the folks at home," you gaily called as you lifted your hat and stepped back on the doomed deck.

You died the gallant gentleman that you were. You helped preserve the old English tradition, " Women and children first."

All America is proud of you.

Guggenheim, Widener and Harris, you were unfortunate in life in having more money than we had. That is why we wrote things about you, and printed them in black and red. If you were sports, you were game to the last, cheerful losers, and all such are winners.

As your souls play hide-and-seek with sirens and dance with the naiads, you have lost interest in us. But our hearts are with you still. You showed us how death and danger put all on a parity. The women in the steerage were your sisters — the men your brothers; and on the tablets of love and memory we have 'graved your names.

William T. Stead, you were a writer, a thinker, a speaker, a doer of the word. You proved your case; sealed the brief with your heart's blood; and as your bearded face looked in admiration for the last time up at the twinkling, shining stars, God in pardonable pride said to Gabriel, " Here comes a man! "

And so all you I knew, and all that thousand and half a thousand more, I did not know, passed out of this Earth-Life into the Unknown upon the unforgetting tide. You were sacrificed to the greedy Goddess of Luxury and her consort the Demon of Speed.

Was it worth the while? Who shall say? The great lessons of life are learned only in blood and tears. Fate decreed that you should die for us.

Happily, the world has passed forever from a time when it feels a sorrow for the dead. The dead are at rest, their work is ended, they have drunk of the waters of Lethe, and these are rocked in the cradle of the deep. We kiss our hands to them and cry, " Hail and Farewell—until we meet again! "

But for the living who wait for a footstep that will never come, and all those who listen for a voice that will never more be heard, our hearts go out in tenderness, love and sympathy.

These dead have not lived and died in vain. They have brought us all a little nearer together—we think better of our kind.

One thing sure, there are just two respectable ways to die. One is of old age, and the other is by accident.

All disease is indecent.

Suicide is atrocious.

But to pass out as did Mr. and Mrs. Isador Straus is glorious. Few have such a privilege. Happy lovers, both. In life they were never separated, and in death they are not divided.

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for quieting gears and transmissions that it has been suggested if properly applied it would take the noise out of a band.

The whole *DAG* family belongs to Acheson, and the words and names above mentioned have been trademarked in every civilized country ❧ ❧

For the use of automobiles, these graphite lubricants will mean increased power. No more smutting of the spark-plugs; decreased gasoline consumption; freedom from smoke in the exhaust; prevention of wear between the cylinder-walls and piston-rings; decreased amount of carbon deposited in the cylinders; elimination of the abrasive action of the carbon set free from the oil. Their value is beyond human computation.

Previous to the discovery of petroleum we depended upon sperm-oil and lard-oil for lubrication. When the whales got scarce, lubrication was supplied us through the refinement of crude oil. There is only a certain amount of crude oil in the bowels of the earth. It is deposited in pockets, and some day, of necessity, these pockets must be exhausted. Oil-wells go dry, gas-wells the same.

And now when lubrication threatens to be a very costly proposition, here comes Doctor Acheson and makes graphite artificially from coal, which has been widely distributed by Nature, and we are supplied a lubricant that will last as long as the world endures.

¶ That Doctor Acheson is warm on the trail of the manufacture of diamonds is certain ❧ There is just one more thing that he has his eagle eye on, and that is the manufacture of food out of the original elements without stopping to put them through the processes of Nature.

Once the scientist would have regarded this as an impossibility. Now the word impossibility does not exist in the scientific lexicon—certainly not in the lexicon of Doctor Edward G. Acheson.

While certain scientists were explaining how the thing could never be done, Acheson interrupted the proceedings by doing it ❧

❧

Law is a business, and lawyers who succeed are businessmen. Social distinction has its pull in all professions and all arts, and the man who can afford to affront society and hope to succeed is as one in a million.

Vital Statistics



VITAL statistics for the year Nineteen Hundred Eleven show an average death-rate for the whole United States of fourteen and one-third per thousand ❧ ❧

This is the lowest death-rate ever shown in America.

There have been no epidemics in way of cholera, yellow fever or smallpox. In a few smaller towns typhoid-fever has been rife, but this has usually been traced to a local cause, and almost without exception, to contamination of the water-supply ❧ ❧

Also, all of the great insurance-companies report the lowest death-rate they have ever experienced ❧ ❧

This favorable report is accounted for in several ways. Each individual who expresses himself on the subject, seemingly, has a pet theory to bolster, and usually he is right in his proposition, although not wholly so.

Nobody is ever right all the time.

But any man is right who rings true fifty-one per cent of the time.

At a Convention of Master Plumbers held in the City of Chicago, it was declared several times over with emphasis, and backed up with figures, that the favorable degree of health of the American people was on account of improved plumbing.

Our friends who manufacture Ivory Soap give a reason full and sufficient unto themselves, and boldly state it in their ads.

The Barber Asphalt Paving Company attributes the good things in life largely to an increased consumption of asphalt, which we are told is a substance eminently antiseptic, and the liberal use of "Trinidad" means death to microbes.

Our old friend Billy Muldoon says that people are getting out of doors more than ever before and taking to country sports.

Hugh Chalmers, automobile man plus, simply declines to discuss the question, saying that everybody knows perfectly well why the people are healthier than ever before in history. Hugh says the question is too obvious for discussion and too trite to mention.

Billy Sunday says that we are gradually

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becoming a God-fearing people and this naturally has reacted on our physical health.

¶ On the other hand, comes Reverend Henry Frank of New York, who says that the increased happiness and health of the people is owing to the fact that we do not take Billy Sunday seriously, and that freedom from the orthodox faith means a better circulation, a more even pulse and a surer digestion.

¶ In any event, the fact stands that we are living longer, and we are pretty safe in assuming that the reason we are living longer is because we are living better.

Receipt for Length of Days

FEAR is really the only thing that is to be feared. And there is no mistake about the proposition that we are gradually discovering that there is nothing to be afraid of—even death. The scientists have shown us that there is no pain in death. And the tales we used to hear about the horrors of the deathbed of the ungodly, we now know have no scientific basis in fact. Devils never danced on the footboard of a dying man's bed—they dance on his sideboard, if at all

Pain is a manifestation of life, and individuals who have pain should be thankful, because dead ones have no pain.

Pain is Nature's beneficent warning, and the endeavor is to make the man reform his mode of living. Pain has its specific purpose in the divine economy.

The rules of health are very simple. Everybody knows them, but we have not wholly acquired the technique.

The first item is to keep busy—to have an occupation and then have an avocation or a hobby on the side.

This gives rest by turning the attention of the mind from one thing to another. Thus is nerve tension relieved.

In the town of East Aurora—a village of less than three thousand people—there are fifteen persons over ninety years of age. Last year there passed away one of our citizens aged one hundred five. This man went to sleep and forgot to wake up. Within ten years' time we have had five people who lived to be over a hundred. All were workers. All were people of positive opinions. All kept busy almost up to the day of their death.

My father is in his ninety-first year. He has several hobbies, one of which is botany. Next, he is looking for Indian relics, and he finds Indian hatchets and arrows in the fields over which others have tramped for a hundred years

He is a Baptist, and yet he reads the sporting column of the " American " religiously.

If you wish to know the " Champ " in any particular line of useful endeavor, he will name him for you.

Arctic explorations come in for close attention, and no matter how cold the weather is, he goes out without an overcoat and even without a hat, in order to ascertain the degree of cold he can stand without discomfort.

To him all weather is beautiful, all is good—although possibly, as they say in Kentucky, some things are better than others.

The good American is a good sport. His motto is, " Every good thing in moderation ! " This means length of days.

Kindness and sympathy have a big place in building up a business.

Welfare of the Child



A BILL is now before the United States Senate creating a Children's Bureau.

We have a Bureau of Agriculture, with many sub-committees and divisions, which are designed to look after poultry, hogs, cattle, horses. And recently I was delighted to see a pamphlet had been issued from the Department of Agriculture on the subject of Guinea-Hens.

The country's most important asset, however, has been left to time and chance and unkind fate

We certainly should have a Commissioner whose business it is to look after the welfare of children, and collect information pertaining to child-life. And a woman should be chosen to fill the position.

Mother-love should be recognized in our constitutional affairs. Woman's entrance into every department of business, public and private, has been in the line of improvement and betterment, and it is devoutly to be wished that this Children's Bureau Bill will not reach a musty and dusty resting-place in some pigeonhole.

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Non-Militant Suffrage

By Alice Hubbard



SUFFRAGE—the right to vote in political matters—has been, during the dark ages, confined to adult males.

This limited citizenship has been a Chinese wall, retarding the development of men.

The moat and portcullis shut out enemies, when closed, but they also kept away friends.

There are no more fortified castles

Hospitality is the rule.

Fear is winging its way to the rooky woods

The Chinese Wall is down. China's limitations are disappearing. There is free entrance for all modern methods which have brought power to America.

Co-operation is made possible only when you believe in the integrity of other people.

China's trouble was that she had faith in no other nation and gradually she lacked confidence in her own people.

Then followed rebellion. Atrocities were indulged in, more wicked than have been known before in modern times. International, unwritten laws were disregarded and honor dishonored

The idea of Monism was too modern for the Chinese

But China is becoming aware that she is not keeping up with the progress of the evolution of other nations, and that not to do this means death.

Reciprocity and Mutuality

ENGLAND and America are recognizing that their governments are not perfect; that they are only in process. Statesmen, politicians, citizens and semi-citizens are becoming aware that human beings are immature; that we are an evolving race; that there is no such thing as a permanent organization. Organizations have to organize anew every morning, and sometimes fresh in the evening.

The people know that their walls must some of them come down, that negatives must be replaced by positives. The spirit of the times is to supplant "Thou shall not," with "Thou shalt."

The lack of men's faith in the mental ability of women is followed by women's distrust of men. Men's faith in women is met with faith in men by women.

Reciprocity and Mutuality are the countersigns that give entrance to progress.

Woman is being recognized as an individual, with all rights that belong to any human being. She is beginning to own herself and to take the responsibility of herself for life—for better, not for worse.

Expression is necessary to life. The people—all of them—must give expression to their opinions, or they will cease to have opinions, and beguile the time with opium dreams of nothing

Several countries are realizing the ominous uneasiness of women, and remember what Abigail Smith Adams wrote to John Adams in the Continental Congress:

"I long to hear you have declared an independency. And, by the way, in the new code of laws which I suppose it will be necessary for you to make, I desire you would remember the ladies, and be more generous and favorable to them than were your ancestors."

"Do not put such unlimited power into the hands of husbands."

"Remember, all men would be tyrants if they could."

"If particular care and attention are not paid to the ladies, we are determined to foment a rebellion and will not hold ourselves bound to obey any laws in which we have no voice nor representation."

The Price of Freedom

ENGLISH women now and for many years past have felt, as did Abigail Adams, that they had rights, and when their rights—first asked for and then demanded—were denied them, "they fomented a rebellion, and still do not hold themselves bound to obey laws in which they have no voice nor representation."

These women are more primitive in their methods than American women. They are doing what Abigail threatened, and for the same reason. Mrs. Adams lived nearly a hundred and fifty years ago. She lived in a time when the Colonies made demands and threats. And when their demands were not complied with, they fought with war weapons. That was the spirit of the times. So, of course, Abigail Adams threatened.

But Thomas Jefferson saw a better way for a Democracy to thrive. He recognized a

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demos greater than the Colonies, greater than the United States of America. His Democracy should include the whole world. All men are brethren. We are all citizens of one country.

In Eighteen Hundred Three this new Nation needed Louisiana—that great South and West country. Jefferson did not demand nor threaten. He bought it, and we paid for it ❧

In Eighteen Hundred Sixty-seven Alaska was bought for us by William H. Seward.

A few American women were awake to the necessity of woman suffrage in Revolutionary times, but the War of the Revolution absorbed their energies. ¶ For, let us remember, the War of the Revolution, and any war, could not have been carried on without women.

Men became intrenched in the old English custom of making decisions for women and giving expression for them willy-nilly.

But women paid as high a price for freedom from England as the men did. They received only vicarious citizenship—what American men had before the war. Woman's individual status was not changed.

This wrong to womanhood rankled and fretted many women in America. But American women did not "foment a rebellion"; they worked and they are still working.

They knew that the best way for American women to win was to evolve.

Schopenhauer said that a woman was undeveloped, and that she had a child's mind though a woman's body; that woman was fit companion for children only; that she was ever a child.

Friedrich Froebel was rejected by the "Educators" of Europe. He received the support of mothers whose children went to his school, because he taught the children useful occupations. Froebel satisfied the natural needs of the child. His teaching was in harmony with the teaching of mothers and benefited the children now. It was no promise for future help. The mothers recognized that their children in Froebel's school were not preparing for life—they were living.

And the mothers were Froebel's ardent advocates. "Nobody pays any attention to Froebel's ideas but women! Women do not know! They have immature minds!" was the taunt flung at Froebel.

"I accept the criticism," said Froebel. "Women have immature minds. And there is my hope. They are not mortised and tenoned in the prejudice of the ignorant past. Henceforth, I turn to women who are willing and eager to learn. Women are not afraid of a new idea if it has merit."

Women began to teach and were paid for their service too. ¶ Happy day for women!

And a happy day for women is a happy day for the race.

No woman lives to herself. Her children partake of her life. When she is thrilled with an idea, a whole family is awakened.

Woman's methods of reform have become evolutionary. She is a natural teacher. Teaching is a part of her function. She has taught her children, and the tendency of her way has been towards the path of peace.

A mother knows the value of human life, for she has purchased it with a great price. She can not hold it lightly.

The mother instinct is to fight only to protect her young. She is the conserver of life, not the destroyer.

A National Issue

WOMEN in America have been fighting battles all their lives, but on their battlefield there is no carnage, no bivouacs for the dead, no dirge.

Her battles have not cost the lives of her children. She has given new life, new worlds, to the race.

The desire for more wisdom, knowledge, justice, truth, has been the impulse of her warfare. ¶ The campaign she has carried on has been and is educational.

England still acquires territory and power by the old means of conquest. England is militant in her methods. She has conquered by force of brawn.

An Englishman of prominence said recently that the militant methods were the only ones the English suffragettes could use in England. Nothing else appealed to the masculine, English mind.

Probably he knows.

But Americans have proved that American women do not need Militantism in order to secure the rights of a citizen.

The women of Idaho, Wyoming, Utah and Colorado have for years had woman suffrage. And within one year two great States—Washington and California—have been convinced that women are born free and equal with men; that they have the same political

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rights as men have, and they are now exercising these rights. ¶ This gives to equal-suffrage States one-fifteenth of the electoral votes of the United States, one-eighth of the United States Senators.

In Kansas, Wisconsin, Ohio, Oregon and Nevada a popular vote will soon be taken on suffrage, and already women and men in these States have begun their campaign of educating the people.

"There is n't a livelier issue in the length and breadth of the country," the newspapers say frankly.

In the California campaign the interest in woman suffrage eclipsed all the other twenty-two constitutional amendments.

Woman suffrage has become a theme to be reckoned with in National politics.

The women of a population numbering five million one hundred forty thousand will have an influence in the next Presidential election. The thought dearest to the minds of these women is their freedom. If one candidate for the Presidency does not have a suffrage plank in his platform, the women in six States will vote for some man who does. ¶ Women have worked, and worked tremendously, to gain their political rights in six States, and the women of influence there will vote.

When American women have made themselves a power, when the morn of their day "stalks o'er the dew of yon high Eastern hill," when the methods used so far have been and are eminently the successful methods, it were not the part of wisdom to change.

Peace or War?

OUR English sisters have their own problems. They may need to be militant suffragettes. The methods of the jungle may be the only means of reaching the men who are withholding the exercise of woman's rights in common with men.

These women have been defeated in their efforts to have this natural right of citizenship. They have tried peace measures, as did the American Colonies, to obtain the same rights; they have met promise with faith, only to have it betrayed. They have now tried something that the English people feel and understand. England has seen several of her best women go to prison rather than let this cause die. ¶ Their women have acted "unladylike" in the clutch of merciless policemen. They have dressed grotesquely in the prison clothing they were compelled to put on. They have been in places and have been thrust into vile cells where human beings should not be. ¶ All this rather than lose one inch of ground made for freedom.

And England is rousing a little from its stupor, and asks, "What is the matter?"

American women do not need militant methods. We need to continue our educational work, first for ourselves, and then for others.

Many men are very anxious to know just what women will do with this inherent right of suffrage when she gets it. And it is also true that they are nervous about what some men do with their rights and privileges to suffrage. ¶ Men are very much afraid that women will sell their votes. Doubtless they think that frail women are not any stronger than frail men.

Quite a number of men have sold their votes. Men admit it. At every election they suspect it is occurring, and make grave charges in connection with it. There are men disfranchised for this crime, too.

And yet men still vote. The women are still controlled by the laws made by men.

However, the caution flung out does no harm if taken as a challenge not to have a price on our opinion.

Women should double the integrity of our country and diminish it not one iota.

Woman will add to the strength of the world. Hers is the mother's heart, giver of life, the protector, the preserver. She must think of what her power is and what is the potency of her power. Her heart will help her brain, and she will become wiser as will men.

The Problem

AN officer came to Napoleon and brought the news that one of his Generals had won a victory. "Very well," said Napoleon; "but what did he do the next day after?"

We are now working for that "next day after."

To attain the right to think, to have opinions, and to give formal expression of these opinions, is well. But what we do with this right, this power, is the test.

Opportunity is ours—freedom to work.

The United States will be a renewed Nation. Added to its present experience will be the pristine vigor of half the Nation, just come into its majority.

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The Old-Fashioned Infidel

By Doctor Frank Crane



WHAT has become of the old-fashioned infidel?

Where are they now, who are worthy to wear the mantle of Voltaire, of Tom Paine, of Buechner, and of Ingersoll?

The nearest we can come nowadays to this model is Elbert Hubbard or Bernard Shaw; and these are so full of cheerful, constructive ideas that they find but little time to thwack religion. They certainly are mild, compared to the red-and-yellow idol-smashers of a former day.

With the passing of Robert Ingersoll, infidelity seems to have lost its lurid picturesqueness.

Now, this is what has become of the old-time infidel. He has disappeared along with the man that made him, to-wit, the old-time dogmatist. ¶ Rampant infidelity is the shadow cast by rampant dogmatism.

Action is equal to reaction. Hit me and I 'll hit you, or want to; and a soft answer turneth away wrath, said a wise man.

Where the schoolteacher is a martinet, there you will find the cantankerous boy, who loves to shock the teacher, and enjoys trouncings. When the master is kind and helpful and human, where is the fun in being a bad boy? ¶ Put a husband under the constant strain of jealousy and suspicion, and he must have a strong character to resist the temptation to deceive. Trust a man and deceit loses its amusing quality—as a rule, of course.

There be some who lament the downfall of authority in the Church. In the good old days, heretics had to toe the mark. In Puritan times the parson's word was law in the New England village. Now, all that we poor clergy can do is to "reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and kindness." Our claws have been trimmed. We have been stripped down, to whatever personal, spiritual influence we may possess.

In other words, the cardinal principle of Americanism, religious toleration, has borne fruit. And the fruit is that the whole world of "outsiders," the secular and non-religious world, are vying with us in trying to save mankind.

The magazines are full of moral purpose, the schools are taking up moral instruction, the scientific psychologist is trying his hand at stopping evil, the bacteriologist is working to save the race, and the daily newspapers are preaching righteousness.

The underlying truth of the whole phenomenon is that the curse of religion is monarchy and the monarchic idea, the notion that force aids truth, that men are to be kept good or orderly by some superior, wiser class. Get to the secret of almost any social tangle and you will find it to be one form or another of the full superior class obsession.

What truth needs, and what religion needs—that is, that part of religion which is true—is to be democratized. Let truth alone. Remove the clamps. Take away the guards. Stop trying to steady the ark. Realize the littleness of your notions of expediency. And you will see how truth is abundantly able to take care of itself and us to boot.

Abraham Lincoln saw this. When a delegation of preachers said to him that they would pray the Lord might be on his side, he answered that he thought it much more important that he be on the Lord's side.

With the removal of dogmatism and all forms of force, the enemies to religion are removed. For real religion never did have any real enemies.

The common people have always heard preaching gladly. The only foes Jesus had were the Pharisees. Demos and Jesus have always been secretly friendly. It is the privileged class, in deed and in thought, that has ever been hostile to the Nazarene.

All the universe you have is the universe you have within.

IT'S a principle of law, Caveat Emptor belongs to a bygone day. Its very existence is a direct admission, never to be erased from history's pages, that there was a time when the seller of goods was unscrupulous—so unscrupulous that the law gave up the task of reforming him as a bad job, and said, "Let the buyer beware!"

But what the law would not even undertake, Business did. What all the jails in Christendom could not do, Business did. For Business, by making honesty pay, has made Caveat Emptor a dead doctrine.—*John J. Roberts.*

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Wanderings in Europe

By Mike Kinney, Teamster



ME and my dress-suit case just arrived at the Grand Hotel Bellevue. All the hotels over here are "Grand." The swellest name I have struck is "The Grand Hotel of the Universe," at Tours, France. This is the third lap of my journey, the first being London, the second Paris, the third Berlin. While taking a rest abroad, here are some of the places where I have reposed: London —One auto trip to Brighton, another to Windsor, Richmond, Henley, etc., etc. Then from London to Dover, across the English Channel to Calais, then by rail to Paris. From Paris we made a number of most interesting motor-trips

If you wish to step right back into the Sixteenth Century, take a motor-trip from Paris of a week to the chateau district around Tours. There is considerable human nature about these chateaux. The French kings built them just for fun. Most of them were presents to their lady friends. Italian artists came to these chateaux and they worked just for the love of their work; so the big things that these kings did have been forgotten, but the beautiful things they created for their hours of leisure make them immortal. Dear, weak-minded brothers and sisters, I wish I could take the time to describe some of these wonderful dream buildings, so solid and substantial that they have lasted four centuries, so delicate that they are like lacework made of stone. When old age robs me of my memory, my last dim thoughts will be of these fairy-palaces on the heights and over the rivers of Touraine.

From Paris we made a little side-trip to Amsterdam, Rotterdam, The Hague, Antwerp, Brussels, and on the way back stopped to view the battlefield of Waterloo. We stood on the hill thrown up by the Belgian women, and gazed over this field so full of fateful memories. Suppose Napoleon had won Waterloo? But after all, the final results would have been just the same. Napoleon's career was built on selfishness and personal aggrandizement. Suppose with his great military genius he had made the ideal of his life the welfare of humanity? Suppose, instead of gold lace and jewels for himself, he had been plain and simple in his tastes and had sincerely labored to improve the conditions of the common people? Then history might have been different

Antwerp was to us one of the most interesting cities in Holland. There we saw not only dungeons, but the implements of torture that were used in the Middle Ages to convince men and women that they were wrong. Some of the dismal dungeons we have seen had sloping floors. Others were so small that the prisoner could never stand up or stretch out. Every castle, every chateau, and almost every palace had its private dungeon.

The Microbe of Greatness

FROM Waterloo we came to Paris. From here we went to Geneva, where so many great men exiled from their own countries, being secure from molestation, did their best work. I forgot to say that in Amsterdam we saw Rembrandt's great picture, *The Night Watch*. You know Rembrandt painted this picture on the order of a number of rich merchants of Amsterdam. Each merchant was to have his portrait in the painting. When the work was finished, some of Rembrandt's customers had a prominent place in the spotlight, others were in the background. Then of course there was a row. As the net result of his greatest work, Rembrandt lost the friendship of most of the influential men in his home city. He was boycotted, and although after this date he did his best work he could find no customers, and, like so many other great men, he died in poverty.

The main effort I made in traveling on the Continent was to get a good cigar. Most of the time this was impossible. Over here the Government exacts such a high tax on tobacco that most of the stuff one gets smokes like cabbage-leaves. It 's the old story.

But while I was hunting a good smoke some queer general impressions percolated into the vacuum of my think-reservoir. For instance, as I traveled from one little State to another I would be told: "Our present ruler is ninety years old. He is very popular with the people." Then I would ask, What has he ever done? They could not answer. When I would be shown great buildings, bridges, cathedrals or art-galleries, I would ask, Who built these? Then they would give me the name of some

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celebrated ruler. What happened to him? I would ask. Oh, he was forced to abdicate, he was sent into exile, he was assassinated, or he was killed in battle.

No, dearest, it does not pay to be too active. Get out and work for your town, get something started, and then listen to the cry of the pack on your trail.

But if you have the microbe of greatness in your system you can not even stop yourself, no matter how clearly you yourself may see your finish. Napoleon could not help being Napoleon. Bismarck must be Bismarck, even if he loses an Emperor's favor. Frederick the Great must fight, even if he melts down his silver furniture and replaces it with gilded wood. Ludwig the First must build, even if his building brings a revolution.

The Schweitzer Hof

FROM Geneva we went to beautiful Interlaken. One day in July we snowballed each other on the Jungfrau when you, my dear reader, were swatting flies in the greatest country on earth, with the thermometer at one hundred ten degrees. By the way, have I written you that there are no flies to speak of in Europe? Neither are there any mosquitoes. Therefore, all windows are unscreened and no wire cloth is sold. After visiting Budapest, however, I am going to patent a wire-cloth suit of underclothes to keep out fleas.

Next came Lucerne, where we stopped at the Schweitzer Hof, one of the most delightful hostelries in Europe. It is the only hotel in Europe where there are signs informing guests that they pay their employees full wages and especially request that no tipping be done. All honor to the Schweitzer Hof! Every American visiting Europe should go there, just to show his appreciation of their courage. The next time I tour Europe I am going to the Schweitzer Hof and stay there all Summer.

We took a trip on Lake Lucerne. To my gentlemen readers I wish to say that I did look around for a Russian princess, the kind we read about in *Three Weeks;* but I guess the weather was too warm, even for Elinor Glyn, therefore we went up by cog-train to the summit of the Rigi. The view was "very nice," but was not nearly as rugged and imposing as from our Pike's Peak out in dearly beloved Colorado. I could write an essay on guides after this trip. One guide who showed us through an art-gallery, would point out a picture, twenty-four by twenty-four feet, by Peter Paul Rubens, showing his fat second wife adorned with a sweet smile, surrounded by the Holy Family, and, striking an attitude, would say, pointing at the canvas, "very nice." This expression was the limit of his vocabulary. Everything was "very nice," from a suit of armor to the Sistine Madonna.

Kaulbach's Madonna

SPEAKING of Madonnas, the popular picture just now is Kaulbach's Madonna. It is in a private collection in Munich. It is the only picture I really cared to see in Europe, but, with my usual luck, I could not. I am reminded of a friend of mine who says that everything in the world that he ever really wanted was immoral, against the law, or out of season.

I am not attempting to write on art; that is hardly a subject for a common teamster like me, and besides, I am afraid an essay on art —the expression of the beautiful and the true—would be wasted on you.

In Dresden, in a room by itself, is what is supposed to be the greatest picture in the world—the Sistine Madonna, by Raphael. Most Madonnas simply have regular, beautiful features. I have seen hundreds of them. Raphael's Sistine Madonna looks like a human being, just as Kaulbach's does. In the prints of the Sistine Madonna much is lost. There is a sweet little story about the cherubs with their chins resting on their hands in the lower part of the picture. It seems that while Raphael was painting the picture, the children of his model came and sat at the table. They rested their little chins on their dimpled hands and he reproduced them, just as they were, in his great picture.

One thing impressed itself upon me about all the greatest work I have seen, and that was its simplicity. The great cathedral, the great palace, the great statue, the great painting, have all in their main features been simple and direct. Each of them conveyed but one message. But that message, though simple, was clear and unmistakable and often tremendous in its force. On the other hand, little artists, like myself, can always be recognized on account of the multiplicity of their details and the lack of concentration in their efforts.

One must be dull indeed to rub up against

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the greatest work of the greatest minds of all history without gathering a few deep impressions. From my early childhood it has been my delight to read the stories of the lives of great men. I have taken Elbert Hubbard's *Little Journeys* to the homes of all the great artists. Now when I see their work in stone, in metal, when I see their actual handwriting, when I hear their operas, when I see the houses in which they were born, the tables upon which they wrote, the chairs on which they sat, the books they read, the clothes they wore, and the graves where they rest, it brings them very near to me indeed. I can almost hear their voices. What struggles most of them had just to be themselves—not to be crushed by their environment. From all these great shadows of the past I send you this message—To your work! To your work! To your work!

They all labored. The days and the nights were too short. With infinite patience, with failure after failure, they still worked on. When they became successful, when success brought interruptions, kind Fate, farseeing, sent them into exile, put them in prison, or gave them poverty, so their hands would be steady and their eyes would be clear.

So, dearly beloved, I send you the message that these months among the works of the great dead have given to me, and this message is: To your work—to your work! Quit fiddling and fooling, quit wasting your time. Get down to the main issue—Concentrate.

Some European Stunts

FROM beautiful Lucerne we went to Zurich. I do not wish to be unkind, but Zurich reminds me of a certain place in Arizona. According to the old story, a soldier died in this place. He had not been very good. After his death he sent back for his blankets. Zurich, especially when you are on the lake, is the hottest place on earth.

It was on this lake trip I wandered all over a broiling, sizzling town in a hopeless search for ice or ice-water. Europeans take everything warm or tepid. An American soda-water fountain once started in a European city. It went broke. No one could understand why anybody wanted to fill his stomach with ice-water.

Then, in order, we visited Innsbruck, where they go to risk breaking their necks climbing the mountains. Now, brothers, I have seen fool sports in my time, but this mountain-climbing game is all to the bug-house.

To climb a mountain right, first get a little felt hat about four sizes too small, stick a shaving-brush on the back of the hat and around the front band arrange cottonseed so it will look like dried Edelweiss, make up a pack of one hundred pounds and carry it right on the middle of your back, and cut your breeches off just above the knees. Then have your best girl embroider a flower design in bright colors on the front part of your breeches, then put on a pair of your old woolen bicycle-stockings and turn them down so your bare knees can get well sunburned. Then put on a pair of hobnail shoes, three sizes too large, that weigh ten pounds each. Then get an alpenstock with a sharp point at one end. Lastly, buy a clothesline about two hundred feet long, tie one end to your guide and the other to yourself, and you are ready to climb the Austrian Tyrol.

If the guide does n't slip and if the rope does n't break, you are liable to get back in a week. If you are not heard from, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you will be written up all over Europe in the daily papers as an advertisement of the pleasures of mountain-climbing. Some day, a hundred years from now, your body, just as good as new—will slip out of a glacier. Just think, you will be young and fresh, while all your friends will have grown old and cashed in with many and various afflictions.

Next came Munich, Bavaria, where they have beer soup; then Salzburg, with the old castle on the hill. Next Vienna, where we stopped at the most excellent Bristol Hotel. We had a guide in Vienna by the name of Stein, who had been a traveling salesman. He was the best guide we have had in Europe, but if we had remained a day longer he would have called each of us by our first name. Stein speaks eight languages. He is coming to America to get a job as a special cutlery salesman. He will sell the goods all right, even if he has to go into the showcase and make up his own orders. There are nervy people in the world, but when you strike a nervy German you have the nerviest combination on earth.

From Vienna, at the unearthly hour of seven in the morning, we took a steamer down the Danube for Budapest. This, dearest, is where

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you will need that patent suit of Clinton wire-cloth underclothes. On the steamer were Russians, Turks, Bulgarians, Servians, Montenegrins and Hungarians. One man became angry with another because he stared so hard at his wife. The answer was, "You can stare at mine."

I wonder why it is that everybody gets so friendly on boats. This rule seems to be true in all languages and on all seas. But somehow the romance of a beautiful Bulgarian face is somewhat offset when the owner sits and scratches as she listens to the sad Bulgarian music

Budapest is one of the most remarkable cities in Europe. It 's almost off the map, but don't miss it. I have always had a presentiment that something was waiting for me in Pest. Something was—fleas. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, I saw more interesting architecture, more statues full of vitality, more picturesque people, I heard music with more human feeling in it, saw churches with more devout worshipers, and scratched more than in any other place in Europe.

We stopped at Hotel Hungarie. When you start on your travels, be sure to get a light, soft, long raincoat. I bought one in London. I have used it not only as a protection against cold, as a raincoat, as a duster in motoring, but also when I rise early in the morning and start on a hunt for the bathroom I use this coat as a bathrobe. The last thing I would part with on a European journey would be my raincoat.

The Order of the Bath

IF I had time I would also write an essay on getting a bath in Europe. A bath here is an important function. When you have finally made up your mind to, or it has been suggested by your fellow-travelers that you take a bath, you press the button in your room; it may be six in the morning, but a valet in full evening costume will answer. He of course will not be able to speak English, then the sign language commences. You show him a towel and a cake of soap, he will put his hand on his breast and bow very low. He will disappear. After a little while the maid will appear. You are in your raincoat. She will take you by the arm and lead you through endless corridors. Finally she will open a door and enter a bathroom with you. You sit down in your raincoat while she prepares the ceremony. First, she puts an armchair in front of a large marble tub. Then over the armchair she will place a large, heavy bath-blanket; up the marble steps leading to the tub, she will place towels. Then she will fill the tub with water. When everything is ready you will find you have forgotten your soap, so the maid will escort you back to your room and then back again to "*les bains*." About the time you are finishing off in the tub the door will suddenly open and the maid will walk in and hand you some small towels. Naturally an American is somewhat embarrassed, but don't worry. All Americans look alike to a Teutonic chambermaid. When you receive your bill you will find three kronen as an extra for having a "*bad*." There are only a few places in Europe I have left with regret, but one of them is Budapest. If I could get there in a balloon or an air-ship I might go again, but never by rail or down the Beautiful Blue Danube

Then via Vienna to Prague. Prague is spelled many ways. Here are just a few of them—Prag, Prahaw, Prahaha. I think the ha ha was on us for ever stopping. Prahaha reminded me of the man who said he spent a week in Philadelphia one day. At Prag we had a box at the opera. It was *Quo Vadis*. Four seats in a box cost two dollars. We went in an open carriage with two horses. The carriage cost forty cents and we gave the driver a tip of a dime. The scenic effects were remarkable. The duet of Petronius and his white slave before they committed suicide in the last act was great. When the Roman soldiers came to arrest Petronius and found him dead, the captain of the scouting party put his sword back in its scabbard, and remarked as the curtain descended that "the joke was on Nero." Prague is a great manufacturing town

Next came Dresden. This is where they make so much Dresden china. Our guide in Dresden was the most polite man in the world. If you expectorated he would take off his hat. These hotels in Europe must think Americans enjoy being bowed to. Whenever we remained at a hotel for more than one day, I always bribed the numerous flunkies who hang around the entrance not to take off their hats to me when I came in. I hate to feel like a Royal Progress every time I go out of or come into a hotel.

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When you leave a hotel, all the servants line up to say good-by. Of course they all want tips. They all wear liveries, and you can't tell those who have served you from those who have n't. So in the general excitement you generally tip some servant who never saw you before, while your waiter who has worked like a horse trying to please your party gets nothing. I have never yet been able to work out just how much one should tip. The problem is getting interesting, but no self-respecting hotel-man will ever tell you. Several times I have attempted to tip the millionaire owner of the hotel itself. He was at the front door, too. How the servants ever get time—away from the front door—to do their work I can't see. Our rooms were not made up one day until late in the afternoon. We asked the maid why, and she blandly replied that so many people were leaving that morning, she had n't had time ❧ Well, I do wish I could write you a whole chapter about Dresden. The city is worthy of it. Every shop is closed and nearly everybody is in bed by nine o'clock. At ten o'clock if you are on the street you feel like a dissipated nighthawk. This plain fact is true almost all over the German States. Wonder why they don't turn off the electric light and save the juice. Let me say here, in passing, that the only "life" I saw in Europe was in the great capitals. All the provincial cities appeared to be as dead as doornails as soon as dinner was over. Let me also suggest here that when you take your tour in Europe you do it in the Winter, in the late Fall, or the early Spring. Most Americans make their tour in the Summertime, when all the kings and queens and dukelets and princelings and all the *creme de la creme* of society are out of town, either in the mountains or at the seashore. As a result, Americans traveling in Summer are likely to draw their impressions of the population of the various cities from servants and working people who stay at home. At Budapest, I took breakfast one morning with the Crown Prince of Servia—that is, we ate breakfast in the same dining-room. He did n't have his crown or any of the state jewels about his person, as far as I could see. I will bear witness to the fact, however, that he is an expert at inhaling a cigarette and blowing the smoke through his nostrils.

So on this little expedition I have so far visited England, France, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Bavaria, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Saxony and Germany. On this trip I have thought many noble thoughts. I have said what I pleased to many large men because they could not understand me. There are many problems of an international character about which I am still in doubt, but there is one point upon which I am perfectly and absolutely clear, and that is, what Europe needs most of all is a bath.

Some Continental Handicaps

BUT let 's be liberal. What can we expect? A bathroom in a private house is almost a curiosity. Running water in a washstand is too modern to be considered. Hot and cold water running in your own room is something that even the Emperors do not enjoy in their palaces. I have been in a dozen royal bedrooms. The owners had just escaped, and there in their rooms were the same double washstands, double bowls, double water-pitchers, with a single slop-jar, that were served up to us in most of the hotels. I have seen the bathrooms of Napoleon and of Marie Antoinette. They would make you weep. No wonder powder and perfumery are popular in Europe. ¶ Everywhere we have seen war and warriors aggrandized. On all sides are monuments of the nation's victories and statues of great warriors. Most of the art-galleries are filled with pictures of battles. The streets of the cities constantly resound to the measured tread of marching soldiers. Soldiers are everywhere.

In only two cities have we seen the arts of peace glorified. In Dresden we were very much interested in the hygienic exposition. This exposition was carried out with German thoroughness and attention to details. Every city needs a hygienic museum before it needs one of painting and sculpture. The keynote of the work of the world today should be health. The first things the children should be taught are the rules of health as far as modern science has discovered them. Before we work upon the spirit we should work upon the body. There can be no happiness without good health. Vicious tendencies in people have been proved to be only an evidence of disease ❧ ❧

If I were king of some of these foreign countries, I would sell all the crown jewels, I

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would melt up all the royal gold, I would take the proceeds and devote them to the propagation of the idea of the holiness of cleanliness. I would make my people first of all a clean people; and when they were once clean and healthy, then I would try to develop in them the artistic spirit.

But what can we expect? When laborers work in the fields from sunrise to sunset, when the number of hours in the factories is twelve a day, when the usual time of quitting in offices is seven o'clock in the evening, when the wages of a first-class mechanic are two dollars a day, when women are seen working with men on a building, when women are seen laying the granite streets, when women are seen working with the men in the royal park, when the wages of a day-laborer are from eighty cents to a dollar—with such housing, with such hours of work, with such wages, how can we expect the working people of Europe to be clean?

In America we have splendid homes, with plenty of room and light, but we have miserable streets. Europe would never stand for the streets and roads of America. In Europe the people have poorer homes, but splendid highways, great parks, noble monuments and wonderful museums and art-galleries.

Where we are weakest—that is, in all public works—Europe is the strongest. Where we are the strongest—that is, in the comforts of our homes—Europe is the weakest.

The difference is in taxation. In America we dare not tax the people for public work. We plead with the people to volunteer to tax themselves. The American is a niggard and a miser when it comes to paying out money for the public welfare. For his own home and his own property he will spend money like a Crœsus. The average American citizen's public spirit, with the exception of an occasional Fourth of July celebration, ends with his own curbstone. ¶ All over our country I point to beautiful homes and beautiful yards, with unpaved or illy-paved streets.

Here in Europe the Government simplifies the matter by making everybody come across with taxes for the common good. What we need, in the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave, is more taxation. What we need are fewer palatial homes and more art-galleries, monuments, statues, parks, boulevards and better country roads.

The Convict

By Griffith J. Griffith



WHEN a convict regains his freedom society hopes he will be good. Admittedly there are impediments. Usually he is without money and with few, if any, friends. His description has been sent the police rounds, and a small army of his fellow-beings is professionally and financially interested in keeping close tab on him and taking advantage of his first slip from grace ❧ But, on the other hand, society considers that he must have learned a valuable lesson, and that during the years of his imprisonment he may have acquired habits that will guide his feet safely in the paths of virtue. "Let him behave himself," says society, "and do the right thing, as others do."

Thoreau, criticizing the Sunday-School teaching of his day, says, "Do not be merely good; be good for something." That is more than a moral precept; it is a practical statement of the facts of actual life. If a man is to keep his head above the water he must be more than honest or well meaning; he must be capable. He is heavily handicapped if he has not some special occupation, but even if he has, other qualifications are essential. Without some capacity of self-assertion he most assuredly will be driven to the wall in the universal jostle. Not an hour will pass without calling on him for some exercise of will-power; at every step he will be required to use his judgment and to discriminate. Our civilization is, at least, partially free, and men are expected to do things for themselves.

Some Curious Facts

SUCH is the world of which our convict finds himself once more a part; under disadvantages, it is admitted, but with his lesson learned and years of training to assist him. Let us see how he has been trained for the conflict that lies before him.

Many books recently published, such as "The Turn of the Balance," "No. 9009," "Thirteen Years in the Oregon Penitentiary" and "Life in Sing Sing," to say nothing of the numerous magazine articles by well-known writers, have made the public exceedingly skeptical as

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to the education given in our State Penitentiaries, but there is probably a feeling that the central government runs things with a closer approximation to commonsense. Here, then, we give an extract from the rules in force at the United States Penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas—an institution under the management of Major R. W. McClaughrey, who is an advocate of the most advanced prison reforms, but finds himself the mere administrator of a system he had no hand in creating:

"On entering the dining-room, take your seat promptly—position erect—arms folded, with eyes to the front until the signal is given to commence eating.

"Strict silence must be observed during the meal. Staring at visitors, talking and laughing, fooling, or gazing about the room, are strictly forbidden.

"Eating or drinking before or after the bell sounds, using vinegar in your drinking-water, or putting meat on the table, are prohibited.

"Should you desire additional food, make your wants known to the waiters in the following manner: If you want bread, hold up your right hand; coffee or water, hold up your cup; meat, hold up your fork; soup, hold up your spoon; vegetables, hold up your knife. If you desire to speak to an officer about food or service in the dining-hall, hold up your left hand. Wasting food in any form will not be tolerated. You must not ask for or allow the waiter to place more food on your plate than you can eat. When through with meal, leave pieces of bread on left side of plate. Crusts and small pieces of bread must not be left on your plate.

"After finishing your meal, place knife, fork and spoon on right side of plate. Sit erect, with arms folded. When the signal is given to arise, drop hands to your side ❧ At the second signal, march out and to your place in line in a prompt, quiet and orderly manner."

¶ Men fight shy nowadays of enlisting in the army, the constant obedience to autocratic orders being alien to that larger freedom which a society gradually evolving from militarism has acquired. And it is proverbial that the discharged soldier is seldom capable of holding his own in other occupations, having acquired unconsciously the habit of waiting for the word of command, rather than of thinking for himself ❧ But even with the soldier, mealtime is a period of jollity and relaxation. In the federal prison, as in other penitentiaries, men march to their meals under the shadow of guns and flanked by armed guards; devour them in grim silence, and may think themselves lucky if they escape punishment for infraction of rules so minute that they constitute in themselves a reign of terror ❧ ❧

Tortured in Ohio

¶ THAT this is no exaggeration may be seen by any one who will take the trouble to read the article on the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, written by Charles Edward Russell, a publicist of established reputation. His visit to the dining-room is described thus: "More than one convict makes an attempt on the mess before him, and, desisting after a moment, sits and stares hopelessly at his plate. If one wishes more bread he raises a finger, and a guard takes a piece in his hand and tosses it upon the table. If one wishes more water, he raises his cup. Not a soul breathes a word. The guards are all there, watching, listening."

¶ This is followed by the affidavit of William Labarge, which is given to explain the paddle torture, and shows how unrelenting is the mealtime discipline ❧ It runs as follows: "Three weeks after I entered the Ohio penitentiary, there was a couple of guards arguing about politics, and one of the convicts (at dinner-hour) stuck his finger up for some bread. The guards did not seem to pay much attention to him, so I passed him some bread. I was reported in the morning, sent to the cellar, and the deputy gave me about twelve or fourteen licks with a wet paddle and sanded, and every time he hit me it seemed to take the flesh right off, and it bled so it went into my shoetops. I had to use cotton for two or three weeks in order that it would not stick to my clothing, and I could hardly sit down to eat, it pained me so."

Of course this is only a convict's affidavit, but there are too many, far too many, of these affidavits now in circulation, and they are supported by the testimony of too many independent and reliable investigators ❧ On the other hand, the official reports rendered by wardens in response to governmental inquiries are not calculated to inspire one with overweening confidence. For example, a report made by the warden of the Ohio State Penitentiary, begins: "No other punish-

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ment mentioned than that of loss of grade, privileges and good times." Yet this is the very penitentiary in which Brand Whitlock and Charles Edward Russell found torture worthy of the Inquisition in habitual use

Folsom Prison Criticized

AGAIN, the report made by the warden of the Folsom State Prison, California, reads: "We do not chain, cage or whip prisoners; our punishment consists in solitary confinement with bread and water, and partial or total suspension of privileges." As a matter of fact, the bull-rings were then in constant use there and convicts brought terrifying tales of the treatment to which they had been subjected In reality, the average convict, dreading the vengeance of the authorities, dare not tell the truth; the average prison official will not.

The Uncaged Criminal

A SHALLOW public seems very generally to picture the discharged convict as a dangerous, wild beast, wandering about and seeking whom he may devour. Those, on the other hand, who have had experience in aiding this most unfortunate class will tell you that they are often so unstrung and bewildered by the roar and bustle of our industrial centers, to which they return of necessity in their search for work, that they dare not venture across the street unassisted. No wonder they remain permanent public charges

TO KNOW ALL IS TO FORGIVE ALL.

Immortality

By Joseph Jefferson

TWO caterpillars crawling on a leaf,
By some strange accident in contact came;
Their conversation, passing all belief,
Was that same argument, the very same,
That has been "proed and conned," from man to man;
Yea, ever since this wondrous world began.
The ugly creatures,
Deaf and dumb and blind,
Devoid of features
That adorn mankind,
Were vain enough, in dull and wordy strife,
To speculate upon a future life.
The first was optimistic, full of hope—
The second, quite dyspeptic, seemed to mope.
Said number one, "I 'm sure of our salvation."
Said number two, "I 'm sure of our damnation.
Our ugly forms alone would seal our fates,
And bar our entrance through the golden gates.
Suppose that death should take us unawares,
How could we climb the golden stairs?
If maidens shun us as they pass by,
Would angels bid us welcome to the sky?
I wonder what great crimes we have committed,
That leave us so forlorn, so unpitied?
Perhaps we 've been ungrateful, unforgiving.
'T is plain to me, life is not worth the living."
"Come, come, cheer up," the jovial one replied—
"Let 's take a look upon the other side:
Suppose we can not fly like moths and millers,
Are we to blame for being caterpillars?
Will that same God that doomed us crawl the earth,
A prey to every bird that 's given birth,
Forgive our captor as he eats and sings,
And damn poor us because we have no wings?
If we can't skim the air, like owl or bat,
The worm will turn for a' that."
They argued through the Summer—Autumn nigh;
The ugly things composed themselves to die—
And so, to make their funeral quite complete,
Each wrapped him in his little winding-sheet.
The tangled web encompassed them full soon—
Each for his coffin made him a cocoon.
All through the Winter's chilling blasts they lay,
Dead to the world, aye, dead as any human clay.
Lo! Spring comes forth with all her warmth and love;
She brings sweet justice from the realms above—
She breaks the chrysalis—she resurrects the dead—
Two butterflies ascend, encircling her head.
And so, this emblem shall forever be
A sign of Immortality.

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The Tools of Civilization

By Elbert Hubbard



CIVILIZATION is a way of doing things.

Civilization turns on organization, and every man's success is a matter of rendering service for other people.

The savage succeeds by looking after Number One.

He grabs, appropriates and fights the particular thing that he wants. If he succeeds in getting away without being killed, he calls it "success."

No man is ever fired from a factory. He fires himself when he no longer serves the institution. ¶ So in one sense every man is an instrument of civilization. He is one of the tools with which the Deity works.

God operates through man, and man's business is to be a good conductor of the divine current which we call Life.

Civilization is the efficient way of doing things

Art is a beautiful way of doing things.

Economy is the cheapest way of doing things; and in order to do things rightly we must combine efficiency, industry, art and economy, and cement all with love.

All modern efforts of commerce are in the line of making life pleasant, safe, agreeable and beautiful.

The first tool was a rock in the mitt of a baboon

The second tool was the hammer, and this is a tool that is very much in vogue even as a matter of symbol. The Anvil Chorus is a very popular organization. It is so numerous that many of the men who play in it are not aware of its existence. So let it go at that.

The third is the stone hatchet.

The next is the arrow, which is an extension of the knife or the dagger.

The first tool in art is the stylus, a sharp, pointed instrument to engrave on wood, leather, wax.

The next is the pen. Quill-pens were in use in the time of Homer.

Every country boy knows that he can take a hollow reed and point it like a pen and split the point and get an instrument with which he can write.

The early scrolls produced in Egypt and afterward in Babylon, Nineveh and Athens were undoubtedly written with this sort of a pen

The Evolution of the Brush

NO brushes are found in the remains of those early cities, Pompeii and Herculaneum, or in the tombs of Egypt.

However, we see the result of brushes in the pictures and on the walls. At Pompeii I have been able to trace distinctly the mark of what was evidently a brush.

What the form of this brush was we do not know

In any event, it was not a brush of the kind and quality that we now use. It may have been simply a little bundle of fiber in the hands of the artist.

The first brushes were doubtless made from feathers: and from writing with the quill point of the feather the man could easily turn the feather the other way, and by dipping the feather in ink could leave his mark on the annals of time.

Just one step further and he took a bunch of little feathers and tied them around with a piece of slippery-elm bark, and he had a sure-enough brush.

All of the early brushes used by the Romans, Greeks, Assyrians and Egyptians were of such a transient and fragile quality, being made of reeds, or simply feathers or bristles tied around with bark, that they have not endured

The making of the modern brush comes to us with the Italian Renaissance, which centers around the unforgetable year Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two.

Michelangelo made brushes of bristles. He discovered that a bunch of bristles tied around with a string would hold paint or other liquid pigment and pay it out as an artist's needs required

Brushes are now made of a kind and quality and variety the equal of which the world has never before seen.

Sanitation, cleanliness, order, decency, as well as our progress in the arts, have demanded the brush. New needs of civilization have come to us within a few years that make more brushes necessary.

The brush, for instance, for the use of manicures has come in within a few years, as well as the manicure herself.

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Well has it been said that the consumption of brushes mirrors the advance of civilization

So we have very costly brushes finished in silver, specially embossed or engraved, and in gold as well. And in a few instances I have seen brushes that were set with diamonds or precious stones, as individual gifts.

The cost of these hairbrushes or clothes-brushes runs into hundreds of dollars, and represents prices such as were absolutely unguessed a few years ago.

It is well worth noting that, although the high cost of living is with us, yet brushes for the use of the plain people of the world, as used in the arts, in housekeeping, in the handicrafts, are cheaper today than they were twenty-five years ago.

This is on account of the improved machinery used in making them, although the material that enters into brushes is much more costly than it ever was before.

The Modern Trademarked Brush

ON account of the difficulties in making effective brushes, selecting and assembling material, using the exact style of bristles required to carry any certain medium or to bring about any certain result, special machinery had to be invented.

No novice or amateur can make as good a brush now as those made by the big manufacturers

The natural trend of things has been to center the work in the hands of those who are skilled and who were brought up in the business, who do one thing and nothing else. ¶ The disappointment naturally encountered in the use of an imperfect brush has sent the trade into the hands of men who put their names on brushes.

Thus it happens that the John L. Whiting-J. J. Adams Company manufacture most of the brushes used in America, if not in the round world.

They have given better service and produced better brushes at lower prices, and as a natural result trade has gravitated in their direction

Not only have they manufactured the brushes that the people required, but they have invented new uses for brushes and educated the world into using certain brushes for certain purposes.

Brushes made by John L. Whiting-J. J. Adams Company can be used until they are worn out. Their brushes do not go into bankruptcy and dissolution.

The World's Greatest Brushmakers

LINCOLN died only forty-seven years ago, and to realize how fast the world has progressed we have but to stop and think that Lincoln never rode in a sleeping-car, never dined in a dining-car, never saw an electric light, a trolley-car, a cash-register, a telephone, a skyscraper, an automobile, an aeroplane, a concrete building.

Practically, toothbrushes have come into general use only since Eighteen Hundred Sixty. The method of cleaning the teeth, if employed at all before that time, was simply to gargle the mouth and spit out of the window. Finicky folks used a soft pine stick with pumice-stone or some other gentle abrasive. ¶ The perfection of brushmaking is one of the achievements of civilization.

No concern in the wide world equals the John L. Whiting-J. J. Adams Company as makers of brushes.

The big men in this institution were born in the business, have invented the machinery for making the brushes, have gone the round world over to assemble the materials. They know everything about brushes, and how to make them.

For any brush, for any possible work, for artisans, artists, mechanics, housekeepers, all of the professions, the world goes to this great institution. ¶ Their prices are lower than all others, the goods superb.

There is no instrument in such common use now as the brush. Every civilized person starts the day with the use of a brush. Tooth-brushes, nail-brushes, hairbrushes, clothes-brushes, all come into use before we eat breakfast, and there is n't an article on our tables in which the use of a brush has not been evident in the preparation of the commodity. ¶ Not a manufactory, not a store, not a shop, not a bank, not an office where brushes are not in use every day in every room.

If the pen is mightier than the sword, then the brush has the cannon skun a mile.

All the guns in the world might be melted up and no more made, but brushes we must have.

The average craftsman is quite content to copy the designs of others; therefore he never becomes an artist, for all art is self-expression.

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Ed Howe and Bill Reedy

The Honorable E. W. Howe of Atchison, Kansas, and Colonel William Marion Reedy of Saint Louis, will attend the Annual Roycroft Convention at East Aurora the first week in July.

Bill Reedy is a merger of the soul of Socrates and that of Aristophanes. His Weekly "Mirror" is the "Spectator," "Tatler," "The Germ" and "The Dial" combined.

Ed Howe is Demosthenes, Cincinnatus and Epictetus, rolled into one. "Howe's Monthly—A Farmer's Magazine for City People," beats the "Bumblebee," that peerless periodic and pericardic pamphlet printed by Plutarch, and which died an untimely death for lack of ads.

This Philistine Convention promises to be a battle of wits that will put to flight all bats that may be lurking in your belfry. Batting records will be broken. Signs in the sky—vagrant stars, phosphorescent sheen seen from Nadir to Zenith—and all seismic disturbances experienced during the first week in July can be easily accounted for.

Ed Howe and Bill Reedy are big men. They loom large on the intellectual sky-line of the nation. Neither is suffering from Hook-Worm.

They are great men in this, that they give to the world much and in return ask for very little.

They are not officeseekers.

They are not out for pelf and power.

They are great writers, extraordinary thinkers, and are able to agitate the ether in an oratorical way that puts them in the heavyweight class.

The Roycrofters consider themselves very fortunate indeed that these men are going to be with them on this joyous jinkstide.

Like Immanuel Kant, who was never more than ten miles from home during all his eighty-four years, and Benedict Spinoza and Ali Baba, these men seldom traverse far from their own bailiwicks. And that they should both, on this occasion, consent to travel toward the effete and dreamy East lifts this particular Convention of The Roycrofters into an epoch.

All Life Members of the American Academy of Immortals in good standing and Roycrofters at large are invited to be present at East Aurora, leaving dull care behind, and become partners in the cerebral gyrations.

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Overland

$1200

Model 60-T

Wheel base, 111 inches; body, 5-passenger, fore-door touring; motor, 4½ x 4½; horsepower, 35; Remy magneto; front axle drop forged I section, Timken bearings; tires, 34x4 inch Q. D.; equipment, three oil lamps in black and brass finish, two gas lamps and generator. Self-starter, $20 extra. Top and glass front, $55.

HERE is the lowest priced thirty-five horsepower touring car made. A thorough investigation of the entire automobile market will reveal the startling fact that practically the only difference in popular priced cars to-day is the difference in price and this difference is due to the size of the plants that produce them.

That is why we, the largest individual manufacturers in the business, can market a thirty-five horsepower five-passenger touring car for $1200. If the others are getting $1500 for a car of this type, ***which they are,*** why should you pay it?

Look up the Overland dealer in your city. See this exceptional $1200 car. He will supply you with all the evidence in the world to back up these statements. Let us send you one of our interesting books. Please ask for book V 15.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



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THE OUTDOOR NUMBER

THE FRA

EXPONENT OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY

Vol. IX JUNE, 1912 No. 3



GARNET, age 17, by Hamlin's *Almont*, sire of 82 in the 30 list. Dam by *George Wilkes*, sire of over 100 in the 30 list. *GARNET*, never harnessed, but has been ridden by her owner more than 25,000 miles.
FRA ASBESTOS, age 6 months, dam *Garnet*. Sire, *The Mitre-Bearer*, 2:19, full brother to *The Abbot*, 2:03¼, and *The Abbe*, holder of the world's record for two gaits—trotting record 2:10 and pacing record 2:04.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ELBERT HUBBARD
EAST AURORA ERIE COUNTY N.Y.
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KNOX HATS

AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION



THE Knox Hat is an American Institution. Under Knox Hats some of the most vital problems of the Nation have been solved.

¶ The Knox Manufactory was established six years before Morse sent his first telegraph-message, three years before Elias Howe patented the sewing-machine, and one year before Daguerre made his first white-and-silver photograph.

¶ The first Knox Hats were absolutely the highest quality and the best style of the time. This standard has not been lost through the three-quarters of a century. No matter what the change of style, the Knox hatters put into Knox Hats the very best of material and expert workmanship.

¶ The processes now used at the Knox Manufactory are of Knox Invention. The name "Knox" will always symbol the highest development of the art of the hatter.

¶ If you were to ask a score of American leaders in business and the professions what make of hat they wear, they would probably be surprised at the question. Many good and great men have gone to the Knox Stores for hats so long that they have ceased to think of any other make. Others have changed makes, only to come back to the Knox Hat as the most satisfactory hat investment.

¶ The Knox Spring and Summer Hats are now at your disposal, ready to be examined and tried on before the mirrors of the best dealers. You will find something in the Knox line to meet your personal requirements and desires to perfection.

Established in 1838.

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THE FRA

EXPONENT OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY

Vol. 9 JUNE, 1912 No. 3

WE BECOME LIKE THAT ON WHICH OUR MINDS ARE FIXED

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THE OPEN ROAD

AFOOT WITH THE FRA

The Woman and the Law



SHE was not a suffragette. She lived in the days before there was talk of the rights of women, before women were supposed to need rights. Her name was Dorcas, and she was a spinster in both the primitive and the modern sense of the word; she went from house to house spinning and weaving. The children used to watch for her coming, for she was Aunt Dorcas, even then, before she committed the crime that helped to liberate her more fortunate sisters: a strong, straight, capable, little woman of good, tough English stock, who feared not loneliness, nor hunger, nor cold, and loved hard work.

Nothing is said of her early life, of how she lost father and mother, sisters and brothers, perhaps. So far as anybody cared, she had always been Aunt Dorcas, who lived alone in the small house by the crossroads. Pine-forests shut her in on the North and East, beech and birch woods sloped away to the West; but South there was a clearing, and here the sun shone and ripened her small garden. And no matter how far she must tramp to her day's work of spinning, she always came back to this small house at night, sure of a welcome from her cat, Kittimaturus.

It happened that in the village where Dorcas went to spin and weave, there lived a man who was afflicted with a bad son. He was an old man, older by twenty years than Dorcas. He had been a shoemaker in his youth, and fairly prosperous; best of all, a good man, gentle, "and loving, and giving." He had mended Dorcas' shoes for her often without pay, when she was a child. His one son was not like him. If the son had had a harsh and cruel father, he might have been cudgeled and disciplined into something resembling a decent citizen. Lacking this, he became a drunkard and a spendthrift. He married a wife whose dominant characteristic was parsimony. Having no standards of his own, he grew to accept hers, except only as they affected his own personal desires. As long as old Lazarus could earn a few cents each day as a cobbler, he was allowed a home, if it could be called a home, by his son's fireside. When rheumatism finally

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crippled his hands, the son, prompted by his wife, declared he was too poor to bear his father's support, and, as the saying was, "threw him on the town."

The Selectmen

THERE were kings in those days, three in each town. They were called "The Selectmen." They were usually good men; but as far as the poor were concerned, they were absolute tyrants ❧ King Number One, who lived in this part of the town, accordingly took Lazarus in his one-horse shay, and as he had business in another direction, he left the old man at the crossroads to walk the last quarter of a mile to the poorhouse.

It was early, and Dorcas was just starting for her day's work. She found the old man weeping by the roadside. It was a sight such as no woman could endure. She took old Lazarus to her house, gave him a good meal, her own supper, and told him he was welcome to stay as long as he liked.

She kept him three days before The Selectmen found it out. Instantly, there was a great buzzing of scandal throughout the town. King Number One, instigated by his wife, went to see about this.

"It won't du, Dorcas," he said; "it won't du." ❧ ❧

"He 's old enough to be my father," said Dorcas; "and it 'll break his heart if he has to go to the poorhouse."

"I know; it 's a hard case, but we can't have sech duin's in this town. He can't stay here onless you marry him."

"Then I will marry him," said Dorcas.

King Number One, being also Justice of the Peace, performed the ceremony then and there.

¶ Old Lazarus never seemed quite to understand. Sometimes, he thought Dorcas was his daughter who had died when she was a child. Sometimes, he called her Mother, as a child might; but as long as he lived, he was very happy and well content. When he died, Dorcas knew, for the first time in her life, what the bitterness of loneliness really is.

"I Burned It Mine"

STEPSON Peleg and his wife came to the funeral, quite decorous in borrowed mourning. The widow, softened by the solemnity of death, did not express her mind to him, as she had often threatened to do if they ever met. She wished to forget the bad son, for this day at least, and think only of the good father.

But Peleg placed himself directly in her way.

¶ "I don't believe in putting things off," he said; "I guess you and I might as well talk a little business, Stepmother. I don't mean to be hard on ye, but my wife an' I have been talkin' things over, and we 've decided to move into this house o' Father's right away. We 're willin' to board ye as long as your thirds last."

¶ Dorcas glanced at him coldly. "This house is mine," she said.

"Used to be, I know; but it belonged to Father as soon as you married him. Married women can't hold property. That 's the law."

¶ Dorcas turned her back on him and walked away. She feared to profane the gentle dead, if she spoke in her anger.

Next day, she went to see The First Selectman. She got no comfort from him.

"I 'm afraid it is the law, Dorcas," he said; "you orter thought o' that when you married Lazarus." ❧ ❧

Dorcas went home. All through the night in her loneliness, she sat and thought. She thought as an ignorant woman thinks—on primitive lines of right and justice. She had no hand in the making of this law that had defrauded her, simply because she had obeyed the law of Christ. So she thought until she found a way out.

In the morning, she arose and gathered all her poor household treasures in a heap in the middle of the floor. She laboriously carried her few sticks of wood into the house, too, with all the dry brush and kindling she could find. Then she set fire to the whole and watched it burn, as women of an older race used to watch the funeral-pyres of the dead. Distant neighbors, who had seen the smoke, came and found her there beside the ashes of her home. They tried to make her understand that she had committed a crime. She only said:

"I burned it mine."

Her years in prison were not the least happy and useful ones of her life. When she came out, people noticed that she carried her head a little higher than before.

"I burned it mine," was all she ever would say of her crime.

Circumstances Alter Cases

PRESENTLY, it happened that the worthy Justice of the Peace and First Selectman, otherwise called King Number One, was sent to the State Legislature. He was a man slow of thought, but clear-headed and

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just when he once understood. One day, quite inofficially in the pauses of the game, he told Dorcas' story.

" Now," he said, " I 've got daughters growing up, and so, gentlemen, have some of you. Perhaps we hope to leave them a little money sometime, but you see how the law is. 'Tain't right."

" No," they agreed; "t ain't right."

They really took it seriously, considering that it had nothing whatever to do with keeping the Party together. That very day they fell upon that law, and fixed it so that it was much better. Next year, they fixed it better still. In more than one sense, Dorcas had broken the law

This is a true story. If you don't believe it—the crossroads are there still; and in a green clearing that faces the South, there is a deep dimple where catnip still grows. It was once the cellar of a house.

There is no more sacred place than that where a man is doing good and useful work, and there is no higher wisdom than to lose yourself in useful industry, and be kind—and be kind.

Truth About Keeping Well



IT is a good deal cheaper to keep well than to be sick, just as it is to be sober than drunk. But if one wants to keep well he should not pattern his life after that of the average physician.

Most doctors are intent on curing the sick. Their business is palliation. All of their energies go into this general proposition—to relieve sick people of pain. The idea of keeping well people well does not exist in a highly developed sense in the mind of the ordinary physician. In fact, he does not know how to keep himself well. And unless the idea is firmly fixed in his own mind in reference to his own cosmos, he is not a good man to look to for the science of prophylaxis.

Most physicians use tobacco and are more or less given to drugs and stimulants. They take stimulants in the morning to stir themselves up, and sedatives at night to settle them down. Go into any doctor's office and you will find the place full of microbes, dust, dirt, effluvia, and the aura of unnumbered rogues in bacteriologic buckram.

Doctors occasionally prescribe outdoor sleeping-rooms for their patients, but I never knew a doctor who had an outdoor sleeping-room of his own. Most doctors sleep in stuffy cubby-holes, swim in grease, and hate competitors. That is why so many of them go under the ether-cone.

The secret of keeping well is so simple that the high-brow scientist never thinks of it. He is like the man who had traveled all over the world, seen everything, heard everything, knew everything, and finally wearied, returned home, when it occurred to him to look out of the window.

In order to keep well you should cut out the meat breakfast; spend at least two hours a day in the open air, and make it a rule, whenever out of doors, to breathe deeply with the mouth closed, and hold the breath, giving it out slowly. Then have plenty of work, cultivate some fad or hobby, and think well of everybody, especially of yourself. In other words, work, laugh, study, play, mix and flavor all with love.

Here is a proposition so simple that everybody understands it, everybody knows it, and the only trouble is that while we mentally know the truth, we have not the bodily technique—that is, we have n't the habit of health. ¶ This Health Habit is a thing that we can never get from professional healers whose own bodies are on the bink.

In the past we have looked to doctors for advice on the subject of health. This is an extra-hazardous proceeding. The key to health is in your own possession. Study your own case and take care of yourself.

What the world needs now are health experts, not disease specialists.

Ask the first physician you meet if I am not right on this, and it is ninety-nine to one hundred that he will corroborate everything I say—even the unpleasant facts about himself

Everybody is entertaining when he writes about himself, because he is discussing a subject in which he is vitally interested—whether he understands the theme is another thing.

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The Education De Luxe



IT was once the general custom of writers to introduce into their papers various quotations from foreign languages. ¶ This was done, for the most part, to convince the reader that the author was a learned person, and one eminently fitted to give counsel, the superstition being abroad that wisdom lurked in a strange tongue ❧ ❧

There has recently, however, fallen a very just suspicion that well-thumbed dictionaries of quotations have played their parts long enough among the properties of the ink-stained fraternity. And further than this, we have discovered that a man may be able to speak two, three or four languages, and still have no thoughts worth recording in any.

Linguists are seldom thinkers. You give your time and energy—both limited, as I trust no one will deny—to remembering words, sounds, accents, throat contortions and nares acrobatics, and you have no time or energy left for conjuring forth the thinks.

My opinion is that to master the language of Shakespeare is quite ambition enough for the average man. If you speak several languages, you will probably speak none of them well ❧ When I last visited the Louvre, a polite gentleman outside the entrance accosted me thus: "Sir, I am ze license guide. I speak Anglais in perfeck flu-en-cee—ros-bif, goddam!"

Then I had to explain that I was not an Englishman, as my friend supposed, and further I needed no guide. Later, I learned that the gentleman could speak five languages, and I also discovered that although he acted as guide to an art-gallery he knew nothing about art or its history, and nothing trustworthy could be gathered from him on any subject ❧ ❧

This man was a very good type of the Continental courier, to be found everywhere in Europe. Six hundred words of a language with which to do business is all that is required for a courier, and this is a little more than the average boarding-school Miss has in her possession when she graduates; and yet her Aunts and Uncles often point her out with awe, as one who speaks French with perfect flu-en-cee.

When we hear too much about a man's speaking several tongues, we are reminded of Doctor Johnson's exclamation upon another subject: "Sir," said Ursa Major, "a woman's preaching is like a dog walking on its hind legs. It is never done well, but we are surprised that it can be done at all."

New Standards

THERE was a time when the value of an education lay in being able to use it for flashing on the unsophisticated. Happily, things are gradually changing. The pulpit is no longer regarded as the heir of the tripod. To weigh, decide and think are no longer daring crimes on part of the layman; and we rightfully say that if writers are inspired, readers must be also. The guff that goes in the future must be of a different mixture than has been ladled out to us in the past.

The so-called "learned men" have stayed the onward march of progress more than words can tell; and so, too, have the "learned professions" often been stumbling-blocks and rocks of offense to the good and true.

I make no criticism of men whose hobby is languages, dead or living; but I modestly protest that manual efficiency, truthfulness, self-reliance and health shall not be left out of the accounting when we make our formula for a Man.

❧

We are brother to the bird, the animal, the tree and the flower.

❧

The Anatomy of Satire



SATIRE is a giant Wasp playing in and out of the mouth of a sleeping clown.

It is the humor which stings. It is a Medusa with mischief in her eye.

It is part Puck and part Mephistopheles; and it is sometimes Isaiah. But it is never Jeremiah, because it never is guilty of feeling sorry for itself.

Satire is the human mind at the very apex of alertness, the very climax of wide-awakeness. It is the very eyeball of comprehension, and its look is thaumaturgic ❧ What was sublime becomes grotesque, what was dignified becomes ridiculous. Titans

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shrivel to dwarfs. Gods and Cæsars wilt and crumble in the dust. Dogmas vanish like puff-balls. Pride cracks into a silly cackle, and Prudery with skinny ribs and sapless look has not where to hide her nakedness.

Great satirists are as rare as great poets. The laughter that slays and the image that creates are twin-born. Satire in Moliere is a heavy wine, in Juvenal it is a knout, in Cervantes a magical tear, in Rabelais a brazen guffaw, in Ibsen it is vitriol, in Swift it is a Fury, in Byron a poisoned dirk, in Aristophanes a murderous sleet that slit the faces of gods and men, in Voltaire it is a bomb, in George Meredith it is a siccant light that brings out the spectral stains and rents and tares in man the social beast.

Satire is primarily the enemy of the sentimental and romantic, those elaborate poses of the human. It rubs the buckram off of our attitudes, passes over our deckle-edged mannerisms, to peer inside at the reading matter. Pose is orthodox. Satire is always heterodox, conscious; a single epithet may turn a Goliath into a dumpy dwarf. Note the trinity of fool words, "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," and the word "Annexation," and remember what they did.

Ridicule, the brigand, strips the gods of their peacock-plumes and leaves them to strut in their polar skies undone and diswrapt.

Composite Character of Satire

THE frigid smile of disbelief has jostled many a Malvolio out of his reeking complacency. Ridicule is sanitary. The unleavened smile of irony redeems. The profane hand of satire—dirty, knotted, oil-stained from examining the cogs and flywheels in the human soul—rips from its moldy sockets the rotting vegetation of romanticism, and forces into the gullets of sapless sentimentalists a rending purgative.

The satirist has a nose that is a spy, and an eye that is an X-ray. His passion for proportion is deadly. He understands the taciturnity of the Sphinx, and knows that the veil of Isis is merely Death's drop-curtain. He is a moralist—that is, a destroyer, a breaker of molds, a bespatterer of images. He has the sincerity of Lucifer and the daring of a Cain. Standing on the earth, with his feather-duster he brushes the painted mirages of constructive idealism off the face of the heavens, as a housemaid brushes away a pastel. He routs the world out of its cozy corners and warms his heart under the polestar.

Satire, psychologically, is composite. Its elements are moral rage, contempt, cruelty, skepticism, will-to-power, a reversed idealism, and extreme sensitiveness. It is often only the malicious mask of failure, a kind of frozen anger. It is the crystal armor that the hypersensitive wears. It is the scintillating mica of a broken dream. It is a cold diamond on the finger of Scorn, engraving an epitaph on the glass houses of human folly. This psychologic amalgam, fusion of vapors from a myriad emotional vats, acts differently on different sensibilities ❧ ❧

Juvenal

JUVENAL'S skull was a nest of tarantulas. His deadly knife cut away the fat of pretense and exhibited the bare ribs of Rome. He embalmed a whole world in acid. He was Nemesis-Ideal. The psychological necessity of the appearance of Christ at the moment when he arrived is irrefutably proven by the fact that Juvenal was his contemporary. Rome was a bagnio—and Rome was the world ❧ ❧

Juvenal was an idealist, a descendant of Isaiah, and a distant ancestor of the author of *Ghosts*. In Juvenal's time the comedy was what it has always been. Sham is enthroned, and the Pharisee stands on the outposts of success. His satires are giant magnifiers, wherein Reality, hopeless, implacable, sinister Reality, lies stark to the sight. A world of parasites, panders and skulkers. Rome is a rotting corpse that lies germinating under the withering sunlight of Juvenal's brain. Every sentence is a pike on which is rammed a human head; and after twenty centuries he is ultra-modern, a startling demonstration of the consanguinity of all over-civilized epochs.

Like Carlyle, Juvenal was a satirist because he was a moralist.

Aristophanes

ARISTOPHANES and Juvenal were poles apart. Aristophanes' immortal smile had something of a joyous satanism in its play over men. His irony stood upon the elder peaks of thought, where he, the laughing Nimrod, could wring the necks of eagles. He mocks with the mockery of the gods. His mind sepulchered a thousand ruined hierophants of myth. Socrates lies petrified in his gleaming spite. If Aristophanes was one of the murder-

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ers of Socrates, it is quite conceivable that he never experienced remorse. The satiric spirit picked out in Aristophanes what was most inhuman in the man and made him the Cain of comic writers. It was Heine who called God "a celestial Aristophanes." His thunders were capped with arctic ice. In the universe of art, Aristophanes is the full moon, the frozen sneer slowly rising on the sundown of Greek philosophy.

Cervantes

DESTROY all books, but leave us Don Quixote! It is alpha and omega. It tells all. It is the epic of Man. Cervantes was the supreme seer of all time—greater than Shakespeare, greater than Æschylus, greater than Balzac. He was the supreme philosopher of all time—greater than Spinoza, greater than Schopenhauer, greater than Plato. He was the supreme ironist of all time—greater than Aristophanes, greater than Ibsen, greater than Swift

Don Quixote is the comic Œdipus Rex. The shimmer of all the tears of man had condensed in the light of Cervantes' eyes—and it was not unlike a smile. His book is the *danse macabre* of Ideals. It is the tale of the starved Heart that migrates to the Brain and spins its Cockaynes and Elysiums on the air. It is the saga of the race. It is the legend repeated for all future time of man's adventure in that hell which we call Reality. Its metaphysic is one's self—the elemental illusion. Its moral is, What is not absurd is not true. Rosinante is the nag we all bestraddle.

The shivering bareness of Reality we thicken and hide with the feathers of Hope.

And still Rosinante is not the Pegasus of our will!

The divine frivolity of Cervantes! His starlit mockeries! The whipped waters of his magical fancy! Don Quixote is a thing done once for all time, and those who lived before Cervantes' birth lived without mirrors. The Knight of La Mancha riding furiously in the wake of half-remembered images, the Troubadour of the Ideal singing his passionate songs to the eternal Jezebel-Dulcinea, the mournful eye of the Seeker bruised and blackened by muscled circumstances—that is all of life, all of you and me, the ridiculous earth-gods flourishing paper swords.

Don Quixote is the human mind rubbing the dreams out of its eyes.

Swift

A JAVELIN from the quiver of an immedicable bitterness—a javelin that smoked in its passionate flight toward its throbbing target, the human heart—that is the satire of Jonathan Swift. In the sunlight he hollowed a monstrous hole, and packed the race into it. His genius was like a black mist rent by a thousand lightning-strokes. The North wind had pierced him to the marrow. Man exiled, the huntsman of a grave, was the Dismal Vision. Man, the palace with the dungeon at the top, was, to Swift, merely an obscene accident whose heart was the parade-ground of all the villainies of life. He is the satirist of satirists. His art is the most perfect. He is so great that he has to hide himself behind triple veils. His misanthropic passion is so deadly, his scorn of the race so overwhelming, that he invents a comic narrative while he puts you to death. His spleen is anarchic. Behind his books stands a diabolist, a baffled Fury, a glittering Eye whose lights are frozen hells. Swift was the Dante of satirists.

Moliere

MOLIERE conceived in the living flesh; the satiric spirit in him pulsates with the life of every day. He undresses Society and exposes its comical nakedness. But his eyes droop forgivingly. He was a riant Ibsen. He unmasks convention, scolds hypocrisy, castigates insincerity with the enormous reservation of his incurable humanity. His satire ridicules, but never condemns. He was the spiritual father of Thackeray, Tartuffe, Danden, Don Juan, Bill Reedy and Ed Howe. Society is at fault. Social usage and social necessity are the criminals—and you can not indict an abstraction.

Moliere's touch is as sure as Shakespeare's, and as impersonal. The brute granite of Circumstance is his metaphysic; Man turning topsy-turvy on the slippery pavements of the contingent. Well, let us smile! Light, negligent, mischievous, his misanthropy flowed from red corpuscles. He is the soul of the concrete. The sweet alloy of earth is in all he created. What his characters lose in infinite sweep they gain in clarity, suppleness, familiarity. Moliere was the golden bee of literature.

Heine

POETS pay their debts in stars and are paid in wormwood. This is true of Heinrich Heine, whose irony slashed German

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complacency, and whose poetry marked an epoch. His was a colossal head diademmed by a thousand blazing contradictions. His satire was born of a gigantic internal strife. Many of his poems begin with the song of the nightingale and end with the hiss of the scorpion. Dreams of alabaster he pedestaled on blocks of ebony.

Heine was a monastic sybarite, a connoisseur of flagellations. Eternal fermentation and recrudescence of the Ideal; sudden, inexplicable tears that turned to streams of acid on his cheek. From his violin he struck a maddening mournful note while leaning over that gigantic trough—the grave. He wept like Lucifer; he mocked like God.

He was born in Zion and was christened on the slopes of Parnassus. He was the pixy of ironists, a sentimental imp. He was half Hamlet, half Pierrot. In his pages everything vibrates, everything quivers, sings and stings. He wrote with phosphorus; glimmer and gleam and infernal twilights; whirling fireflies pricking the dark of an unquenchable melancholy. He was an Orestes pursued by the demons of the comic, for there is a laughter that is fatal and a smile that slays him unto whom it is born ❧ ❧

And Heine had that dreadful dower. His wit was tragic. He himself played jester to his discrowned ideals. His brain crashed against his heart, and there flashed forth a burst of laughter that killed him.

The Expert Witness of Life

NOW well and how sanely the satirists are hated by Conformity, that Goliath who is a eunuch!

Voltaire blew out the lights of a thousand fagots and ripped the earlaps from Belief. Byron, whose fist of iron, like a murderous club, split the skull of British conformity. Victor Hugo, who quartered kings and popes on his steeds hurtling through empyrean heights. Ibsen, who had knuckles of steel. Thomas Hardy, whose irony and satire indict Life itself. Read *Tess!*

With Juvenal, Aristophanes, Swift, Cervantes, Moliere and Heine, they are cleansers and regenerators. They traffic in gods, they retail thrones, they are the auctioneers and the parcel-wrappers of ancient diadems and modern shams.

The Satirist is the supreme expert witness of Life ❧ ❧

Infinite Power



ANY person, in any walk of life, who puts jealousy, hate and fear out of his life will be distinguished ❧ ❧

All good things shall be his. They will flow to him.

Power gravitates to the man who can use it; and love is the highest form of power that exists ❧ ❧

If ever a man shall live who has infinite power he will be found to be one who has infinite love. ¶ And the way to free yourself from discord is not to take a grip on yourself and strive to be kind—not that.

Just don't think much about it, but lose yourself in your work. If your intent is right, your actions will be, also. Hell and Heaven are not localities—they are states of mind.

Once we thought work a curse; then it came to us that it was a necessary evil; and yesterday the truth dawned upon us that it is a precious privilege.

There is more joy in useful effort than in the painstaking avoidance of it.

Creeping into the lives of men everywhere is the thought that co-operation is better than competition. We need each other, and by giving much we will receive much. Believe me, that old maxim, "Cast thy bread upon the waters," is a stern psychologic law. Everything we give out comes back to us. Give out love, and love returns. To grasp and grab and seize is to lose.

We are reaching enlightened self-interest. And so there is a strong setting of the social tide toward useful effort, and the elimination of the parasite—this through the knowledge that we can thrive through service and not through exploitation ❧ ❧

Everywhere, schools and colleges are doing things, not merely talking about them. The education de luxe—the education for show—will soon be consigned to limbus. Already we say, "That man is the best educated who is the most useful." And the true test of education will lie in its possessor's ability to serve. ¶ Do not go out of your way to do good, but do good whenever it comes your way. Men who make a business of doing good to others are apt to hate others engaged in the same occu-

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pation. Sacrifice and self-abnegation are not needed

Simply be filled with the thought of good, and it will radiate. You do not have to bother about it, any more than you need to trouble about your digestion.

Do not be disturbed about saving your soul. It will certainly be saved if you make it worth saving

Do your work. Think the good. And the evil, which is a negative condition, shall be swallowed up by the good.

When you accept a present you have dissolved the pearl of independence in the vinegar of obligation.

The Canadian Spirit



THERE has arisen in Canada, within ten years, a distinctly Canadian spirit.

The crystallization of this spirit sprang from an unspoken idea in the mind of one man. This man was Charles R. McCullough, of Hamilton, Ontario.

In the year Eighteen Hundred Ninety-two, there existed in New York a Canadian Club, made up of men born in Canada who had gone to New York to seek their fortunes. This Club was a social affair, and at first had merely an annual meeting, where a spirit of gentle jinkstide prevailed.

¶ McCullough, down at New York, met with this Club.

Suddenly an Idea seized him!

So McCullough said, "If they can have a Canadian Club in New York, why can't we have one in Canada?" He returned to Hamilton and organized his Club, with a dozen members

The idea was to consider and discuss things that were of importance to the health, wealth, and general betterment of the Dominion.

The Club grew, and a similar Club was formed in Toronto. These two worked together. Then came Montreal and Quebec, and so the idea spread until now there are more than one hundred Canadian Clubs. Every city and town of any size in the Dominion has its Canadian Club

These Clubs are made up of men in every line of legitimate business. The trades, the arts, the professions are all represented. Any man who is earning an honest living and is adding to the well-being of his community is eligible.

¶ In some cities an endeavor has been made to build a home for the Canadian Club; but in order to keep the institution a pure democracy and moving on simple lines, the idea of the Clubhouse has been made tabu.

The Club meets once a week at noon for a very simple lunch, which costs the member, say, fifty cents.

If some speaker of prominence and worth, who is traveling through, can be secured, so much the better. But if not, some member of the Club reads a paper or makes a speech, and anything that relates to the well-being of the Dominion is considered.

The Canadian Club idea has spread until it forms a veritable Zeitgeist and represents a solidarity

These Clubs are now federated and work together in many ways for the common good of the Dominion. They have brought the people together, and especially cemented the industrial interests, obliterated party lines, destroyed sectarianism, erased denominationalism, and made the people acquainted with each other to a degree which no other movement of modern times has equaled.

The national spirit in Canada owes its birth to the Canadian Clubs. Also, it might well be stated that much of the prosperity which the Dominion is now enjoying traces to the same fertile and fecund source.

The Advertising Clubs

THE nearest approach we have in the States to the Canadian Club is the Advertising Clubs. But these, as yet, are wearing knee-breeches. Yet the idea is growing, expanding, and is bound to be an untold source of good. Every good thing begins as something else.

James Bryce, in his *American Commonwealth*, called attention to the fact that American municipalities were governed by the worst in the worst possible way. We elected a Mayor and a Board of Aldermen, but over them there was no supervising body. They were accountable to no one, and the little men we elected, occasionally got drunk on power. No single individual could call the Mayor and the Common Council to order nor compel them

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to make an accounting ❧ Their answer was simply a loud guffaw. ¶ Power unrestrained develops into tyranny. Also, the open cash-drawer and no system of checking and auditing is bound to breed corruption.

If the people are to rule they must be banded together in some way so as to express their opinion and bring their influence to bear upon their public servants. Otherwise, the servants will think that they own the institution, and will act accordingly.

The Canadian Clubs exert a distinct influence over all public officials. The Clubs, being strictly non-partisan, reflect the will of the people and bring this will to bear on the public servants. This applies not only to the municipal governments, but to the general parliament as well. A government that is not audited and supervised by Public Opinion is always corrupt ❧ ❧

In the United States the idea of the commission form of government is growing rapidly, but the commission form of government without a supervising board is bound to end in disappointment. This supervising board must not be made up of members of any one particular party. The whole people must express themselves and focus their attention on their Commissioner, who is really the general manager of the public business of the town.

What we need now is to arouse the people in the United States so that the Ad Clubs, or some similar federated band of citizens, shall be able to bring their influence to bear on Congress. ¶ To send our friends down to Washington in the hope that they will do their duties nobly and well, without counsel or assistance from those who sent them there, unselfishly, and for the good of all the people, is quite absurd. You can not slip the bridle off your horse and turn him loose on the track and expect him to run a race. Both the curb and the spur are needed.

In any city of the world let from one hundred to a thousand of the representative citizens meet fifty-two times a year for an open discussion on public matters, and you get a governing body before which grab and graft are impotent.

The Canadian Clubs have given Canada pretty nearly a genuine democracy.

❧

Life is everywhere, and it is all one Life, and we are particles of it.

Our Judiciary



THERE is a popular cry just about now for honesty in advertising.

And by a curious coincidence the one magazine that has had most to say about honesty in publicity has recently widely advertised a series of articles that purport to be an exposure of corruption in our courts of law ❧ ❧

From the spreading headlines, the brazen bazoo and the loud ballyhoo, one was led to expect a startling condition, now for the first time opened up to public gaze. ¶ Any one who buys a copy of this magazine expecting to get his money's worth in way of exposure will have good grounds for demanding his money back.

Read Spaulding on Testimony and you will find that the value of a witness' statements depends upon who the witness is. That is to say, you must get his point of view, in order to know whether he sees a wildcat or whether the trouble is merely a louse on his eyebrow ❧ ❧

The whole flavor of the article is that of whipped-out disappointment. Having failed as a lawyer, the author turns State's evidence, hoping to retrieve his hazard of lost fortunes. His mental attitude is that of the escaped nun. His article is a petition in mental bankruptcy.

The belliaking lawyer is no better than the belliaking businessman. An employer could just as well make an indictment against his workmen, giving a list of their faults and foibles, as this lawyer can bring an indictment against the judiciary by combing both his memory and his imagination for the lapses of courts. ¶ Ex-parte post-mortems on lawsuits should be left to the fledglings in every big law-office: those boys who get around in the morning, and while they are dusting the furniture, try the cases of the great men who show up later.

Every village railroad-station, grocery and blacksmith-shop has this contingent that sits in judgment on the actions of its betters. ¶ Emerson speaks of the inmates of almshouses who sit in the sun and gravely discuss the President's policy.

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This lawyer-author seems to be a has-been or a never-was.

If lawyers were debarred from Heaven, this man would probably find no trouble in getting in and keeping his seat.

His whole line of argument is revealed in this statement: "There is widespread growing distrust among businessmen of our courts, which manifests itself in a tendency to arbitrate, compromise and keep out of court at any cost."

Non-Productiveness of Litigation

THAT wise businessmen keep out of court when they can is true. But they keep out, not because modern judges are corrupt, but because litigation is non-productive. It disturbs and breaks in on one's peace of mind, so that compromise, with a known loss, is very much better than litigation with its tending uncertainties.

Any judge anywhere will advise businessmen to settle their own disputes.

The business of a good lawyer now is to keep his client out of court. ¶ Judges are men, and as such they are liable to mistakes and errors. As we get better businessmen, we get better lawyers and judges.

Indeed, it often happens that commonplace men, lifted to a judgeship, are inspired mentally and spiritually, and placed on their good behavior as never before. They are more sober, more discreet, more judicial in all their actions. The position of a judge makes him superior in character to either lawyers or clients. Lawyers may be for sale, but this man is not.

The success of a judge does not consist in catering to this party or that, but in interpreting public opinion wisely and well, and in bringing commonsense to bear so as to bring cosmos out of chaos. ¶ This popular magazine, which has endeavored to boom circulation by making an attack on our courts all along the line, has overshot the mark.

If the article had simply been inserted, without a beating of drums, it might have been all right. But to feature it as a headliner is bound to bring about a reaction from which the publication will suffer.

This exposure of the judiciary, so widely heralded, is deadly commonplace in both literary style and subject-matter. It is without the saving soul of wit and is devoid of wisdom

Adam Bede



ADAM BEDE is an individual. Most men are merely types. They belong to breeds; and as all Durham cows look alike, and one Black Angus is a specimen of all others, so do most men merely represent their breed.

Bede is different. There is something about him that is distinctly peculiar, unique, and of a kind that God has not duplicated

The man has intellect, wit, hope, appreciation and sympathy. In his humor, there is a half-pathetic touch that reveals to you the fact that this man's feelings have been sounded deeply.

Bede was born in the classic year of Eighteen Hundred Fifty-six.

He is tall and thin and angular. He has a sharp nose, a firm mouth, and is of the kind that an amateur con man would say was an easy mark. He is very farmer-like in all of his actions. He is racy of the soil. He is one of the plain people. And if he belonged to any type it would be the Lincoln type. He is just as simple, plain, honest, unpretentious and homely as was Abraham Lincoln. And Abraham Lincoln was a very wise and diplomatic politician. The innocence of Lincoln was on the outside, and the same with Bede. ¶ Adam Bede should die a tragic death. For him to live long and dwindle away would be a calamity. He is big enough to pay the price of martyrdom. And after he is dead and gone, the people in Minnesota will point him out as the biggest man the State has produced, with one single exception, and that exception is a man who does not resemble Bede in the slightest degree. ¶ Bede owns one hundred sixty acres of land a mile out of the commonplace little town called Pine City.

He raises blackberries, potatoes, garden-sass and ideas. In the evening he reads Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*.

Bede is too fine a man ever to be President. The chuckleheaded many are bound to distrust a first-class man. He is too far removed from them. They prefer Barabbas. All of Lincoln's political successes were won on a fluke

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Bede lives simply, plainly and well. He is a humorist, and humor is simply a sense of value

A humorist has no place in Congress. When Adam Bede made a speech on the floor in Washington, the cloakrooms were emptied and the galleries filled. When Bede opens his mouth he says something. But when it came to voting on Bede's bills, the "floor" gave him the kibosh. Bills do not go through Congress on merit—the place is a great booth or bazaar where barter trade still survives. Speeches in Congress are merely to amuse and divert—and get printed so as to impress the folks at home.

My hope is that Bede will start a magazine and call it *The Beadle*. If he does, it will be worth your while to subscribe, no matter what the price may be. Bede will supply you gentle little thrills; he will make you smile; he will make you sigh; perhaps he will make you mad—in any event he will make you think.

Man's idea of God is the pattern he makes for himself; when he has attained it, it expands and moves ahead a peg.

The Steel-Trust Suit



ANSWERS have been filed to the Government's complaint and prayer for the dissolution of the United States Steel Corporation.

These answers are voluminous and complete. Instead of making a simple general denial all along the line, they answer every complaint and allegation with frankness and in detail.

They also display a dignity and a courtesy that is in striking contrast with the complaint.

The defense is plainly outlined in these answers. There will be no surprises and no fight on mere legal technicalities. The whole question resolves itself into the issue of whether the business of the United States Steel Corporation is carried on in a reasonable or an unreasonable manner.

The company, through its attorneys, tells how the corporation came to be formed. It traces the history of the concern, its rise and its gradual development to the point to which it has now attained. It goes into methods, the question of wages, the treatment of employees, the buying of supplies, the selling of products, and a hundred other things that pertain to the general policy that is being carried out in the management of the world's greatest business institution.

¶ It courts the fullest publicity, and stands ready to give information concerning any branch of its business, and full information as to all dealings, past and present.

The company frankly admits that errors in judgment have occurred; but denies that any one has been wilfully wronged.

Encouragement has been given to competitors, and a friendly attitude toward such has been maintained.

It even goes into the famous dinners, tells who were present, what was said and done, and gives the object of these meetings, stating that the getting together and getting acquainted of men engaged in the same line of business is eminently in line with the spirit of the times; that competitors should know each other, realize what each other is doing, and put their knowledge into a common fund, from which all can draw all that they are able to absorb. And the hint is given out that all any one can absorb is what he gives away.

¶ Instead of these dinners being secret and star-chamber conclaves, designed for plots and plans, dire, dark and deep, the whole thing was essentially social and aimed to give courage to men who were carrying heavy burdens and facing great problems.

It is explained that the dinners began in November, Nineteen Hundred Seven, when the country was at a crisis. These dinners gave opportunity for men to meet who had never met before, and the whole general tendency was to do away with prejudice, hate, doubt and distrust; and as such, they were eminently successful.

Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Mr. Converse give separate, individual answers.

Any one who cares to read these answers will find them models of literary excellence.

¶ In reading the answer of Mr. Carnegie, I came to the conclusion that the ironmaster wrote it with his own hand. It is not pitched in legal phrase, and contains a deal of good literary timber. Some of his explanations are

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decidedly playful and reveal a patience and good-nature and a dash of wit which one does not expect in a legal document.

On the whole, this defense seems to be essentially strong and able.

No doubt, the answers were written with public opinion in mind, and as such they are effective documents.

The best legal brains of the country seem to hold the opinion that it will be a very difficult task for the Government to convict in this instance ❧ ❧

The prejudice that existed against the Standard Oil, in this case, is not evident in the public mind.

Many of the sins for which the Standard Oil was tried were committed in the Eighties, and in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-five everybody was crooked, and now only a few of us are crooked.

Also, it is the belief of men with prophetic vision, who know the tendency of the times, that it will not be long before business of every sort will be founded on the solid basis of truth and honesty.

The telegraph, the telephone, quick transportation, and the publicity given to every act by the Ad Clubs and the various Civic Societies, are turning the limelight on to all of our relations in a way that will make graft and grab tabu.

Even this suit against the world's biggest business concern is n't without its use and benefit ❧ ❧

It puts the company on its good behavior and shows that nothing goes but that which is done right out in the daylight. Nothing is hidden, nothing is secret, nor can it be ❧ Secrets are things to give away.

There is only one safe policy, and that is the truthful one.

Doctor Charles W. Eliot calls truth the new virtue and intimates that having tried everything else the business world is now going to give the policy of honesty in business a thorough test.

The Steel-Trust people take their stand behind the word "reasonable," and there they are entrenched. ¶ If the suit should ever come to trial, the general belief is that no jury can be found that will convict.

❧

Wholesale condemnation is usually a subtle form of flattery.

The Life Communal



INDIVIDUALS alone never succeed. Individuals succeed only as they make themselves necessary to other individuals. They help themselves only by helping others.

There be those who think that the flat and the apartment-house are a step toward Communal Life. The Zionites, the Mennonites, the Shakers, the Oneida Communists were communists ❧ All grew rich. The Brook Farmers raised a great crop of ideas, but went broke for lack of a business manager ❧ Yet Horace Greeley, Emerson, Charles A. Dana and Wendell Phillips acknowledged their obligations to the Brook Farm Communism.

Among these communists, sickness, vice, want and insanity were unknown.

Now, just bring before you the life of a woman with a modicum of ambition married to a grocer, a livery-stable man, a brewer, a politician, or a Baptist preacher, who always and forever discusses his specialty or sits glum, grumpy, grouchy and insensate, surrounded by Glooms!

To face this man over the coffee-urn for ninety-nine years, to the exclusion of almost every one else—therein lie the fardels that make calamity of so long life.

The communal idea then comes in, and we catch glimpses of an association of men and women working for a common end, and that end the good of all. And in this community there are enough members to make their good qualities, when fused, constitute the perfect man.

Heaven is always pictured as a community—never as made up of individuals who live in little boxes which they call homes, and where they lock themselves in by locking others out.

Truth of the Communal Idea

THE constant return of humanity to the communal idea, in spite of numerous failures, seems to show that there is a deep fundamental truth in it.

A community may fail, but faith in the principle never relaxes. The members are all ready to try it again.

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Those who cling closest to the communal idea are those who have tried it.

The early Christians were communists: there was a common purse; each worked for the good of all; what one had belonged to those who needed it most, and the endeavor of all was to contribute, not to appropriate—to radiate, not to absorb.

That men should steal—that is to say, take what they do not need and give nothing in return—is atrocious and unnatural. But that one should give what he has, and then take what he needs, is beautiful, natural and right. This is the dream of the ages, and when humanity shall have developed to a point where it deserves its fulfilment, the Ideal will surely come. Only ideal people will live the ideal life.

As a general proposition, a man's value to society is in proportion to his ability to work with other men. He should be willing to give and to take. He should be slow to anger, patient in spirit, and not quick to give or to take offense. He should have faith in Nemesis, and have no time to act as her agent. Superiority is shown in this one thing: the ability to meet and mix with those of different temperaments and tastes, high and low, on a basis of equality. To be frank, open, and full of good-cheer, keeping a civil tongue; to refrain from interfering in affairs that are none of his; to know that personal difficulties, usually, quickly right themselves if let alone —these mark the superior man.

Late hours, strong drink, pretense, finesse and falsity unfit a person absolutely for the communal life, for these things all tend toward disintegration. The very life of a community depends upon the opposite of the qualities just mentioned: the essence of coalition is loyalty and truth. In a free society the man who is a "rounder" would be instinctively shunned by everybody, and especially by women. For him there would be no favors.

The man who wishes to dictate, own, absorb and exclude will remain an individualist ❧ In the course of time he may evolve enough altruism in his nature to fit him for communal life, and then he will enter upon it, but not before—any more than the savage will enter the stage of competition or commercialism without passing through the pastoral and agricultural stages.

Cider "works" and cleanses itself of its impurities. And so a community "works" and eliminates the idle, the ill-tempered, the bickering, the diseased, the sensual, the untruthful. They are not discharged, but they get uncomfortable, and a silent, unseen principle sloughs them off.

❧

You are accepted into a church on what you believe, but you are put out of it for what you know.

❧

The Day of Your Death



NOT long ago, in a Western town, I was invited by a district judge to sit on the bench with him and listen to the evidence in a certain case that he was sure would interest me.

It was a divorce suit, and everything had been conceded except the question of alimony. In determining this, the value of certain property held by the parties jointly was under consideration.

The Northampton Tables of Mortality had been cited as authority. To back up these tables an insurance actuary had been called in. Sure enough, the evidence of this actuary struck a cosmic chord in my consciousness.

¶ In the preliminary examination, to show his fitness as an expert witness, the actuary was asked this question:

"Can you make a close estimate on the average length of human life?"

And the answer was, "Yes, if numbers are taken into consideration."

"Can you tell the probable length of the life of an individual?"

And the answer was, "No."

When asked why, the witness said, "The element of chance enters into single lives, and where large numbers are considered chance is eliminated, so we get the law of average."

The next question was, "But suppose we bar the element of accident, can you then tell how long an individual will live?"

And the answer was, "No."

Being pressed for a reason, the actuary expressed himself in a little speech that

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impressed every one in the courtroom. I can not recall the exact words, but the gist of it was as follows:

How Long Do You Expect to Live?

THERE is an element in longevity that can not be ascertained or passed upon by any one except the man himself.

My opinion is that every man should be his own physician, and he should be wise enough and sane enough to make a diagnosis of his own case—spiritually, mentally, physically—much closer than any one else ever possibly could

The one thing in human life that no one but the man himself knows, is, how long does he expect to live.

It is a pretty good general rule that, barring accident, the man will live as long as he expects to, or, if you please, as long as he wants to, or hopes to.

Many people are obsessed with the fallacy that the age of man is fixed at the limit of threescore and ten; and so, with a vast number of people, when they are around sixty-five they begin to prepare to shuffle off. They quit business, retire from active work, close up their affairs, and when they do these things, death and dissolution are at the door. There are other men who work on until they are eighty, and then they do exactly what the other man did at seventy, with a like result.

¶ Great numbers of very strong, active, earnest men reach the age of eighty, and die at eighty-two, eighty-three, eighty-four. And the reason for this passing is not so much a physical one as it is a mental. These men have fixed this age limit in their minds, and their entire life and death conform to the idea

Why Not Be a Centenarian?

AS a general proposition I would say the way to live to be one hundred is, not to consider the question of time, but simply to continue an active, earnest interest in human affairs, and not overeat.

The individual who looks for ease and rest, and bodily gratification, be he young or old, is in a dangerous position. To eliminate the toxins which accrue in the human body, activity is positively necessary. The activity of the mind reacts on the organs of the body. So thought is a physical process, and to gain this elimination which insures health, no man should ever think of retiring from business and quitting the game.

If you retire from one thing you must take up something else that is more difficult

Change of occupation is a great factor in human health; but the one thing that makes a man live long is an earnest vow early in life, well kept, to "never say die!"

Only such a one can make a century run, and the death of the centenarian is almost without exception a painless process.

And no physical examination can probe these inner facts and attitude of the man's mind.

¶ The individual himself knows and can determine how long he will live, better than any one else possibly can; and I believe he can himself, if he is honest with himself, size up his case, and, barring accidents, figure the day of his death, as Moses did on Mount Horeb

No man is in such danger from strong drink as the man who has just sworn off.

The Success of Osteopathy



FOR ten years past I have been interested in Osteopathy This began with my meeting old Doctor Still, the founder of the science.

Doctor Still is now in his eighty-fourth year. He has been a practising country physician since his twentieth year

There is no college degree equal to the all-around experience of a country doctor, provided he keeps his eyes wide open and does not fall into a rut—which the average man certainly does.

If anybody is a genius it is the man who is filled with an eternal discontent and an undying hope.

Doctor Still was the original first citizen of Missouri. He is the man who first demanded visual demonstration. He is the man who said, "Show me!" Also, he is the man who went ahead and showed the world a good many things it never knew before.

We work from the complex to the simple; and the obvious is the last thing we learn.

¶ When Doctor Still was fifty years of age he came to the conclusion that the science of medicine was a science of guesswork.

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Setting up explosions in the internal anatomy of a man in order to cure him of a disease seemed to him a very foolish proposition.

¶ In studying up the question he found that one of the very early forms of treating the sick was by incantations.

The sick man was supposed to be possessed of a devil, and the doctor made it just as disagreeable for Mr. Devil as he possibly could ❧ ❧

Noise, smell, beatings and poisons were resorted to.

The giving of toxins for the relief of disease, no doubt, had its rise in the same impulse that suggested the incantations.

Doctor Still also discovered that one of the very early forms of treating disease was by means of the laying on of hands, which first meant the manipulation of the afflicted part.

¶ This is the most natural thing in the world to do ❧ ❧

You will always notice that if a ball-player gets hit, as he walks to first base, he works the afflicted part, and usually there are three or four helpers who volunteer to help him do the same.

When the baby falls down and gets bumped, the fond mother picks it up and manipulates the bump.

This method of treatment is the natural thing. Also, it has its base in commonsense, as all natural things do.

The hurt comes through an interference with the circulation and undue pressure on nerve, tendon, artery or muscle.

To bring about an equalization of circulation means a freedom from suffering ❧ Yet osteopathy is not a matter of massage or rubbing. It is something far more.

Doctor Still began to diagnose every case that came to him, with the idea of finding out where the machinery was wrong.

To his surprise he was able to locate, in a great many instances, the afflicted part. Then the thing was to manipulate the bones in such a way that an equalization of circulation would follow.

Instead of prescribing a poison for a patient, something to be taken out of a bottle with a spoon, or writing a prescription in Latin to be filled at the nearest drugstore, Doctor Still began to pin his faith on right adjustment ❧ ❧

And in order better to succeed, he took the patient into his confidence, studied the cause, saw where the individual lapsed in his living and thinking and acting, and endeavored not only to put his anatomy in a right relationship, one part to the other, but endeavored to place the man in a right relationship to the world, in a mental and spiritual way.

Soon patients who had been given up by the regular physicians were coming to Doctor Still ❧ ❧

Doctor Still was "old," even in middle age. This expression is complimentary rather than otherwise. It suggests wisdom and the ripened reason that goes with long experience. It suggests that the man is not hot after success, as the average youth is, but that he is sedate and seasoned.

And so the sick came in wagons, ox-carts, hayracks. They were carried on stretchers or limped on crutches, for the idea had gone abroad that Doctor Still possessed the Healing Touch ❧ ❧

Just what the Healing Touch is I do not know; neither does Doctor Still.

But I am inclined to think it is something like this: the average man is a very undeveloped creature, and instead of thinking with his whole body, as it is possible to do, he thinks, if at all, just with his sky-piece. He gets other people to do his work, and his hands serve him, at the best, simply as bread-hooks. The good osteopath thinks with his hands.

Doctor Still was a workingman ❧ He made his living with his hands. He could garden, farm, and care for animals. He loved the great out-of-doors, the trees, the flowers, the plants. He was what could be called an all-round developed man; a man of tremendous physical strength, lean, sinewy, strong, an athlete in every way.

Poverty, hardship, work out of doors, Nature had educated him. His hands were the hands of Esau ❧ Also, they were the hands of a mechanic, an artist and a lapidary.

He sought for the seat of pain with his hands. He could locate, quickly and accurately, degrees of temperature which the average man could not detect with his fingers.

Manipulation came to him as a habit. Right adjustment followed and quickly. The blood flowed properly, elimination took place ❧ Inflammation subsided. The patient became calm, then hopeful—and was well.

Crutches and canes were piled in the front

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yard of the good old doctor. Drugs became things to forget, and all the Latin Doctor Still ever knew was relegated to the rag-bag of Time.

Fifteen years passed, and in order to care for the patients that came to him he had to call on the help of others. Several young men acted as his assistants.

An addition was put on the old farmhouse, and Doctor Still daily instructed his boys, and he instructed the patients that came ❧ And thus naturally, without violence of direction, merely as a matter of course, the Science of Osteopathy was born.

What Is Osteopathy?

OSTEOPATHY simply means the science of adjustment of the human machine. It is based upon the idea that if there is a right adjustment of structure, other things being equal, the man will be well.

Man's business is to adjust himself to his environment, and then so to live and act that every tissue will be adjusted one to another. ¶ Under the conditions, theoretically, waste should equal repair and the man should live forever ❧ ❧

The Osteopath maintains that we should all live five times the length of time that it takes us to reach our maturity ❧ That is to say, we should all live to be a hundred years old; and we should be well, happy and useful all the time.

Senility and softening of the brain would never occur if the brain were intelligently used and properly fed.

The great central trunk-line of nerves that play through a man's body is centered in the spinal column. And here is where the trouble usually first occurs. These bonds that make up the vertebræ get slightly displaced, pressure occurs on nerves, this affects the arteries and veins, blood-supply is cut off from some particular point, and disease follows ❧ ❧

Osteopathy aims to do away with the necessity of surgical operations ❧ Carried out properly and taken in time, there is no doubt that it would, and does.

Giving Nature a Chance

I BELIEVE that Doctor Still was about the first physician to cease using the word "cure."

An Osteopath does not claim to cure disease. All he does is to give Nature a chance.

The healing principle is in Nature. We are a part of Nature.

Nature is on our side and she is doing her best all of the time to keep us well.

Pain is the result of a remedial endeavor on the part of Nature to bring about a change for the better. Also, pain is a beneficent warning ❧ ❧

The old-time method of silencing pain by sedatives and lotions was based on a wrong principle.

For instance, doctors used to give morphine to stop pain. The effect of morphine is to deaden sensibility, not only in the afflicted part of the body, but also throughout the entire system.

I have seen morphine given in cases of sciatica and lumbago, and there is no doubt that it stopped the pain.

It also stopped the action in the entire alimentary tract. And always and forever where morphine is given it has to be followed with another drug in order to prevent killing the patient through malnutrition.

So one drug always calls for another, and thus the patient not only has to fight the disease, but has also to fight the effect of the drugs and thereby is his resiliency or resisting power lowered. And when you reduce a patient's vitality, other complications enter and his chances of recovery are much diminished ❧ ❧

To retain all of one's vitality is the one desirable thing to do.

Osteopathy holds that health is the most natural thing in the world, and its every effort is to move in the line of Nature and take advantage of the laws of Nature.

Naturally, Osteopaths lose caste with the regular practitioners.

Every good thing in the world has to fight for its life. Every innovation is opposed ❧ The average man knows only the things that he has memorized. Initiative, originality and progress are painful propositions.

But inasmuch as the founder of Osteopathy was a graduate of a regular school of medicine, it was not possible for the jealous ones to deprive him of the privilege of practising in his own way.

But when some of his young men, who were not graduates of regular colleges, sought to treat disease by manipulations, bringing about a right adjustment of the tissues so as

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to let Nature play through the patient, they found themselves lawbreakers in the eyes of the State. ¶ That is to say, they were practising medicine without a license.

It was in vain that they pleaded that they gave no medicine and that they were endeavoring merely to bring about a right relationship between the man and his environment. Their argument was scoffed—they were trying to heal the sick. And the fact that their patients got well was construed as proof of guilt ❧ In certain cases prosecution and persecution followed. A few were imprisoned. Some were fined. ¶ But no good thing can be stamped out of existence unless you turn to and kill everybody who is upholding it.

Osteopathy increased in popularity, for the simple reason that it gave people relief without risk—also, without undue expense.

Those who were sick usually got well, and if any of the friends suffered they, too, were inclined to take up Osteopathy.

Colleges of Osteopathy

AND so today there are eight colleges in America teaching Osteopathy. There are about six thousand osteopathic practitioners located all over the United States, besides a good many who are scattered all over the civilized world.

The Osteopath is simply a good mechanic. He regards the human body as a machine. His business is to know the workings of this machine in every part.

The good Osteopath is a physician, and he is also a teacher. He takes the patient into his confidence, and his business is to show the patient how to get along without him ❧ Every good Osteopath utilizes every sensible means for the relief and cure of disease. The appeal to the mind is not without its very great advantage and benefit.

And many a man needs a mental massage and a good currycombing of his gray cortex. ¶ The Osteopath will tell you of the necessity of keeping active and being useful, of keeping out the grouch and the growl and the grab. Fear, doubt and hate react on the circulation. Neurology plays a big part in all disease, and every Osteopath knows it full well.

The Osteopath neither robs nor poisons. He does not keep his patient in doubt. He does not give him a prescription that he can not read or understand. He is a friend of the stricken man. His business is to view the case from every possible standpoint, and to arouse animation, give encouragement, inspire hope, and fire with a worthy zeal. He vitalizes the dormant energies and makes the faint heart strong. He puts the patient in a fighting mood and in degree makes him fight his own battle. The Osteopath will tell the average sick man to eat less and breathe more; hate less and love more; loaf less and work more. ¶ Of course, his first business is to find the maladjustment—the original cause of the trouble—then fix it.

In his work he does not destroy or endanger. It is all in the line of creation and building up.

Legal Status of Osteopathy

THE Osteopath now has become respectable. He has a legal standing in all States in the Union. And the drug habit is falling into disgrace with all and every school of medicine. The prophecies made by Doctor Still thirty years ago are coming true.

My criticism on Osteopathy would be principally that the name does not designate all that the science is.

It is not alone a science of the bones, although the first requisite in the osteopathic practitioner is a thorough knowledge of the bony structure. Beyond this he must be a skilled anatomist.

But over and against all of his knowledge he must be a good psychologist. The more he knows of human nature and the great tides of emotion that play through the human heart, the better fitted is he to treat his patients. He must be a humanitarian, full of sympathy and also full of the passion for truth and right.

The great simple facts of right living are emphasized strongly in all of the osteopathic colleges. Commonsense is a big thing after all, and he who is possessed of good, plain, old-fashioned, sturdy commonsense has the first requisite of being a good Osteopath, and no other individual has or can.

This is the basic philosophy of Doctor Andrew Taylor Still, inventor and discoverer of this new method of healing—which is the old ❧ In some ways, of course, Osteopathy can not be regarded as an exact science, because it is a gradually expanding and unfolding manifestation of the times. Man is only in process. He is not yet created. The amount of truth he can absorb is limited. Osteopathy does

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not pretend to know all about it. It merely states what it knows, and describes what it sees, and beyond this it admits that there is a large tract of truth, as yet unexplored ❧ The influence of Osteopathy in breaking up the ankylosis of entrenched orthodox medicine has been beneficent, far-reaching and profound ❧ Doctor Still created an epoch in the healing art, and his name will live in history linked with those of Hippocrates, Æsculapius, Austin Flint, Morton, Hahnemann and Lord Lister.

❧

If our friend stumbles we will help him to rise, and in helping him to rise we will rise ourselves.

❧

Charity



N a big city of the Middle West I recently saw numerous big cards in the shop-windows, printed thus:

Flower Day, for the Benefit of Aged, Infirm and Friendless Women!

Of course the intentions of the kind people who were distributing these signs were beautiful, but how about labeling any of God's children as "aged," "infirm" or "friendless"? These beneficiaries were not friendless, for it was their friends who had printed the signs calling them "Friendless."

Nobody is friendless in this world, except as they believe they are. And to brand any one as "infirm," "aged" or "friendless" is to be guilty of a woful lack of commonsense ❧ It is no calamity to grow old, but it is a misfortune to have to live with people who call you old. The heart really never grows old. ¶ In various cities one sees signs over the doors of buildings, thus: "Home for the Aged," "Asylum for Destitute Widows," "Home for the Friendless," and others with suggestions as to the present and past status of the occupants, all of which also gives you a line on the mental processes of the donors. ¶ There is something essentially wrong in charity. It is only a palliation at the last ❧ What the world some day must do is to make all charity superfluous.

Hospitals, jails, asylums and houses for the friendless are all indictments of our civilization. We not only build our jails and hospitals, but we also go on breeding and training candidates for admission.

Charity is a cheap and tawdry sentiment. It degrades both those who give and those who receive. ¶ Flowers for the friendless! Is it possible that there are friendless people in this beautiful world? I think not. Then let us cease calling people such.

❧

What nobler ambition than to give yourself in a way that will inspire others to think, to do, to become!

❧

Benefit of Clergy



N England and France during the Twelfth Century it was the custom to remit the punishment of death to every criminal who could read ❧ They called it Benefit of the Clergy—*beneficium clericorum aut clergicorum*.

When a prisoner demanded this benefit of the clergy, the Chaplain would hand the prisoner a book. "Does he read?" demanded the Judge of the Chaplain. "He reads like a Clergyman," was the answer—and the fellow's neck was saved. Just why favor was thus shown I do not know, but the inference seemed to be that a man who could read was a superior person and could ill be spared.

We, too, place honors at the feet of accomplished people. Men who can write books are great men, except in their own homes. And yet I 'm sure that the men who write fluently are often cheap wits. The men who write best do not necessarily think best. I 've seen men who could not read who yet had a good mental grip on many a sublime thought. I 've known men who could jabber in four languages, and yet had no thought to express in any. And as for memory it is becoming an extinct faculty, so prone are we to fill our pockets with notebooks. Whenever a fellow who is clever with the pen fails to pay his debts, or does this, that or the other that a man should not do, there goes up a pretty cry, "Oh, he 's a genius—he 's exempt!" Bless my soul! let 's do away with Benefits of the Clergy and mete out the same rules of justice to all—men and women alike ❧ ❧

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Spinsters at a Premium

By Alice Hubbard



CHICAGO is agitating an interesting subject; namely, that the place for all married women is in the home—let them stay there!

This bringing into the spotlight of an old topic that has before been kept in the wings, is a good thing. Nothing is so very bad when you can get a good look at it, discuss it, and see what will endure the whip and scorn of time, and what dies. ¶ It also gives pause to girls and women who are contemplating marriage ❧ It gives them time to soliloquize—to be or not to be married.

To marry, to have ease; to sleep; perchance to dream:

Ay, there 's the rub;

For in marriage what dreams may come!

To marry or not to marry! Chicago girls are considering it most carefully.

The Chicago Federation of Labor says that one economic head should be enough to support the ordinary American family—" that the C. F. of L. shall do all in its power to bring the standard of wages of adult male householders up to that standard that dependent females will not be forced to seek employment." ❧ ❧

Probably much that we say and do will not stand analysis. Possibly it should not. Life would be miserable if we used the microscope on everything.

However, a Resolution should be able to stand scrutiny ❧ ❧

We will assume that one economic head in a family is enough, as Unionism says.

Question: Which one?

The one best fitted by natural endowment? ¶ Girls are often heir to the ability of businessmen, while the boys in the same family may be parasites by prenatal tendency.

A very capable woman might possibly, in an indiscreet moment, have married such parasite ❧ ❧

He can earn fifteen dollars a week. She is able to earn a hundred. Should the woman be forced to submit to one-half of fifteen-dollars-a-week opportunity to do her life-work?

Married women are working for " pin-money " is one plea against their right to work outside of the home! " Pin-money " is held as " foolish money." If women have all the money they need—are amply supplied with work, money and freedom—why do they want to work for pin or other kind of money?

Also this point was made: that women should marry men who could " support them."

Does this not bring us very close to the time when woman was man's first chattel? He bought her. She was his to use as he would—then later, as he could. She was his slave, to come and go at his bidding and whose life and welfare were at his will.

The marriage-laws were made to give women protection ❧ ❧

Protection, carried beyond a point where protection is needed, is tyranny.

The marriage contract is still unilateral.

If a married woman may not be economically free, she is paternalized, protected as a minor. She is dependent for food, clothing and shelter upon her husband. She is chattel or pauper—a dependent. Reduced to the fundamental principle of the relation, she forever asks permission, is always a child.

Since the Twentieth Century began, there is scarcely a girl in America who before marriage was not economically more or less free. Fond parents who can, give an allowance. All others, allow the daughter to earn.

This feeling of independence-money gets into the blood. Telegony results.

Charity soup—no matter what its ingredients, nor how skilled the chef—is unpalatable and does not nourish. Better a dinner of herbs that I earn myself and I myself choose than a stalled ox and dependence therewith.

Give me liberty or give me oblivion!

Girls know today that work, activity of brain, will, heart, muscle, has developed the individual: that work—varied, hard, intricate work—is what has evolved the race.

No girl who is worth marrying wants ease or is seeking ease.

Girls want to live—to live in the biggest, truest, best sense.

Any man who says to a woman today, " Will you be mine? " is offering a prehistoric insult. Who is he that he should own another human being? ❧ ❧

When he kisses the delicate fingers and says they shall never work again, he is slightly

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intoxicated with the wine of egotism and adolescence. He is temporarily insane and is not held responsible by himself and can not be by another.

Besides, he does not want a doll around the home for long. Human dolls are wretchedly miserable little creatures, who cry and whine and need perpetual amusement. They are sick much of the time, too. Neither do dolls want to be dolls but for a little while. The pity is, that being developed into dolls, they have formed doll habits. And even children know that dolls have no brains and are dwarfs.

¶ Men want for companions independent, thinking, capable women. They select that class to help them in their business. They estimate such women as of more worth than they do "obedient," passive, pretty women who have never been awake, who have never lived, who are cheated of their birthright—the opportunity to be individuals.

Union labor has had the support of women always. They are an integral part of all it does. Women suffer when the Federation orders a strike and the wages are gone. They have starved for what was to them a principle. And they have seen their children suffer.

Why should the Federation try to injure women by depriving them of opportunity to evolve?

Unionism does not mean to do this. Men have not yet got out of their minds the tradition that work is a curse, a burden; that people still look forward to a time when ease and luxury will be theirs without effort on their part. They still have the delusion that labor is a misery; but that the money they get for their labor is the end to be attained, and is the benefit. Money represents work—is a concentrated form of labor by which you trade your exercise of brain or muscle for any commodity whatsoever.

Rest is very acceptable and delightful when you have earned it. But eternal rest is acute misery followed by mischief.

Money will buy food, clothing, shelter and some pleasure, provided you have a brain wise enough to make money bring you this return.

¶ But money, unearned by the spender, buys what? You do not know. Because the spender does not know that the money represents effort—life-energy. The spender does not know values and relative values.

Does the Chicago Federation of Labor estimate that women want ease, luxury and amusement, or that women want to live?

These are honest women, women of worth, who want to be a part of this great activity which we call life. They do not want less activity, but more. What their hands and brains find to do, they want to be free to do with their might. They want to be free American citizens.

Business and Marriage

¶ THE Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago says that it employs about one hundred "single" girls as stenographers, typists, and for using the adding-machines

Its excuse for employing these girls instead of boys is that the boys expect promotion and girls do not. Therefore, the girls are "content to do the work and are dependable."

It is simply a "commercial problem that must be met in that way." This bank has made this rule that if a girl marries, she loses her job.

First—"Because business and matrimony don't go together."

Second—"Because a bank is a business institution, and not a school for matrimony."

Third—"Because love-affairs in banks should be thoroughly and timely discouraged."

Fourth—"Because married women should be at home and not at a typewriter or adding-machine."

Fifth—"Because married women should not arrogate the rights of single women who have to earn their own living."

The first "Because" suggests that men, and not women who marry, are released from matrimony when they go to work.

The second reaffirms it.

Three makes it as sure as Falstaff's oath.

The fourth gives the bank's opinion of all married women's niche in life.

The fifth shows the superior rights and freedom of single women over married.

Why should Chicago legislate against marriage?

What has marriage done to the Continental and Commercial National Bank that it wants to keep women from marrying?

Why should the Chicago Federation of Labor place so high a premium on the spinster?

The Continental and Commercial National Bank has a Woman's Department. It accepts money which women, married or unmarried, ask to deposit there.

Would the Receiving-Clerk say to a woman

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patron who appeared at the window with money, "Married?" and if the female trembled, turned pale and answered, "Yes," would he say, "Depart—we accept no married money unless it be male"?

Or, is the ban on female marriage because these women cease to deposit money after marriage, having assumed responsibilities that consume their wages?

The bank "does not want to be a school for matrimony," and yet employs unmarried women, and men, married and unmarried. Women, when they marry, usually marry men. But according to this good and safe bank, women are immune from all love-affairs until after marriage—all right to work in a bank until they *are* married.

This would lead a person to think that this bank believes that marriage is neither damaging nor detrimental to men, but that it unfits women for much useful labor and debars them from working with men.

And this bank evidently accepts the proposition that explanations do not explain, at least it throws no light on "how" or "why."

Do men want wives? They are making it cost women too dear to become wives.

Men may not be breaking up homes, but such legislation as was reported in the Chicago papers recently precludes home-making.

Women choose freedom before love: it is Nature's desire. Freedom is first. Love that is worth while can not displace freedom.

Women are just as human as men. They are human beings always. That these human beings are women does not differentiate them as some men suppose.

Are we a race progressing as crabs?

The person who is dearest to us, upon whom we depend for happiness, is the one to whom we are most unlovely and unlovable. We give to this one the remnant of our courtesy, kindness and consideration.

We do not mean to do this—we just do it without thought.

"For each man kills the thing he loves," because he does not think.

The Chicago Federation of Labor wants to evolve—to be kind to women—to help the race. But like a crab, it progresses backward. It does the thing that will not bring the result it wants. ¶ It wants greater, better women, but takes away their means for becoming greater and better.

The Continental and Commercial National Bank does not want all women to be spinsters. It does not want to punish women for marrying, to put so great a price upon wifehood that alert, evolving, self-respecting women can not marry ❧ ❧

It thinks of women as subsidiaries—not really necessary to the world, but convenient to use for minor work—and affirms that they are dependable ❧ ❧

And yet, these people would not live in a world where women were not, even where married women were excluded. Several of these men have wives whom they respect and love. But they are businessmen of the Twentieth Century, and husbands of the Sixteenth.

Justice

IN the early part of the Seventeenth Century, in France, there was one Armand Richelieu ❧ ❧

They say he made and unmade kings. Certainly no man of his time was greater than he. Although Louis the Thirteenth was on the throne, every one knew that it was Armand Richelieu who held the scepter.

Finally, the king thought he could do without his prime minister, and banished him.

Word was brought to Louis that Richelieu was dead, and the king, like a schoolboy, tried to do as he pleased.

But Richelieu was not dead.

He came back into court one day, and although physically somewhat feeble, made his way among the courtiers to the king, saying to those who tried to hinder him, "Room, My Lords, room!"

The king wanted to postpone reinstating Richelieu. He answered Richelieu's demands by saying: "This is no time! This, no season!" ¶ Richelieu replied, "For justice all places temple, all seasons, summer."

And the Prime Minister was heard.

Richelieu was not dead.

❧

IF the individual should set out for a single day to give happiness, to make life happier, brighter and sweeter, not for himself but for others, he would find a wondrous revelation of what happiness really is. The greatest of the world's heroes could not by any series of acts of heroism do as much real good as any individual living his whole life in seeking from day to day to make others happy.—*William George Jordan.*

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A Literary Discovery

By Frank Putnam



ONE of the compensations for not knowing everything—like, say, the college graduate—is the occasional joy of discovering something.

For example, I have just discovered Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Sonnets From the Portuguese.*

Being well aware that I should have had no joy of the discovery in youth, I am well pleased that the revelation was reserved to the present time.

In the course of buying remembrancers for Christmas I came upon a tiny volume containing the sonnets.

Of course, being a constant reader during many years, the title was not unknown to me. I was aware the composition was generally regarded as a masterpiece of its kind, and knew it was a suitable gift for one who could appreciate it, but I had never found opportunity to read its lines.

Bringing the little book, with others, up to the old desk that fronts the unwashed windows overlooking Texas Avenue, leaning back in the big chair to rest my legs on the pile of papers that covered one corner of the desk, and lighting a fresh roll of tobacco, I set myself the task of glancing through the books to aid me in determining whom each would most please on Christmas morning.

Midway of the heap was the volume of sonnets.

¶ I discovered—you who know what I discovered can stop here and turn over to the market page, if you like, because the remainder of these notes will give you nothing new—I discovered that the author was a middle-aged young woman, an invalid, who loved a man, also a poet, and who desired him, and did n't intend, from the first deal out of the box, to let him get away from her, but who really felt some compunctions, on his behalf, and was a good bit troubled about whether or not she ought to let him take the risk.

In the first place, she was, as I said, middle-aged—past the first blush of beauty and romance. She was, moreover, crippled in some way, so that she was confined to her house, and often to her bed. She was not beautiful, not even pretty; even comeliness was denied to her, because of her lameness and the consequent sedentary life she led. In the second place, the man she loved had all the gifts she lacked. He was a big man, it seems, physically and mentally, robust, commanding, successful, adored by handsome women and courted by the rich and powerful. It looked to the little lame woman as though he ought to pick a mate more like himself, and yet—

As you read the lines of her sonnets you realize that she never for a minute meant to let another woman win him.

Since she could n't give him a rosy face and rounded limbs, nor money, nor power, nor added fame, nor anything (as far as she could figure it out), except, chiefly, a new burden and a new care, she seems to have made up her mind that she would give him something no other woman could give him, something that would bind him to her. And so she composed the sonnets, in which she alternately dwelt upon her own want of grace and upon his high mightiness, his wonderful and amazing goodness in stooping to pluck the little malformed flower to place it upon his decorated breast, etc., etc.

In short, the lady played upon that man's vanity a tune as pretty as any that ever was played anywhere. Incidentally, she demonstrated that if he was a poet, there were others, and that she was one of them. She made him know that she could give him sympathetic understanding, the tribute of pleased silence, than which nothing, I am told, is more agreeable to the professional artist.

The Winning of a Man

DON'T think for a minute that she was easily won—I mean, don't think she let the man believe she was easily won. Not at all. She put him through the usual course of tricks, not so much to prove his present love and the lasting quality of his devotion, as to cinch him with said protestations should he later experience a change of heart. Being a woman, and a mighty smart woman, too, she well knew that it was for her to direct and for the man to perform. And, being such an uncommonly smart woman, she knew that the easiest way to govern the man was by indirection. She would never issue any commands. She was far too smart for that. But she would lead him with invisible hands the way she wanted him to go. It appears he made

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the larger stir in the world—was the more imposing figure of the two—but you can't read the lady's sonnets without feeling that she was the wiser of the pair. Not in his own specialty—though I am told she ranks close up to him in that—but in all-around ability to cope with life.

She loved him—loved not his ability or his fame, but the man himself. And she was above professional jealousy, too. Nor can I discern any trace of sex jealousy. No, I don't mean one woman's inclination to hedge her man away from the advances of other women that might attract him. Not that primitive instinct that has served the world's romancers so well since the dawn of recorded human experience. I mean that later, stranger rivalry between the sexes for dominance. Miss Barrett was no part of a new woman. She did n't wish to rival her lover in his own field—not before the world's eyes, at least; she wanted only to please him by exhibiting, to him alone, her own rare skill as a composer of poetic lines.

And yet—

I think she foresaw the day when her sonnets would become public property, because she hid their intimately personal significance under the title, *Sonnets From the Portuguese*.

She had not yet mated with her poet. So she played safe. If perchance one of the handsome women of society should catch his eye and divert his attention before the wedding-day, she had revealed nothing as to her personal feelings that the world could lay its finger upon; if he came through uncaught, the sonnets would become a lasting record of her triumph ❧ ❧

They tell me the two poets married and lived happily ever afterward.

Which means, I take it, that the lady was able to preserve her lord's illusions.

Personally, I have always preferred Shakespeare's sonnets to any others ❧ There is a vigorous masculine abandon in them, a bigness and universality of view, a lack of professional formality and of posed pomposity, a naturalness and directness of aim, that sets them apart from other compositions of the same kind. But I am right well pleased to have made this new discovery of the *Sonnets From the Portuguese* ❧ ❧

It is quite a radical change from drainage, pavements, politics, prisons, etc., to be sure, but change is good for us all, once in a while.

A Little Journey to The Roycrofters

By W. J. Funk

The great field for new discoveries is always the unclassified residuum. Round about the accredited and orderly facts of every science, there ever floats a sort of dust-cloud of exceptional observations, which it always proves more easy to ignore than to attend to ❧ Any one will renovate his science who will steadily look after the irregular phenomena. And when the science is renewed, its new formulas often have more of the voice of the exceptions in them than of what were supposed to be the rules.
—*Professor William James.*



IT 'S a pleasant country that you see from the car-windows as you approach East Aurora. Modest, low-lying hills, small farms, not over-prosperous, and a creek or two perhaps. You find the town itself like a hundred other Up-State towns, save in one feature alone—The Roycrofters. It is on their account that the world is fast making a pathway to the town of the Rising Sun. ¶ What a strange world we stepped into as we crossed the Roycroft threshold: a place breathing with art and music and books—and toil; a place where work is play, where the blacksmith can interpret Mozart, and paints a little, and the teacher—*mirabile dictu*—comes to his lecture-room from the plow.

You see, they are trying a little sociological experiment at East Aurora. They believe that a man who develops his brain exclusively, tends towards the eccentric, the unbalanced; while, if a man works with his hands alone, his mind becomes dull and sodden, and he soon finds himself brother to the man with the hoe. They reason that the development of the head and the hand should proceed together; that esthetics ennobles a man's labor; and that work with the hands tests his fine esthetical theories for blowholes. It sounds well. They are working out this interesting problem in their own quiet way, and they may succeed in proving their point to the world.

After a dinner in the pleasant, sunny dining-room of the Phalansterie—The Roycroft Inn—we were introduced to the head printer, who offered to "show us around." The Inn itself is a long, low structure, very beautiful within and filled with quaint surprises. The bedrooms are not numbered, but are named: we find Rosa Bonheur, Michelangelo, Ruskin, Emerson, etc. carved on the oaken doors, with appropriate pictures inside. Everywhere we pay homage

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to the simplicity and elegance of oak. The whole effect reveals an artist's directing hand. Elbert Hubbard says this artist is his wife, Alice Hubbard.

The Shops

WE left the Phalansterie. It was a fine day outside, bright with July sunshine, and down the street the gray stone walls of the Roycroft "Chapel" could be seen through the green of the trees. Our guide headed us for the printing-shop. The grounds, with their trees and flowers and hedges, were surely laid out with an eye to the beautiful. To the right of the path is an old-fashioned well-sweep. There are four stone buildings made for eternity, like the Parthenon, and very pleasing to the eye. We entered the printing establishment. The foreman showed us the diminutive hand-press on which the first *Philistine* was printed in a barn, many years ago. Beautiful examples of the bookbinder's art were on every side. The foreman took some books from a nearby case. "How do you like these?" he queried, but we knew the answer he expected. It was a pleasure merely to handle them. For they make real books here: not such as are turned out in job-lots of a thousand, by steam—but books like those the old masters used to make in Venice, three centuries ago, when bookmaking was a fine art: hand-tooled, hand-illuminated, with wide margins and rough edges and print that is a benediction to the eye.

From here we went to the cabinet-shop—it is a shop, not a factory understand, for machinery is tabued. They make their furniture solid and substantial out of oak, for the motto that hangs in the Roycroft shops is, "Build Strong." The furniture is of the William Morris type, never painted, but of polished hardwood, so that you can read the life-story of each piece of wood in the grain.

"Are you troubled with strikes?" we asked "No," he replied. "We have no unions. You see, we are all one big family, and each of us has a share in the business. We enjoy our work and are getting an education at the same time. Why should we strike?"

The Man Behind

WHEN an institution, like this one, comes into existence and grows and prospers, the question is directly put, "Who is the man?" In this case, the answer is sublimely simple. The man's features lend themselves kindly to the photographer and the artist, and his modest face beams down on you from wall and mantel. His writings may be, in some part, exquisite fooling, but his Roycroft shops are not

Now, his genius in managing this plant consists in just this: With a few exceptions he has not gone outside the community for his talent. The beautiful creations that come from his shops—specimens of which are in the Paris Salon and the British Museum—are made by simple country folks, whom he has trained to the work with infinite care and patience. ¶ "I make my generals out of mud," Napoleon said. This was not flattering to the generals, but it was true to the facts. Elbert Hubbard could justly make the same statement concerning his artists. They are developed from the crudest material.

Several hundred "boys and girls," from seventeen to seventy, are here, learning the truths which art and labor have to teach. Elbert Hubbard has brought these two, labor and art, into such harmony, has made the gradations from one to the other so fine, that nowhere in the Roycroft shops can you distinguish or discriminate between the two.

A Great Work

IT is easy to underestimate the importance of a community like this one of The Roycrofters, and to dismiss the whole affair with an indulgent smile and a worldly wave of the hand. But let 's consider a few facts and figures. America still has many of the characteristics of her pioneer stage. We are a great, nervous, swarming, unsettled people, with little time or inclination for anything much higher than business. The mottoes hanging on our office walls are: "My busy day"; "Rush"; "Cut it short." It is a day of seething city life, of mushroom office-buildings and pasteboard tenements, of slipshod work and shoddy products. And meanwhile, 'way off there in a quiet country town called East Aurora, is a community living a life the very antithesis of the above.

"We do our work as well as we can," they say. "Live one day at a time and try to be kind." ¶ By opening a way through their shops to education and pleasant employment, they are keeping the boys and girls around East Aurora out of that wild, mad tide which is sweeping from the country to the city and is leaving

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thousands of our farms deserted throughout America. ¶ These people have rebelled against an age of specialists and specializations, and are endeavoring to produce all-around, fully developed men.

The substantial, artistic furniture of The Roycrofters, "made as well as they know how," is entering thousands of American homes and is preaching its sermon against our paint-and-glue creations. Their tastefully bound books are stealing into countless libraries, like little silent messengers of art-books that are "like a sweet dream of Paradise," said Daniels of the New York Central, "beautiful as fair women, or the cars on the Lake Shore Limited!"

They publish three magazines, *The Philistine*, *Little Journeys* and *THE FRA*, with a combined circulation of two hundred thousand—another arm of influence which this people reaches out.

They are visited each year by thirty thousand pilgrims, and many enthusiastic articles testify that these visitors do not go away unimpressed

Besides the above industries, The Roycrofters make wrought-iron work, pottery, rugs and stained-glass windows. They own and operate a bank, a hotel, a blacksmith-shop, a farm and a dairy. They are irritatingly independent, raising everything they consume.

After seventeen years of existence their property is valued at half a million dollars.

From this it would seem that The Roycrofters are worthy of more than a passing smile, and some people are giving them serious consideration

"Yes, I have been to the Sun Rising," writes Maude Adams; "I have seen Ali Baba, Saint Gerome and Fra Elbertus at work. I have seen the place where country boys and girls are given an education in art, music and literature—each according to his power to absorb—and it all seems to me the nearest approach to Utopia that has yet been realized."

When Work Is Done

THE remained during the evening to a musical. The Roycrofters make much of this branch of art. The Music-Room was extremely beautiful, with its fine, plain furnishings of hardwood, its great wide windows and its charming alcoves. It was filled with helpers. In the gathering twilight the room resembled one of Rembrandt's studies in light and shade. The high walls were bordered round the top with mural paintings, an idealized scene of London and the Thames—the poetry of fog; a glimpse of Paris; Egypt with its Sphinx and Pyramids under the last rays of a desert sun; an American view; a long panel of Venice, and many others—their exquisite coloring all aglow from concealed lights. Three large lamps, softened with colored shades, partially dispelled the darkness; one shining on a girl clad in white, seated at the piano. The selection was one of Heine's songs, I believe. The girl had waited on the table that evening. As one looked and listened, he found himself strangely, foolishly, half-wishing that he were some outcast of humanity, some ex-convict perhaps, with the prison-pallor on his face, who had drifted in here and so could lay claim to the sympathy of these people, and could enter their life and work, in this little halfway house on the road to Utopia. ¶ Elbert Hubbard says that it is not Utopia, but only a finger-board pointing that way. And many think this is so.

To be famous is to be slandered by people who do not know you.

We Resolve

By Roger W. Babson



WE resolve: To live during the next few months more as we were built to live;

To keep out of doors more, do more real manual labor, and see more of the children, the birds and the flowers;

To keep the areas of our composite plots down to the X-Y line of normal growth, and not become overextended;

To let Goulds and Hawleys make the money while we make that which we now have, a joy to ourselves and to others;

To be true men, who require lots of fresh air, sound sleep, hard exercise and proper eating;

¶ To realize that religion—after all—stands for a very simple thing—namely, conformity with the laws of God—and with this in mind we will strive to become truly religious men.

The millennium will come, only through the scientific acceptance of piety.

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The Failure of Vaccination

By J. W. Hodge, M. D.



JAPAN is one of the most completely vaccinated and re-vaccinated nations in the world. In the year 1872, a law was passed making vaccination in that country compulsory.

Notwithstanding the rigid enforcement of that law, Japan subsequently suffered many thousands of deaths annually from smallpox following "successful" vaccination ❧❧

Pro-vaccinists, far from being dismayed at this death-roll, insisted that it might have been avoided if every individual, instead of having been but once vaccinated, had been re-vaccinated ❧❧

The legislative Chamber, therefore, in the year 1885 passed another and a more stringent law whereby re-vaccination, repeated every five to seven years, was made compulsory. In pursuance of this law, 25,474,370 vaccinations, re-vaccinations and re-re-vaccinations were officially recorded as having been performed in Japan between the years 1886 and 1892, which means that about two-thirds of the entire Japanese population, already well vaccinated under the provisions of the law of 1872, were re-vaccinated within the period above stated. It does not seem possible that the most ardent pro-vaccinist could desire more than this. What was the result of this enormous amount of re-vaccination? The official government records show that during the seven years which intervened between the years 1886 and 1893 Japan suffered 38,979 deaths from post-vaccinal smallpox, while 156,175 cases of vaccinated smallpox were officially notified.

This was a case-fatality of nearly twenty-five per cent, which greatly exceeds the smallpox death-rate of the pre-vaccination epoch when nobody was vaccinated. By the provisions of the compulsory law, every infant born in the Empire of Japan must be vaccinated within the first year after its birth. In case the result of this primary vaccination proves to be unsatisfactory, the vaccine operation must be followed by three additional vaccinations within the year.

"Successful" Vaccination

EVEN if the result of the primary vaccination proves "successful" and entirely satisfactory, vaccination must be repeated after a period of from five to seven years thereafter.

In the event of an outbreak of smallpox the Japanese authorities rigidly enforce general re-vaccination, irrespective of previous vaccinations and re-vaccinations. In spite of these stringent requirements in respect to re-vaccination and re-re-vaccination of the entire Japanese population, what has been the result? Let the official government statistics bear testimony: During the sextennial period (1892-1897) Japan had 142,032 cases of post-vaccinal smallpox notified, 39,535 of which cases proved fatal. In a single year (1893) 41,898 cases of smallpox were officially notified, 1,852 of which cases proved fatal.

By another act of Parliament passed in 1896, and at once signed by the Mikado, re-vaccination repeated at the end of every five-year period was made compulsory upon every Japanese subject, whatever his or her station in life. This act, like its predecessors, was rigidly enforced under a severe penalty.

What was the result? Nearly 42,000 cases of smallpox in the Empire were notified during the very next succeeding year.

In the single year 1897, the Japanese nation had 41,946 cases of smallpox officially notified, of which 12,276 terminated fatally. This was a case-fatality of about thirty-two per cent, or nearly double the fatality-rate for smallpox in the pre-Jennerian era when nobody was vaccinated, and at a time when people lived in filth and in ignorance of the laws of health.

¶ Does this showing indicate that vaccination or re-vaccination had any effect either in preventing or in mitigating smallpox? According to recent official government reports received by the writer direct from Tokio, Japan has had 171,611 cases of smallpox and 47,919 deaths from that disease during the last two decades (1889 to 1908). During the year 1908 Japan again suffered severely from smallpox, having experienced the worst epidemic of recent times. From S. Kubota, Director of the Sanitary Bureau of the Empire of Japan, I received by personal letter the official statement that "the number of cases of smallpox officially notified in Japan for the year 1908 was 18,067, while the number of

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officially recorded deaths from the same disease during the same year was 5,837. This was a case-fatality of more than 32 per cent. It would be interesting to ascertain to what extent the variolous disease was mitigated by vaccination in these 5,837 fatal cases of post-vaccinal smallpox. Perhaps some obliging apologist for vaccination who is versed in the mysteries of Jennerism will be kind enough to tell us.

Mitigative Virtues of Vaccination

THIS is the true state of affairs in a country in which compulsory vaccination and re-vaccination, repeated every five years, has been rigidly imposed upon the entire Japanese population since the year 1885, and in which smallpox is alleged by the Jenner-bigots to be non-existent. In the presence of such convincing proof of the utter uselessness and worse than uselessness of vaccination as a preventive of smallpox, where is the sane person who can retain belief in the alleged efficacy of vaccination as an anti-variolous measure?

Is it possible that such a convincing demonstration of the uselessness of vaccination can fail to change established beliefs in Jenner's filthy nostrum? Be it remembered that Japan is the nation constantly pointed to by the upholders of vaccination as the one country in which compulsory re-vaccination is rigidly enforced and in which, as a result thereof, smallpox is alleged to be practically non-existent

The trifling matter of 18,067 cases of smallpox having just recently occurred within a period of one year in a completely vaccinated and re-vaccinated population, nearly 6,000 of which cases resulted fatally in spite of the "mitigative" virtues of vaccination and re-vaccination frequently repeated, does not seem to have dampened the ardor of the enthusiastic promoters of Jenner's quack-nostrum. All sorts of lame excuses and ingenious devices have been invented by the advocates of vaccination in their studied efforts to explain away, evade or conceal the multitudinous failures of the vaccine nostrum to save its subjects from fatal smallpox; but the inevitable fact remains that "efficient" vaccination supplemented by "recent" re-vaccination and re-re-vaccination compulsorily inflicted upon the entire Japanese population every five years has signally failed, not only to protect from variolous attack, but has also been unavailing in all these thousands upon thousands of cases of post-vaccinal smallpox to avert a fatal result.

Wonderful, indeed, are the mysteries of vaccinal immunity!

Are the Japanese statistics evidence that vaccination or re-vaccination prevents smallpox in the duly vaccinated? On the contrary, are they not stern witnesses bearing emphatic and unimpeachable testimony against the unreasonable claim that vaccine inoculation either protects from smallpox or mitigates its severity in the duly vaccinated?

Pro-Vaccination Fanaticism

THE stubborn fanaticism of the pro-vaccinists in frantically persisting in their professions of faith in the asserted efficacy of "protective" vaccination in spite of overwhelming proofs of its utter inefficacy reminds the writer of a monomaniac who, though apparently sane on other subjects, harbored the delusion that he was dead.

His physician believing that he could surely reason him out of so manifest a delusion, said to him: "Dead men do not bleed if wounded, do they?" "No," said the monomaniac; "I presume not." "Well, just let me prick you a little," said the physician, "and see if you will bleed." The patient consented and when confronted with the bleeding said, "Well, that only proves that dead men do bleed." If the arguments of the pro-vaccinists prove anything in favor of vaccination, then the monomaniac was right.

¶ In Japan there is no opposition to the compulsory vaccination-law which is rigidly enforced upon all alike. There are no anti-vaccinists in the Empire of Japan to "poison the minds of the people" against the alleged beneficence of Doctor Jenner's infallible quack-nostrum which admittedly poisons the blood and diseases the body of its victims. In corroboration of my statement that there are no opponents of vaccination in Japan, I here quote a statement authoritatively reported as having been recently made at a banquet in London, England, by a distinguished representative of Japan. In 1906, at the Jubilee dinner of the Incorporated Society of Medical Officers of Health of England, Baron Takaki of Japan said: "There are no anti-vaccinationists in Japan. Every child is vaccinated before it is six months old; re-vac-

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cinated when it enters school at six years; again re-vaccinated at fourteen years of age when going to the middle school. The men are re-vaccinated before entering the army, while a further re-vaccination is enforced whenever an outbreak of smallpox occurs." In a late edition of a standard old-school textbook entitled, *A Manual of Practical Hygiene for Students, Physicians and Medical Officers*, by Professor Charles Harrington, M. D., of Harvard University, I find the following statement on page 726: "In progressive Japan, where the government has decided to compel vaccination after the age of ten months, and re-vaccination at the ages of six and twelve years, the anti-vaccinationist is unknown."

¶ If there be any efficacy whatever in the Jennerian scheme of salvation from smallpox through the merits of inoculated "cowpox," it is incomprehensible to an ordinary mind why the sturdy little Japs should be so grievously afflicted, as they are, by the very disease which their thorough vaccination and re-vaccination are supposed to prevent.

Perhaps some expert apologist for vaccination who is versed in the mysteries of Jennerism will arise and explain.

Vaccination in Japan

IN view of the foregoing official figures from the Government records of Japan, the following item from an article entitled *Vaccination in Japan* which appeared in the July 25 (1908) number of *Health*, an English journal which is a devotee of the Jennerian rite, has a special interest: "While in England and America the utility of vaccination is still doubted and the right of public enforcement of it disputed by numerous fanatics, we find that in little Japan, the youngest of civilized nations, not only is vaccination compulsory, but also re-vaccination at stated periods is rigidly enforced.

"By an act of Parliament passed in 1896, and at once signed by the Mikado, re-vaccination at periods of five years was made compulsory upon every Japanese subject, whatever his or her station in life. Vaccination is done with lymph from calves only, which is procured from vaccine establishments owned and controlled by the Japanese government, and which is distributed gratis. Any attempt to evade re-vaccination at the stated periods is made a serious offense, and is treated as a grave dereliction against public health. The result is that smallpox, once the curse of the islands constituting the realm of Japan, is now all but unknown. Similar results are reported from every country in which vaccination is made compulsory and rigidly enforced."

The last two sentences of the above quotation from a health-publication committed to vaccination show to what extravagant lengths the partisans of the Jennerian delusion will prevaricate in their desperate efforts to keep the public in blissful ignorance concerning the real history of the effects of vaccination.

During the very year (1908) in which the above-quoted mendacious statements were printed in *Health*, smallpox attacked more than 18,000 vaccinally "immunized" Japanese subjects and destroyed the lives of nearly 6,000 of the duly "protected" in a single year. In the face of such a recent smallpox disaster in re-vaccinated Japan, *Health* displayed its ignorance or its mendacity by declaring that in Japan "smallpox is all but unknown."

Vaccination as a Preventive

THE absurd contention that vaccination prevents smallpox is an assumption; that it has been the obvious cause of much unnecessary disease, and needless and undeserved suffering, as well as of thousands upon thousands of unnecessary and premature deaths, is a fact.

Even if it could be proven that vaccine inoculation is a real defense against smallpox infection, the position of the vaccinators would be still unreasonable and unjustifiable, because vaccination admittedly imparts disease, impairs health, jeopardizes life, and in innumerable instances has caused death. When we consider that "efficient" vaccination is blood-pollution of the healthful body with the infective disease-products of decaying animal matter which were originally derived from the diseased human body and transplanted upon the body of a beast, and back again from the diseased beast to healthy human beings, and when we bear in mind that the avowed intention of the vaccinator is the purposeful implantation of undefined and indefinable morbiferous matter from the diseased body of a sick beast to the sound and wholesome body of a healthy human being; in other words, that it is a deliberate and premeditated attempt to impart undefined disease to a healthy subject, we are not so much astonished at the disastrous

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effects of this virulent disease-imparting practise. There are, in my judgment, valid reasons for believing that the injurious effects of vaccination when inflicted indiscriminately upon the entire healthy population are vastly more dangerous and destructive to public health and life than are epidemics of smallpox, for the sufficient reason that variolous epidemics which occurred before vaccination was practised were only occasional in occurrence, partial in extent, and at times extremely mild in character; whereas vaccination, especially since the fanatical clamor of its self-seeking promoters for re-vaccination more and more frequently imposed upon the healthy population, has become universal and perpetual.

Vaccination's Toll

EVEN if vaccination were capable of protecting its subjects from smallpox infection, the vaccinators, by exchanging a limited smallpox practise for the perpetual privilege of performing an endless series of disease-imparting re-vaccinations upon the entire healthy population, would only be relinquishing a very small portion of their proper and legitimate field—the field of disease—for the boundless field which would be opened to them should we acknowledge their right to make perpetual patients of the entire community by inoculating into the blood of all healthy people, at frequently repeated intervals, the contagion of disease. In addition to the ordinary illness, intentionally caused by vaccination, there is to be considered the extraordinary unintentional and unavoidable sickness, suffering and death which inevitably result from this disease-transmitting practise. Along with the infective animal poison, falsely called "calf-lymph," the contagia of a number of virulent and fatal diseases have admittedly been transmitted to the confiding victims of this barbaric rite. The opponents of vaccination have for years been calling attention to the dangers of the vaccine practise, but their outcry has been unheeded or ridiculed by the self-serving practitioners of the unclean rite.

Although for a long time strenuously denied by the vaccinists, it is now fully admitted by them that under the system of arm-to-arm vaccination generally practised for nearly a hundred years, with the full sanction and ardent support of orthodox old-school medical authority, syphilis, leprosy and other horrible and loathsome maladies were communicated to healthy human beings in numberless instances

Professor Charles Creighton, M. D., A. M., in his classical article on vaccination in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, has presented a list of about twenty epidemics of syphilitic infection which followed closely on vaccination in different countries. The fact that syphilization has been one of the not infrequent results of vaccination is no longer seriously denied.

The church will continue to exist because society needs it for a rallying-post, and its morals, ethics and ideals will change as its members change.

Your Enemies

By Herbert Kaufman



YOU can't make a real success without making real enemies. ¶ You can't hold a strong position without strong opposition

You won't seem right to any if you don't seem wrong to many

Viewpoints are n't uniform. ¶ Standards of morals and ethics—means of livelihood—sources of happiness and prosperity—vary with individual habits of mind and life.

Men are n't ants. Humans are n't born with standardized impulses and predestined ways of working.

There are a thousand grades and types of proficiency and intellect—untold variations of intelligence. There is n't a living soul with whom you entirely agree on every subject. ¶ All minds, like all thumbprints, are original and unique.

Even if you tried, it 's impossible for you to accept every issue and regard every situation in the same light of reason as a fellow-creature. ¶ So how can you hope, even under the most favorable of auspices, to have everybody like you or like you?

You must think for yourself—you must respond to your own intuitions—you must reason your own way ahead.

Your career can be guided by only your personal observations and convictions.

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The greater your force of character, the more you 'll force others to demonstrate their differing characteristics.

If you 're upright and just and sane and clean and capable, it is n't a matter with your own volition to gain indorsement of warped and erratic and mean and criminal and brutal men.

¶ You must take sides in society; and even among your chosen associates, you must stand prepared for constant disagreement.

You must stub your advancing feet against jealousy and bigotry and rascality. And the more decidedly you progress, the more vehemently you 'll conflict with those who dislike you

You can't attain without pain—you can't secure your rights without hundreds of others believing that you have interfered with their rights

A useful life can't be entirely peaceful and care-free

You must do your duty as you see it.

Every earnest man in every generation has paid the price of individuality.

You can't dodge.

The greater you are, the greater the penalty of your progress. The further you go, the wider you range, the more you increase the points of contact with which you must reckon, and, therefore, you multiply your battles against misconception and slander and envy and malice

You can't avoid or evade your allotted destiny—you can only hold down your share of trouble by holding back.

In every sphere men gibe and sneer—even the peace of the ditch-digger is threatened by the unemployed laborer who covets his job.

So long as you aspire, others will conspire—so long as you try, others will vie.

You 'll have hostility to face in every place and at every pace.

Go straight on to your goal.

So long as your conscience is n't ashamed to acknowledge you as a friend, don't you give a rap for your enemies.

In philosophy there is an apostolic succession. We build on the past, and all the centuries of turmoil and travail which have gone before have made this moment possible. Never has there been any such thing as "the fall of man"; for the march of the race has been one continual climb—ever onward and upward.

Tapping on the Window

By A. E. Stilwell



GOVERNOR EBERHARDT of Minnesota told the other day what to me is a very interesting story. He said that out in Minnesota, where the Winters are the real thing and the blizzards genuine, a mother living on a farm would dress up her little girl warmly and allow her to go and play in the snow She would watch her, and if she thought she was wandering too far from the house she would tap on the window to call her back near the house One afternoon, while busy, she failed to look out for a while, and when she did she could not see her daughter, and there was a fierce blizzard blowing and snow falling fast. Her husband just coming in, they and the hired man started to search for the little girl, who was found long after dark. As the mother grabbed her in her arms and commenced to cry, the little girl said, "Mamma, it 's your fault; why did you not tap on the window, and then I never would have got lost."

The trouble with us as a nation is we allow things to wander. We ought to tap on the window more often; then we would not suffer such pain and loss of business, while the Supreme Court is out looking for the Standard Oil and Tobacco children that have wandered way off in the blizzard of prejudice and the snow of injustice.

In these companies was some of the best business ability in the United States.

If we had long ago had some court where such companies could have gone, laid their plans before it before they put them into execution, and got the court's O. K., the chances are that often the court would have tapped on the window and they never would have strayed. The Supreme Court had to review their acts after they were done, and unwind them. This caused pain in the investment markets. Had their plans been reviewed by some court before being put into operation, it would have been the means of keeping great companies in safe paths, and we would all have been better off today. It would have hall-marked their securities as silver is hall-marked

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in England, and we would have saved years of business stagnation; and the tapping on the window would have done it, as they were amenable children, had they been led by a competent Government court.

And thank God, of late the Commerce Court has been tapping on the window to the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Commission is peeved that the Commerce Court does tap and dares to overrule it or to curb it in its rate-making power. I wonder what the members of the Commission think were the feelings of the people that have billions in railroads when they were denied a slight increase in rates to keep up with the ever-increasing cost of operating railroads? What were the feelings of the thousands of people who were forced out of work by the closing of factories, by the falling-off business of all plants that supply railroads, by the retrenchments made on railroads to try to bring down their expenses? I venture to say these people wish the tapping had started long ago.

Some Railroad Figures

THE railroads of the United States for the year ending June 30th, 1910, made, net, $837,000,000; for the year ending June 30th, 1911, $776,000,000, or $61,000,000 less net than in 1910. Now this loss in the net was made notwithstanding the roads earned $32,000,000 more gross for the year; notwithstanding the fact that they had discharged every man they could, so as to bring the roads where they could bow to the Interstate Commerce Commission's verdict. And the Commission would still have reduced rates, had not the Commerce Court enjoined it. And then more men would have had to be discharged, had it not been for the Commerce Court's last tap on the window.

Suppose the Interstate Commerce Commission had allowed a slight increase of rates. Suppose the net of the railroads in the year ending June 30th, 1911, had been as great as the preceding year. It would have been a tax on each person of 61 cents—but it would have meant such large orders for equipment and new work that it would have given in wages millions more of dollars to the workingman's pocket

All business has halted to see what will happen. There is no greater problem in the land today than the railroad question. Prosperity for the country without prosperity for the railroads is not possible. Prosperity for the railroads reaches every line of trade, and we need the greatest kind of ability in the Interstate Commerce Commission—not men with theories, but men with practical knowledge. It is nonsense ever to appoint men who have not had experience in building and operating railroads, or who have not had great business experience, for places on the Commission. Practical railroadmen are needed—men who understand what their actions mean to the business world. These men's salaries ought to be on a par with the salaries of Supreme Court judges, as we want the best judgment we can get from men who know what is needed. No man who has not employed labor can ever be competent to tell what ought to be done with labor. The man who can not create can not map out the road for progress and development

Make-Up of the Commission

WHEN the President was thinking of appointing Judge Hook to the vacant place on the Supreme Court bench, the papers said that the President had been told he was not the proper man, as he rendered some decision not pleasing to some of the people out West. Now, I know Judge Hook well. He is a superior man, a great lawyer, and honest to his heart's core; and whatever his decision was, you can rest assured it was correct and according to law.

But what I wish to get at is, why are we particular what kind of a judge goes on the Supreme Court bench? To me it is a wonder how we as a people can care at all, if we are not particular that the men in the Interstate Commerce Commission are railroadmen, railroad-builders or great businessmen. Why ought we to be particular what kind of men go to the Supreme Court bench? That court would never in the world hand down a decision that would have the same effect on business as the last decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission. No decision ever made by the courts could put as many people out of work and halt business as this did.

I have no doubt that all the men on this Commission are honest, honorable men; but on the Supreme Court bench the fact that a man is honest and honorable is not all that is needed—he must also be a lawyer and understand law; and as the proper treatment of railroads is the greatest problem in the land, nothing

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on earth has such an effect on the business of our land—why ever allow any man on the Commission who has not been either a successful railroadman or a successful businessman? Then, and not until then, can we rest in peace regarding this great question.

Maintenance Upheld

WITH the railroads prosperous, all the land is prosperous.

With the railroads starved, forced to advance wages, pay increased taxes, increased injury claims, and not allowed increased rates, business is halted and labor is on half-rations. ¶ Sixty-one cents a year may be saved per capita, but twenty times that amount per capita will be lost in wages and prosperity and property values.

Of course a well-managed road, one kept maintained at a high standard, can, if needed, retrench for a few years. It can delay the building of great shops; it can lay off men it would rather keep at work and men that would rather keep at work. Let me explain this by a few figures:

Maintenance of Way Per Mile

Railroad	*1911*	*1910*
Atchison	$1,551	$1,796
Northern Pacific	1,356	1,881
Union Pacific	1,564	1,575
Saint Paul	1,082	1,128
Northwestern	1,296	1,412
Burlington	1,410	1,743

Say, then, 250,000 miles of road, and they reduce their expenses of maintenance $200 per mile and their other expenses $100 per mile. This is $75,000,000 taken from the payrolls of the nation. Then with reduced maintenance and an increase in business of $32,000,000, what increased danger comes from increased business and decreased maintenance charges is apparent to all.

It is not alone the loss to labor we are to consider, but also the losses of confidence in railroads and other investments. Nothing can be scared so quickly as capital, and when capital is scared the wheels of progress are slowed up, and it takes quite a while for them to start again; and the jar they got the last year will take a while to overcome. A slight increase in rates would have given great confidence in American railroads, and all lines of business would today have been running full blast. What we need is to tap on the window. We do not wish to allow such chaos to happen and not say anything. We are interested in these vital questions, even if we never travel on a railroad or own a bond or share in any, and never expect to.

A Notable Instance

I REMEMBER an incident that shows how the world is united in business. A young man came to see me a number of years ago, seeking a place as bookkeeper. I asked him where he had worked before, and he said as bookkeeper in the office of a water company in some Western city. I asked him why he had lost his place, and he said, owing to Baring Brothers' losses in Argentine. I said, "Why could that affect you?" He said that owing to the bad crops in Argentine the default in the bonds had caused the Barings to fail; that they owned the majority of the water-works stock and bonds, and the superintendent wanted to retrench and help the firm with a good statement of increased net, and therefore he had let out ten or twelve men and lengthened the hours of the rest; and he was one of the men let out.

This is no exaggerated statement at all. Railroads in California retrench and men are let out, and the cotton-mill employees in Massachusetts have to work shorter hours; and they have not, perhaps, the slightest idea why, and could not tell you the name of one of the railroads in that State. And I venture to say that the businessmen who requested the Interstate Commerce Commission to refuse the grant asked for by the railroads, all have lost in business twenty times the increased amount they would have paid for freight had the increase been granted.

In some parts of China today you can buy ten eggs for one cent, a chicken for two cents, and a good fat duck for three cents. The trouble is, few of the people have the three cents. There is no market and no transportation facilities. Ducks five hundred miles from a railroad have no value to speak of. ¶ It is not the cost that worries—it is the lack of money to buy. The refusal to allow rates to advance is the means of at least two hundred thousand men today being out of work on railroads that would be working but for the unfair conditions imposed by the refusal of the Interstate Commerce Commission to grant at least part of the increase requested by the roads.

Protection and slavery are near of kin.

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THE CONVENTION NUMBER

THE FRA

EXPONENT OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY

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CHARLES M. HAYS

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KNOX HATS

THE STAR AT ZENITH



MODERN business and professional men are active, alert, competent. They are quick to see an opportunity, ready to take advantage of it, appreciative, sympathetic and generous. This high type of American represents mankind at its best. His star is at the zenith, not on the horizon or at nadir. He is in the line of evolution.

¶ Knox Hats are worn by this progressive American. Since Eighteen Hundred Thirty-eight, Knox Hats have supplied the world with the standard in hatmaking. Search the world over and you will not find a single man who has a complaint against the Knox Hat.

¶ Knox keeps his eye on the styles of the world. He also helps evolve them. So when you get a Knox Hat, although it will have conservative lines and always be in style, it will represent the newest and best in the line of hatmaking.

¶ The retailers who sell Knox Hats are selected with care, and in a store where Knox Hats are sold you will find courtesy, kindness, and an earnest desire to serve.

¶ The Knox Spring and Summer Hats are at your disposal, ready to be examined and tried on before the mirrors of the dealers selected by Knox to serve you. There is a sufficient variety of hats in the Knox line to suit every taste and hat desire. The Summer hats are the lightest, consistent with good wearing qualities.

¶ Investigate Knox Hats and you will always be a Knox patron.

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THE FRA

EXPONENT OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY:

Vol. 9 JULY, 1912 No. 4

THERE IS ONLY ONE CALAMITY, AND THAT IS TO OUTLIVE LOVE

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THE OPEN ROAD

AFOOT WITH THE FRA

Business Conditions



THE true index of business is the face of your banker.

Bankers are now rotund, smiling and chipper—almost needlessly so. They have an even pulse, a remarkably good digestion, a clear eye, and they sit back in their chairs and smile at you when you ask for a little increase in credit ❧ ❧

Money is in demand ❧ It always is when business is good. Business now is normal, and a trifle better. Never in any Presidential year for the last forty years has business been so good as it is today ❧ ❧

The talk of the politicians is mostly in the line of caloric. Politicians live in a make-believe world of their own, and their antics are a sort of stage-play.

And as a matter of fact, let it be stated that politicians and demagogues play smaller parts in the world's cast today than ever before in history.

If you want ethics, philosophy or money, you will find these things in the possession of businessmen, if anywhere.

Honesty as a business asset is being prized.

The Steel Business

THE United States Steel Company is at present running on ninety per cent of its capacity.

The principal items in demand are wire fencing, nails, and building materials.

Prices are lower for steel than they have been for five years.

The steel folks are putting up a poor mouth and talking about decreasing dividends. But for that, they will have to stand the decrease.

The business is now standardized; also publicized ❧ ❧

Twenty or thirty per cent profit in staple products is wrong.

Big business in the future—while it will, of course, be profitable—will not produce any such crops of melons as we have sliced in days agone.

When steel is in demand, it means that farmers are fencing their fields, the people are building homes, and businessmen are erecting sky-scrapers.

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The Railroad Barometer

ALSO, the railroads, in spite of low rates and increased wages, are putting down heavier steel.

It is a pity that in the United States today there are practically no new lines of railroad being built. The reason is that the people have been given gooseflesh by the muckrakers. And so England and Holland are sending their money to the Argentine; also into Canada, where the government is friendly toward big business, and has no fear of monopolies oppressing the people.

Both South America and Canada realize the stern fact that it is big business that maintains payrolls

Actors who can act, no longer count the ties. Instead they count the doubloons. The thing that has changed the time for the histrions is thorough organization and scientific management

What is true in the world of amusement is also true in the world of commerce.

There was a time when railroads went bust, and big business blew up, like bubbles, at inopportune times.

Organization is civilization. Also, it is security. Big business is going to be supervised, but it will be supervised by kindly, intelligent, sympathetic, far-reaching men, and not by demagogues and politicians.

In his recent speech on the Budget Bill, Lloyd George, Chancellor of England's Exchequer, said: "Trade throughout the world appears to be in an exceptionally healthy condition. This is certainly true of the United States, and from this time on we may certainly expect to have a steady trade-wind from America."

Lloyd George is probably the most level-headed man in Great Britain. And then he went on to explain that the reason the trade-winds would blow steadily, and cyclones would not be in evidence, was because he realized that the bounder and the hot-air artist are very little in evidence.

People now have means and methods whereby any business venture can be pretty thoroughly tested out before investing. We call up the world by telephone.

The man intent on blowing a South Sea Bubble will probably have his pipe taken away from him by the Government, or the newspapers, or both, before he really draws a deep breath.

Agricultural Conditions

BANK clearances for the last month show an increase of seven per cent over those of last year.

James J. Hill, our chief economic prophet, and an optimist in whose composition there is a good healthy streak of pessimism, says that Nineteen Hundred Twelve will reveal a wheat-crop that will be a bumper in history.

Ten per cent more acreage than ever before is being planted, and the crop at this writing reveals a promise heretofore unequaled.

Drought or flood can not catch it all, because the prospects from Kansas City to Port Nelson on Hudson Bay are strong and healthy, and the sun is intent, it seems, on doing his duty.

¶ Floods in the South made planting backward, but the corn crop ripens fast. Corn planted in June has a good chance of ripening. Besides that, there is a use now for fodder that we have never before realized.

Hogs have been selling at eight cents on the foot in Chicago. First-class steers the same. High prices of meat for the past four years have encouraged breeders, and so there is a big lot of young stock coming along.

In spite of automobiles and traction-engines, horses are very high, and it would seem a good time for farmers to sell any surplus stock that they have in the way of horseflesh. It is probable that in the future we will breed fewer horses and more hogs and cattle, for the horse is more or less speculative.

The Law of Compensation

ONE very favorable symptom is the low loss by fire reported by insurance-companies for the month just passed.

The losses for Canada and the United States aggregate Six Million Dollars, the lowest loss for any one month for four years past.

In January the losses were Thirty-five Million Dollars

The law of compensation never rests. And after every great calamity there is an active intent to see that the thing does not occur again.

¶ For instance, every passenger-ship that now sails from New York or from any European port carries enough lifeboats, dories, collapsible boats and rafts to take care of all of its passengers and crew, in case the ship goes to the bottom.

We had to have the Iroquois fire in Chicago in order to get a fireman placed on every stage by the municipality. And the business of this

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fireman is, among other things, to see that every exit is open before the performance begins

Every great gain has to be paid for in blood and tears.

Fire losses in America have been atrocious and seemingly unpardonable.

But now all modern buildings, thanks to the use of concrete and steel, are being constructed with especial care to avoid disasters by fire.

¶ The Utah Hotel, for instance, in Salt Lake City, which is the last word in hotel-building, is so thoroughly protected on every side, and outside and in, that no insurance is carried.

Labor Troubles

A FEW months ago the world was considerably alarmed by the thought of coal-strikes, and consequent coal-famine. The result of this talk, flashed round the world and worked overtime by the press and by zealous individuals, was that every manufacturer filled his bins.

Coal-cars were in tremendous demand. Not only did we fill our bins, but we also had a mountain of coal piled up against the day of famine.

Of course, this coal was paid for, mostly spot-cash, but it was paid for at an advance of ten per cent of the former price.

There was no coal-strike to speak of. The miners took a much-needed vacation, and many of the boss miners, and especially various good men and true in the councils of labor organizations, dined high and ordered hot birds and cold bottles; afterward touring in high-powered automobiles in order to get their full supply of oxygen.

Viewed with a proper perspective, neither the miner nor the mine-owner nor coal-dealers were very much cast down or depressed at any time.

It really looks as if most of the lions were plaster-of-Paris, and chained. Our troubles are very largely the things that never come to pass.

Prices of living are certainly high. Potatoes have made a record for themselves. Frank Miller, of the famous Mission Inn at Riverside, California, told me that he paid three dollars per hundredweight for potatoes during the month of April. He bought these potatoes from a Japanese who is known as the "Potato King."

This Japanese has several hundred Chinese and Japs working for him, gardening. Los Angeles bankers pay court to this King of Spuds, as he usually carries a bank-balance of something like two hundred thousand dollars, and more.

Potatoes in California have been worth more per hundredweight than oranges.

In the Eastern cities we have had to call on Ireland for our Murphies.

Incidentally, Norway and Sweden have been shipping large quantities of oats to America, mostly for seed purposes, these oats being purchased by farmers in Canada and the United States at from one dollar to four dollars a bushel.

Of course we are a great people in America. This we admit. But we have a lot of things to learn about farming and things.

We get our food out of the ground. I hope there will be no argument on that particular point. In America we are going to get more food and better food than we have ever had before, simply because we are bringing science to bear in this matter of agriculture.

Best of all, however, we are teaching the young that farming is an eminently respectable business.

The farmer, above all people, should be respected. He is in partnership, if any man is, with the Creator of the world. He is brother to the winds, the sunshine, the showers, and the stars that watch over his work.

All of us pay tribute to the farmer three times a day

There was a time when if you called on a farmer and listened closely you could hear the mortgage gnaw.

Now the music you hear in a farmer's house is that of the pianola, the cranking up of an automobile, and the gentle singing of the Joys.

¶ Viewed from every side, considering the health of the people, the matter of education, the question of work for the many, the opportunities for progress and advancement to every man who renders an intelligent and hearty service, and the prospects of a bumper crop in cotton, corn and wheat, all these things show that we have much to be thankful for.

There are three kinds of friends: those who love you; those who are indifferent to you; and next friends, these being the people who want something that is yours.

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An Every-Day Story



PERHAPS you remember the time. It was not so long ago. The papers printed much about the farmers of the West using their corn for fuel. They burned it—burned their corn—for two very good reasons. To begin with, it was cheaper than coal; and to end with, the price of corn was so low that it did n't pay to haul it to market

In Eighteen Hundred Ninety-four, and for two years thereafter, corn sold in Kansas for ten cents a bushel. In other words, a man had to raise a bushel of corn for the price of a shave. If a farmer wanted to buy a pound of binder-twine, he had to sell two bushels of corn to get it.

Today binder-twine sells for about seven and one-half cents a pound. And what is the price of corn? Why, corn is sixty-five cents a bushel.

¶ Well, back in Ninety-four a farmer bought a farm-wagon of a Hutchinson (Kansas) dealer for sixty dollars. It was a good wagon, and the farmer took good care of it. It pays to treat a good thing well. This makes it better, and gives it long life.

The other day the farmer came back to this same Hutchinson dealer, and said he wanted to buy another wagon just like the one he got in Ninety-four.

"It was a good one," he said. "That 's why I want another one just like it. How much are you going to charge me for it?"

The dealer rubbed his chin, and passed his fingers through his hair. "Well, now, let me see. It seems to me you paid sixty dollars for that wagon, did n't you?"

"That 's right," said the farmer; "sixty dollars."

"All right, that same kind of a wagon—a little better, perhaps, for some improvements have been added—that wagon will cost you now seventy-five dollars."

"What!" exclaimed the farmer. He was surprised, and began to object, and then wanted to know the whys and the wherefores of the rise in prices.

"Well," said the dealer, "the material, like lumber and iron and steel, has gone up in price, wages have advanced—and it costs me more to buy a wagon now. Maybe the tariff has something to do with it, too."

At the mention of the word "tariff" the farmer went straight up in the air. He began to expound against the theory of the whole thing

The dealer let him run along for a while and then asked again, "Say, when you bought that wagon from me in Ninety-four, I think you paid for it in corn, did n't you?"

"Yes—sure I did," said the farmer; "but what 's that got to do with it?"

"And, let me see. Corn was ten cents a bushel, and you had to give me six hundred bushels of corn for that wagon, did n't you?" asked the dealer again.

"Yes, I guess I did," answered the farmer, after recalling in his own mind that corn was selling at only ten cents a bushel in those days.

¶ "I 'll tell you what you do," said the dealer; "bring me in six hundred bushels of corn tomorrow, and I 'll give you this wagon——"

¶ "Well, say, hold on——" began the farmer.

The dealer interrupted him in turn. "But that is n't all," he said. "In addition to the wagon, I 'll let you and your wife go over to the warehouse and pick out a carriage. Then you go and help yourself to the best six-foot self-binder in the shop. And——"

"Here, wait a minute——" started the farmer

"I 'm not through yet," said the dealer. "When your wife comes in, I 'll let her go to the hardware department and pick out one of the best ranges we 've got. And, just for good measure, you tell your wife that she can have enough kitchen-utensils to refurnish her kitchen. Now, I 'll give you that—all of that—for six hundred bushels of corn. In Ninety-four the same amount of corn got you just the wagon. That 's a fair proposition, is n't it?"

¶ The farmer was stunned. He hemmed and hawed, removed his hat, and scratched his head

"I 'll just work this out in figures and show you what you are getting," continued the dealer. "We 'll put the wagon down at seventy-five dollars; the self-binder at one hundred twenty-five, and that 'll get you a beauty; the carriage at one hundred twenty-five dollars; the kitchen-range at fifty dollars, and that certainly ought to be a good one; and the kitchen-utensils at fifteen dollars, and that ought to buy a few. Add these together and

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you have three hundred ninety dollars. Figure six hundred bushels of corn at sixty-five cents a bushel and you have three hundred ninety dollars."

The farmer dug up his seventy-five dollars for the wagon without saying another word, and motioned to the dealer to join him at the cigar-stand for a "smoke."

There is a moral to this little story. It is that——but there, there, what 's the use?

Your enemy is one who misunderstands you—why should you not rise above the fog and see his error and respect him for the good that is in him?

Are You Educated?



NOT long ago a lecturer at the University Club of Chicago handed out one hundred typewritten sheets to as many men in the audience. These papers contained twenty questions, and the lecturer explained that if any gentleman present could answer correctly one-half of these questions, he could consider himself an educated person. Otherwise, he had better go back and take a post-graduate course, for fear that his college degree might receive the recall.

¶ So here are the questions. Just test yourself by them:

1 Name the Vice-President of the United States.
2 Name the Treasurer of the United States.
3 Name the conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra.
4 Name the leader of Tammany Hall.
5 Name your Congressman.
6 Who is Hugo Munsterberg?
7 Who was Sir Christopher Wren?
8 Who is Ali Baba?
9 What is the Pentateuch?
10 What is a seismograph?
11 What is a clevis?
12 What is the number of justices on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States?
13 Where is the "Land of Windmills"?
14 Who said, "The child is father of the man"?
15 Who said, "The groves were God's first temples"?
16 Who said, "Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more"?
17 Who was Mommsen?
18 Who is President of the Lake Shore Railroad?
19 What is the fourth city in size in the United States?
20 What is a preposition?

It is interesting to note that forty-one of the gentlemen who were handed the slips declined even to try to answer. Of the fifty-nine who filled out answers, only a few answered half the questions correctly and none answered all.

Should not the men and women of earth appeal to us more than the angels of Heaven?

Love and Labor



POETRY is the natural expression of a person in love. And I suppose we might as well admit the fact, at once, that without love there would be no poetry.

It is idle to imagine Bobby Burns as a staid member of the Kirk; had he a' been, there would now be no Bobby Burns. Poetry is the bill and coo of sex. All poets are lovers, and all lovers are either actual or potential poets. Potential poets are the people who read poetry; and so without lovers, the poet would never have a market for his wares.

If you have ceased to be moved by religious emotion, no longer dwell on poetry, and are not swayed by music, it is because the love-instinct in you has withered to ashes of roses.

¶ The literary ebullition of Robert Burns, he has told us, began with his being paired in the hayfield, shortly after he had reached the age of indiscretion, with a bonnie lassie. This custom of pairing still endures; and is what students of sociology call an expeditious move.

¶ The Scotch are great economists—the greatest in the world. Adam Smith, the father of the science of economics, was a Scotchman; and Draper, author of *A History of Civilization*, flatly declares that Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* has influenced the people of the

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earth for good more than any other book ever written—save none.

The Scotch are great conservators of energy. ¶ The practise of pairing men and women in the hayfield gets the work done. One man and one woman going down the grass-grown path afield would dally by the way—they would never make hay. But a company of a dozen or more would not only reach the field, but do a lot of work.

It 's the law of the conservation of energy. ¶ The hay-harvest is short: when the grass is in bloom, just right to make the best hay, it must be cut, and so the men and women, the girls and boys, sally forth. It is a jolly picnic-time, looked forward to with fond anticipation, and looked back upon with sweet, sad memories, or otherwise, as the case may be. ¶ But they all make hay while the sun shines, and count it joy. Liberties are allowed during haying-time that otherwise would be scandalous; during haying-time the Kirk waives her censor's right, and priest and people mingle joyously. Wives are not jealous during hay-harvest, nor husbands faultfinding, because they get even by allowing a mutual license.

A Great Economic Scheme

TO the skyologist it is somewhat curious how the love of propriety is overridden by a stronger love—the love for the shilling. The Scotch farmer says, " Anything to get the hay in "—and by loosening, a bit, the strict bands of social custom, the hay is harvested. ¶ In the hay-harvest the law of natural selection holds: partners are often arranged for weeks in advance: trysts continue year after year; old lovers meet, touch hands in friendly scuffle for a fork, drink from the same jug, recline at noon and eat lunch in the shade of a friendly stack, and talk to their hearts' content as they Maud Muller on a Summer's day. ¶ Of course, this joyousness of the haying-time is not wholly monopolized by the Scotch. Have n't you seen the jolly haying-parties in Southern Germany, France, the Tyrol and Switzerland? How the bright costumes of the men and the jaunty attire of the women gleam in the sunshine!

But the practise of pairing is carried to a degree of perfection in Scotland that I have not noticed elsewhere. Surely it is a great economic scheme! It is like that invention by a Connecticut man, which utilizes the ebb and flow of the ocean tides to turn a gristmill.

Getting the Work Done

IN Ayrshire I have started out with a haying-party of twenty—ten men and ten women—at six o'clock in the morning and worked until six at night. I never worked so hard, nor did so much. All day long there was a fire of jokes and jolly gibes, interspersed with song, while beneath all ran a gentle hum of confidential interchange of thought. The man who owned the field was there to direct our efforts and urge us on in well-doing by merry raillery and threat and joyous rivalry.

The point I make is this—we did the work. Take heed, ye Captains of Industry, and note this truth, that where men and women work together, under right influence, much good is accomplished, and the work is joyous.

Of course, there be vinegar-faced philosophers who say that the Scotch custom of pairing young men and maidens in the hay-field is not without its effect on esoterics; and I 'm willing to admit there may be danger in the plan, but life is a dangerous business anyway—few, indeed, get out of it alive.

And on this subject I would like to say right here, conscious that I am talking to an audience of good women and gentlemen, who will put the right construction on what I say—but what 's the use! If you do not understand without an explanation you never will with.

Art is the blossoming of the soul. We can not make the plant blossom; all we can do is to comply with the conditions of growth.

A Question—Do You Know?



DO you know: That newspapers are managed by men;
And that editors are men;
And that doctors are men;
And that lawyers are men;
And that judges are men;
And that all laws are and have been made by men;
And that all priests and preachers are men;
And that all religions were made and formulated by men;
And that all books were written by men;
And that all of the justice we know is man's justice;
And that what we call God's justice is only

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man's idea of what he would do if he were God;
And that this idea changes as man changes;
And that man's conception of God's justice has softened, refined, and become less severe than ever before;
And that all the love we know is man's love;
And all compassion, man's compassion;
And all sympathy, man's sympathy;
And all forgiveness, man's forgiveness;
And that there is nothing finer, greater or nobler in the world than man;
And that all beings, spirits and persons greater than man have been, and are, the creation of man's mind;
And that man is not yet completed, but only in process of creation;
And that in his present transitional state he has partially abandoned intuition, without fully getting control of his intellect;
And that all laws, creeds and dogmas are of only transient value;
And should be eliminated when they no longer minister to human happiness;
And that now, for the first time in the history of the world, a very large number of people know these things;
And are exercising their brains;
And that the brain is an organ and grows strong by use, and only through use;
And that man's ability to think is a new acquisition;
And that very few people as yet are able to think at all, being moved by feeling—hunger, fear, and the hope of reward;
And that most so-called educated men are those who have memorized things and can glibly repeat the things which other men have memorized and then glibly told them; for to think efficiently one must be logical, rational, scientific and philosophic;
That to be logical one must be able to follow a sequence, or a cause and effect, step by step;
That to be rational one must be able to accept and use a unit of measurement, so as to ascertain proportions and to reason rightly concerning the simple movements of life and its tendencies;
That to be scientific one must be able to classify and co-ordinate the facts that logic and reason supply;
And that to be philosophic he must be able to unify and deduce right conclusions from science;
And that this faculty of efficient thinking is yet only in its infancy;
And that philosophic thinking gives wings to the imagination;
And that through right thinking we will gradually learn to control our bodies, our tempers, our desires, our imaginations, our environment;
And that the trained imagination is a searchlight which reveals the future;
And that by the use of imagination we now see Paradise ahead;
A Paradise of increasing effort, work, endeavor, and increasing power;
A Paradise of this world, that is to come through health, work, simplicity, honesty, mutuality, co-operation, reciprocity and love?

People whose souls are made of dawnstuff and starshine may make mistakes, but God will not judge them by these alone.

Judicial Joking



WHEN Chief Justice White remanded the Tobacco Case to the Lower Court with orders that this Court should devise a way for the unscrambling of the eggs which it had helped to scramble, Chief Justice White did a thing which some say was unprecedented.

It was a bit of the most subtle joking that has been perpetrated since the days of Abraham Lincoln.

And I think that Chief Justice White got his cue from Honest Old Abe.

At the beginning of the war, Tom Corwin, the silver-tongued, was airing his oratory at inopportune times on the subject of States' Rights

Tom was a peace-at-any-price man. Kentucky was wavering in the balance, and certain counties in Southern Ohio were almost ready to secede from the Northern part of the State, just as West Virginia separated from the State which has been called the Mother of Presidents.

Lincoln knew Corwin, and while he admired his genius he deprecated his lack of commonsense

Tom Corwin was too old to be reformed. He

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was beautifully obstinate, delightfully self-complacent, and, like all critics, was quite willing that others should bear the brunt and burden of responsibility. He was long on advice, but short on action.

During the war between the United States and Mexico, Tom sided with the Mexicans. He had a way of taking the off-side, and saying the wrong thing. Logically, perhaps, he was correct, but practically he was at sea ❧ In the building of a State, ethics and constitutions fall into disuse, and the statesman does the thing he can do.

Tom Corwin was an orator, not a diplomat; an agitator, not a builder; a critic, not a creator.

He is the man who put into the mouth of the Mexicans this sentiment, "We will welcome you with bloody hands to hospitable graves." ¶ A wonderful line that is, in a literary way, but not the sort of sentiment that neighbors can with safety call over the back fence to each other.

So when the Civil War broke out and violence was in the saddle, Tom Corwin began to unmuzzle his eloquence and prophesy that the Mexicans would side with the Southerners and now would get their Texas back.

Did Lincoln chide Tom Corwin? Oh, no! He paid him a great and wonderful honor. Also, he played him a most subtle joke. He appointed Tom Corwin as Minister to Mexico and hustled him off to his friends, out of the way, between the setting of the sun and its rising ❧ ❧

Lincoln did a similar thing with Vallandigham, who was also an Ohio man and another peace-at-any-price man.

Certainly if any man ever gave succor to the enemy it was Vallandigham.

There is no doubt about his sincerity. He made war on his country, and this is known by an ugly word—to wit, Treason!

The man was arrested, tried, ordered to be shot ❧ ❧

He was too good a man to kill, however, and Lincoln always said that that was the very worst use you could put a man to, to take his life.

So Lincoln did an illegal thing, some say. He took the case out of the hands of the Court and sentenced Vallandigham to go down South and live among his friends, and not come back on penalty.

It was months afterwards before the country realized the humor of the situation.

Again, we find Horace Greeley urging the President to send commissioners to meet certain representatives of the South at Niagara Falls, in Canada, and arrange for peace.

Lincoln knew the fruitlessness of the errand, but when Horace insisted and telegraphed to Lincoln that the commissioners were there on Canadian soil looking longingly across the border, awaiting the President's pleasure, Lincoln ordered Greeley to go and treat with them ❧ ❧

Greeley was caught in his own net. The only thing he could do was to obey.

He went to meet the representatives of the Southern Confederacy, and after a day's earnest conference Greeley telegraphed to Lincoln requesting him to name the best terms of peace.

Lincoln's reply, dictated to Seward, was ungrammatical, but expressed the idea ❧ It was this: "If them fellows want peace, tell them to stop fighting."

Great judges, as well as little ones, are always strong on precedent.

Chief Justice White had his precedent for playing a sly joke on the Lower Court.

Also, he played a subtle and stinging joke on the whole country when he ordered the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company, and thereby crippled a great public service. ¶ Chief Justice White punished the people for their folly by giving them their own way. ¶ Come to think of it, that is just the way God punishes us.

The Chief Justice had his precedent.

❧

THE preconceived idea that things which you, yourself, do not yourself suggest will not work, is born of a mental impediment. ¶ To make the prophecy of failure and then make the prophecy come true is a condition every businessman is familiar with.

To get a thing done, it is wise and well to let the other fellow think he suggested it, then gently oppose him, and finally before his fiery zeal give way. ¶ This is true, because anything and everything will fail unless backed up by persistence, skill, work, patience, and right intent. ¶ To make a thing succeed, you must expect it to succeed. To believe in failure is to make failure sure. ¶ Read Lincoln's letter to Hooker in *An American Bible*.

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The Post-Office System



THE Post-Office System had its rise in Rome in the time of Julius Cæsar, who established military stations and had couriers ride daily from one post to another, carrying official messages

By this plan the city of Rome was in constant communication with all parts of the Empire

In times of peace these messengers were allowed to carry private letters for soldiers, and later they did the same service for any one who would pay for it.

Many centuries elapsed before lines of coaches were established in Europe, and private individuals competed with one another for the business of carrying letters, parcels and people

This competition by individuals, many of them irresponsible and rapacious, continued in England until Sixteen Hundred Fifty-seven, when the Government took the matter in hand and farmed out the mail-routes. This method is still in existence in the outlying sections of America, but within three years' time these "Star Routes" have been gradually replaced by the Rural Free Delivery.

Benjamin Franklin was the first Postmaster-General in America, and when he was sent as Ambassador to France, his son-in-law, Richard Bache, was appointed, at Franklin's request, to the place.

In Franklin's time all mail was carried on the Star Route plan—that is, by contractors. This continued long after railroads were installed, and one railroad bid against another, just as the coach-owners had done.

Until Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six it took two days for a letter to go from New York to Buffalo, owing to the delays in sorting at Albany and Syracuse. Up to that time all mail for Chicago and the West was carted to the Buffalo post-office and there sorted and re-bagged and sent on its way.

The railway mail-service has changed all this

In Seventeen Hundred Eighty-nine, there were but seventy-five authorized post-offices in America. All taverns had their little rows of boxes, and the place where you got your toddy, you received your mail. In England the coffeehouses were really private post-offices

In Eighteen Hundred Sixty-three, in America, the rates of postage were based upon the distance the letters had to be carried.

In that year Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote this in his Journal: "I have written several letters to our dear Henry Thoreau, who is in New York, and I am now on the lookout for some one who is going there, as postal rates are not for poor people."

The separation of letters and printed matter came about in stagecoach times, when the mail was carried on horseback by relay riders. Packages went on wheels; and as roads were often bad, the transportation was slow, and of course no one could expect packages to be carried on horseback.

Up to Eighteen Hundred Sixty the mails contained nothing but written or printed matter—all merchandise was left to the Express Companies, and this is how they got their start. In order to assist post-office revenues, and still not drive the express folks out of business, Congress authorized the Post-Office Department to transport packages if they did not weigh more than four pounds

In Eighteen Hundred Sixty there were only sixty-four railway postal clerks in America. Now there are more than eight thousand.

The first free delivery was inaugurated in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-three; and the Money-Order System came one year later

In Eighteen Hundred Seventy-three, the franking privilege was done away with, except for strictly Government business; before that, our Congressmen used to send their laundry-work home by mail, and occasionally they shipped a piano in the same way.

What Is the Parcels-Post?

WHAT is the Parcels-Post? I 'll tell you. It is an extension of the business of the Post-Office Department, so that all business now done by the Express Companies shall be done by the Post-Office Department. We get the name "Parcels-Post" from the English. In Great Britain the Parcels-Post does for the people exactly what the Express Companies do for us, only the Parcels-Post does the work better and cheaper

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Gradually, the Post-Office Department in all civilized countries has grown until it is now the best example we can name of a democratic betterment. It works for all; and no matter how rich or how influential you are, you can not buy stamps at a discount.

With the Express Companies, however, it is different—if you know how, you can participate in the perquisites. Express rates are arbitrary, changeable, and very often towns that are on the line of the American Express one day, awake the next morning to find themselves sold out to the Wells-Fargo. Places we once could send packages to at a single rate now require a double or a triple rate.

¶ There is not another civilized country on earth that divides up its post-office business with Express Companies as we do.

The Post-Office Department belongs to the people—to all the people. We delegate carriers and agents to transport our letters. But packages above four pounds we piously give into the hands of private corporations who have no direct interest in the people beyond the desire to exploit them. We often pay these corporations double for doing the work that we could do for ourselves.

It is as if my own boys could spade my garden at ten cents an hour, but instead of letting them do it, I hire it done by a corporation at twenty cents an hour.

Things sent by Registered Mail are safer than if sent by express, because the penalty for rifling mail is much more severe than for appropriating express matter.

We now have a postal treaty with Belgium, and several other foreign countries, which allows people in those countries to mail packages to the United States at a less rate than we can send packages for to home points. Moreover, the limit in weight of the package is twenty pounds, not four. So you see we really have the Parcels-Post now, but to avail ourselves of it we have to go to some foreign country to mail our packages.

When John Wanamaker was Postmaster-General of the United States, he was asked his opinion of the Parcels-Post.

"Splendid," was his reply; "splendid—I wish we might have it here!"

"Well, Mr. Wanamaker, why can not you inaugurate it?"

"There are five insurmountable obstacles."

¶ "Will you name them, please?"

"First, there is the American Express Company; second, the United States Express Company; third, the Adams Express Company; fourth, the Wells-Fargo Express Company; fifth, the Southern Express Company."

The Injustice of the Thing

TODAY I sent a book-rack weighing five pounds to Austria. It went by Parcels-Post, registered, postage seventy cents.

¶ The same package could not go by mail to any point in the United States at all. If sent it would have to go by express.

The express charges on it from East Aurora to Denver would be ninety cents.

This is simply to illustrate the need of the Parcels-Post here, or at least an extension of the weight limit on packages.

The Government obliges us to patronize the Express Companies. No possible reason can be given, or ever has been given, why the Post-Office Department can not carry packages weighing five or eleven pounds exactly the same as four. Also, the Post-Office System could carry a package weighing ten pounds for a trifle more expense than it could a four-pound package.

The Post-Office System belongs to the people, yet we allow Congress to limit the use of our own tools. It is as if a farmer was prohibited by law from carrying in his wagon packages weighing over four pounds, but must turn them over to another man and pay him for this service, which the farmer would naturally do for himself.

The Post-Office Department has been run at a loss for thirty years. Just now, Postmaster-General Hitchcock, by the introduction of business methods, has been able to show a small surplus.

The Express Companies are immensely rich, and pay big dividends by being allowed to do a business which our Post-Office Department could do just as well or better.

On March Fourth, Nineteen Hundred Nine, Congress passed a new penal code, and Section One Hundred Eighty-one thereof provides:

"Whoever shall establish any private express for the conveyance of letters or packets or in any manner cause or provide for the conveyance of the same by regular trips or at stated periods over any post-route which is or may be established by law, or from any city, town or place, to any other city, town or place, between which the mail is regularly

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carried, or whoever shall aid or assist therein, shall be fined not more than five hundred dollars, or imprisoned not more than six months, or both: Provided, that nothing contained in this section shall be construed as prohibiting any person from receiving and delivering to the nearest post-office, postal car, or other authorized depository for mail-matter, any mail-matter properly stamped."

¶ Would not a fair construction of this section include within its provisions all packages of four pounds and less, that now go by express? We think so.

Yet this new law, which went into effect January First, Nineteen Hundred Ten, is but a re-enactment of what has been the law since Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight. Has not Congress by this recent enactment convicted the Postal Department of the gross offense of failing to protect the revenues of the Department by seeing to it that all mailable matter—all packets of less than four pounds weight and falling within the definition of mail-matter of the third and fourth class—goes in the mails and pays postage? Every-day observation shows that no respect whatever is paid to this law. The Express Companies meet the postage-rate on all packages of from two to four pounds, and give you the benefit of registry without fee. Above four pounds the Post-Office will not accept the package, and the Express Companies charge all the traffic will bear.

Those Served by the Express Companies

SIXTY per cent of our population live in cities of ten thousand and under.

Express Companies practically serve only one-third of the people. The rest of us they prey upon ❧ ❧

The Rural Free Delivery has educated the party that inaugurated it. Every good thing begins as something else, and no one seemed to anticipate the R. F. D. would be an object-lesson in applied socialism.

No sooner had the Rural Carriers commenced their tasks of carrying mail, than the people along their routes began asking them to do errands ❧ ❧

Instead of forty farmers going to town to buy forty spools of thread, one man, the mail-carrier, with his little wagon, did the business. This useful servant of Uncle Sam, besides carrying letters and newspapers, carried telegrams, thread, binder-twine, sugar, and sacks of flour. In many instances, his business increased so that he drove two horses instead of one, and had a wagon that could carry a ton.

All he officially had to do was to get over his route within a certain time and deliver and gather his mail. Beyond this the Department made no restrictions until the Express Companies and the local merchants combined, and complaints were lodged with the Post-Office Department.

An order was then issued that carriers should not carry packages that were eligible to mail, unless such packages were stamped.

But the carriers still carried bags of flour, dogs, calves, and occasionally led horses.

But behold, on July First, Nineteen Hundred Four, an order went out that no carrier should carry anything that was not strictly mail-matter ❧ ❧

Then the farmers howled, and they will howl more. They will howl until they get their Parcels-Post ❧ ❧

Why should n't the carriers serve the people by carrying anything the people need or want? ❧ ❧

And nobody can tell why!

Many of the local merchants realize that the R. F. D. is a good thing for them. The carrier used to bring them many orders, and in various ways served them by delivering goods to their customers.

Whose Servant Is the Post-Office?

WHEN the order was issued that rural carriers should not carry packages that were not stamped, the Government had to pay the carriers more money.

We have taken away their usefulness and increased the cost of their services by limiting the size of package they shall carry.

The law positively forbids any carrier delivering a package that weighs over four pounds, unless this package has come from across the sea, in which case some foreign government has received the whole pay for carrying and delivering the parcel.

Suppose the Government should issue an order that no man should ride in his own wagon on penalty, nor should he carry packages except of a certain size and weight! Well, that is exactly what is happening now: the carriers, paid by the people, daily cover the routes by wagons and on foot, and the Express Companies dictate what they shall

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carry, forbidding them to serve the people who employ them as the people desire.

The Post-Office Department exists for the people, we are told. The real fact is that to a great degree it exists for the railroads who handle the mail-cars, and great care is also shown not to interfere with the Express Companies, which are owned by the same men who own the railroads.

A Vital Question

JUSTICE BREWER once threw off this: "Very many good men believe they really have nothing to do with either the making or the execution of the law; which is exactly the same as if a layman should assume that religion was a matter that concerned nobody but the preacher."

The law in America is for the people, of the people, and by the people; and when this is not the case, the people themselves are to blame

The Post-Office Department exists for the accommodation of the people; the only reason for its existence is that it serves the people. Every other branch or department of our Government could be wiped out of existence, and as far as the great mass of the people is concerned, life would be about the same—for a long time at least. As for your War Department and the Navy portfolio, let every warship sink, and every soldier be set to work sawing wood, and only about one man out of ten thousand would be aware of any change for many months—possibly never—save as we might read about it in the newspapers

But the Post-Office Department is vital to us all—we use it every day. If the mail-carrier does not arrive on the minute we lodge complaints. The Post-Office is the chief method of man's communication with man, the servant of commerce, and is the one feature of Government that represents the Brotherhood of Man or the Solidarity of the Race.

There is no part of the public service where the grafter and the shirker are so quickly located and dealt with as in the Post-Office Department. Every citizen is a kind of volunteer inspector, and in case a country postmaster or a carrier gets "gay," we sit us down and take pen in hand to inform Washington of the facts. And the curious part is that there are men who carefully consider these complaints, instead of filing them in the wastebasket, and when several complaints point to one locality the offender is brought to book. ¶ There is one thing that we will not stand for, and that is to have some one monkey with our mail!

The Post-Office Department is a beehive of workers. Even the heads of departments work. Here brass buttons, gilt braid, and fuss and feathers cut no ice. There are no street parades, and junkets never occur. Everybody hustles!

Frank H. Hitchcock, the present Postmaster-General, is a level-headed, practical business-man—a workingman—one who has come up from the ranks, everywhere doing his work so well that promotion followed. He is a man who can give orders and take them. Postmaster-General Hitchcock realizes that the Parcels-Post would be a good thing, and he stands ready to use his strength and energy to bring this reform about as soon as the people demand it. But he can not do what the people are not ready to back him up in. Hitchcock works for us, and we have to give the order through our Representatives in Congress. ¶ But if you insist that your Congressman shall interest himself in this matter, and make it possible for Postmaster-General Hitchcock to act, this great betterment of the Parcels-Post will be brought about.

WHEN Harrington Emerson, the efficiency expert, testified before the Interstate Commerce Commission that the railroads were wasting a million dollars a day, ex-Senator Aldrich made the remark that this was just about the sum that the United States Government was wasting.

On being interrogated, later, Mr. Emerson increased his estimate and placed it at two million dollars a day.

Mr. Aldrich also reiterated his proposition that if the United States Government were placed on a business basis, it would result in the saving of a million dollars a day to the people

Ex-Senator Aldrich is a great personality, and one of the very few men in America who has a scientific grasp of the subject of economics

The watchwork of the day is "Economy." This country has produced vast wealth, but our ability to use wisely has not kept pace with our ability to produce. Reformation is at the door!

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The Clara Barton Memorial

By Alice Hubbard



ON the evening of May Fourteenth, Nineteen Hundred Twelve, just a month after Clara Barton had joined the Choir Invisible, there was a National Memorial service held for her in the Garrick Theater, Philadelphia.

The Philadelphia School for Nurses made this the opportunity for their annual meeting. Miss Lillian Frazier, who is principal of this school, had much to do in arranging the Memorial, and great credit is due her for making this evening one long to be remembered.

Clara Barton had anticipated that there might be such a service, and had said to her friend of many years, Doctor Eugene Underhill: "If there should be such a meeting, Doctor, I want you to give the address. It is not at all necessary to have a memorial; but if my friends desire it, I want you to be the principal speaker. Do not make it a serious occasion. Let the people laugh if they want to, and tell stories. There is no reason why it should be solemn." ¶ To carry out the wishes of Clara Barton seemed to be every one's desire. It was not a solemn occasion, but it was an impressive one. ¶ The stage and the boxes of this beautiful theater were decorated with flags that had been presented to Clara Barton. Some of them were of heavy silk, rich and magnificent. Some of them were battle-stained and bullet-scarred. Some of them Clara Barton had carried on to the battlefield, holding the Red Cross high, that the sick, the wounded, the dying, might see, while she was yet a long way off, that help was coming.

There were flags from England, Germany, Belgium, Italy, France, Russia, Cuba, Prussia, Holland, Greece and Switzerland.

Even the unspeakable Turks knew of the loving ministrations of this woman, and had given her their flag.

Just to have seen this collection of flags from over the world, brought together through the mercy and loving-kindness of one woman, made us feel that a Peace Proclamation was not an impossible thing.

Clara Barton had seen several of these countries in the agonies of war. All these countries had received, through their wounded and dying, the ministrations of Clara Barton. Her heart had throbbed with theirs in the agony and horrors of war. ¶ And there was also the flag of the United States.

Clara Barton's Endurance

DOCTOR A. MONAE LESSER, a war surgeon of renown, who had been on the battlefield with Clara Barton, told us a little of his experience as Surgeon-in-Chief of the American National Red Cross. He was with Clara Barton many days and weeks in the Spanish-American war. He said he never knew a human being to have such endurance as this little woman had.

Clara Barton was seventy-six years old when she worked in Cuba with Doctor Lesser. He had seen her on the battlefield, horrible as only a battlefield can be, slippery and awful with the lifeblood of our best American youths; the sun pouring its stifling heat upon the dead and dying, and the thermometer registering one hundred ten degrees in the shade. Men fainted from the fatigue and heat and nerve-strain. But Clara Barton carried life and hope to the suffering, days and nights, without rest or cessation from work. "Her endurance is unprecedented, and I have never known her equal." ¶ Doctor Underhill, later in the evening, told us that Doctor Lesser, himself, after the Battle of San Juan Hill, had worked at the operating-table for thirty hours without rest. And all that time, and for hours after, Clara Barton did not rest.

Among the ruins of the battlefield, Clara Barton organized a hospital corps; she constructed a temporary hospital and manned it. Her executive ability was so great that men in high standing in office, even in military service, gladly did her bidding, knowing they were responding to superior wisdom.

The Relief Funds We Sent

MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN, wife of General Logan, told us of the relief funds that were sent to Clara Barton in this Spanish-American war. The women in Revolutionary times seemed to have had a better understanding of what the sick and the wounded needed on the battlefield, and they sent materials which nurses and doctors could use. ¶ But in later years we either get a mania or a panic when we are asked to look upon a serious condition. We act with as much reason

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as people who, when their buildings are afire, carry out the empty birdcage, leaving things of value.

We sent ball-dresses, dancing-slippers, remnants from the milliner's store after the season was passed, ribbons, cake, candy, bunting, and dress-suits out of fashion. These contributions were estimated of so much value, in money. Then we smacked our philanthropic lips, like a Lord Mayor of London, as he tasted charity soup, and said, "Excellent food for the poor!"

No one but those equipped with common-sense, mechanical genius, and New England economy could have made something out of some of the boxes that were sent for the relief of the starving Cubans.

Clara Barton took this conglomeration, these hit-and-miss collections, and utilized them. ¶ At that time our hearts were very much exercised over the starving Cubans, and we sent to Cuba the relief funds—some of which I have suggested. Of course, there were food and clothing of real value.

President McKinley gave Clara Barton command of the ship *State of Texas*, and said to her, "Go to the starving Cubans, if you can, with your relief-ship, and distribute as only you know how."

But the Spaniards were there before her. Clara Barton saw the flash and heard the terrible explosion which caused the battleship *Maine* to sink out of sight, carrying with it hundreds of American sailor-boys.

"I am with the wounded," she telegraphed ❧ The navy under Sampson and Miss Barton with her ship assembled at Key West, and as Doctor Underhill said, "There met in this harbor two opposing, tremendous powers: Admiral Sampson, who came to kill; Clara Barton, who came to save."

¶ These powers were sent by one nation, the Savior to follow the Destroyer.

Stupid, uncivilized people are we, not yet capable of using our reason and judgment to a purpose! ¶ Clara Barton tried to get the right of way to carry out her commission, to give relief to the starving Cubans in the fastnesses of the Cuban jungle.

But Sampson said: "Not so. I go first! I am here to keep supplies out of Cuba."

And Clara Barton said: "When you make an opening, I will go in ❧ I know my place is not to precede you. You will go and do the horrible deed. I will follow you, and out of the human wreckage, restore what I can."

Oh, the horrible, useless, tragic waste, which no Peace Congress has yet been able to avert! ¶ O treacherous Fate! that made this great woman of peace, with a mother heart which enfolded the whole world as her children, wait and see men of blood go before her to kill, wound, devastate, before she might go and do what little she could to repair this ravage of war! ❧ ❧

Relieving the Sick and Wounded

DOCTOR UNDERHILL told us much of Clara Barton's experience in the Spanish-American war. He told us of the headquarters of the Red Cross over which Clara Barton presided.

There were tons of supplies sent to the starving Cubans; but Miss Barton, as I said, could not reach them. She must wait and do what merciful deeds she could.

And one day after the Battle of San Juan Hill the Colonel of a certain Rough Rider Regiment came to the Red Cross Headquarters with a blue bandanna around his neck, and asked to buy supplies to relieve the wretchedness of his sick and wounded.

Doctor Gardner brought the message to his chief. Clara Barton said, "We have nothing to sell."

Doctor Gardner returned, saying: "The Colonel says they must have something to relieve his men. They are in very great need."

Clara Barton said, "Tell him to ask for it, then."

So Colonel Roosevelt asked for aid, and out of their supply they filled a bag with things he wanted. And he, the vigorous, sturdy, muscular power that he is, took it on his back and strode away, carrying relief to his men who so urgently needed the help.

Miss Barton as an Organizer

A FEW years passed. Clara Barton had received honors from almost every country of Europe. Decorations, recognitions, priceless jewels, were bestowed upon her.

For more than twenty years Miss Barton alone and unassisted was practically the Red Cross of this country. She gave her life and her income to it.

She had given to the International Red Cross Society the idea which she had worked out here, and which was her own inauguration, known as the "American Amendment." This

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idea was not to confine the Red Cross service to war. But the organized Red Cross Society should go wherever there was human suffering which came from fire, flood, earthquake, devastation—public calamities of any kind where systematized relief was required.

Then she organized what was known as "First-Aid Work." Her purpose was to have in every city, town, village and hamlet First-Aid Societies—that is, people trained to know what to do in case of accident or calamity. It was their duty to go where accidents or disasters occurred, just as firemen are required to go when the call of fire comes.

Miss Barton was an organizer. She organized the Institution of the American Amendment and First-Aid Work.

But in Nineteen Hundred Six it occurred to certain people that it might be desirable to get control of the Red Cross in America. As newspapers of April Twenty-third, Nineteen Hundred Twelve, said, "This was a clique of Washington politicians and ambitious society people." They were strong financially, socially and politically.

They went before Congress and secured an amended charter for the Red Cross, which included none of Miss Barton's friends, but Miss Barton's name was still there. This was done without Miss Barton's knowledge or consent ❧ ❧

Because the name of Clara Barton headed the list in the amended law, the bill was passed. The Members of Congress supposed it was a bill that Miss Barton wanted, because her name headed the list. However, Miss Barton was ignored by the new organization. Her name has never been mentioned in their reports or publications. She was never invited to attend any meeting of the Society which she had created and established in this country ❧ ❧ ❧

I do not know who made the accusations against Clara Barton's methods of distributing supplies in times of war.

The term "Accusation" used in connection with Clara Barton is not only the blunder of boors, but it is crime and sacrilege. But an accusation was made that she had diverted the use of supplies sent to her.

That is to say, we sent supplies to the starving Cubans. Clara Barton could not reach them, but she could reach the sick, the dying, the sons, the brothers, the fathers, the lovers, of the people who had sent these supplies, and she did not withhold her hand. She gave to the children and to the relatives the supplies which American citizens had sent to her.

This was the diversion.

And Colonel Roosevelt, who had so bravely carried off on his back some of these diverted supplies, it has been said, helped to prove the accusation—and not as a pleasantry.

The great, beautiful, loving heart of Clara Barton was bowed in grief, different from any grief it had ever felt before.

She knew ingratitude. She had not expected gratitude. She worked for humanity, for whom she had a love unparalleled in history. Any wounded, sick or suffering human being she was friend to, and would minister to him ❧

Then, when the people approved her for so diverting supplies, an investigation of her accounts was ordered without ceremony. They went to her headquarters and took her books from her. They said, "Clara Barton has money; where did she get it?"—with eyebrows lifted.

Clara Barton said to Doctor Underhill, "Is it possible, Doctor, that this man who has so much to say about the square deal could so strike a woman who has none of his weapons to use, and could not use them if she had?"

¶ That the square deal could strike down a woman while she was bending to give a cup of cold water!

She must give an accounting of all moneys and all supplies.

They asked Clara Barton for an accounting of those things she had given out on the battlefield, in the midst of shot and shell, among the groans of the sick, the wounded, the dying: food and medicine and bandages that she had distributed in the turmoil of battlefields, where had lain the wounded for many hours, and Clara Barton their first relief.

They demanded of her an accounting of all supplies given out under these conditions.

General William H. Sears, who was Clara Barton's private secretary for many months, and Field Agent at Galveston, told us of opening many letters containing checks made out to Clara Barton—not as President of the Red Cross, not as President of the National First-Aid Association—but to Clara Barton, a woman, to use as she personally desired and as her best judgment saw fit ❧ A large percentage of cash contributions came in this

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way ❧ Many letters containing remittances stated, "For your own personal use."
Many and many checks were sent to her just in this way.

An Investigation

¶ BUT an investigation was ordered. ¶ It was not a Congressional, but a Red Cross investigation. On this committee were two or three Members of Congress.
"But where did Clara Barton get her money?" said the gossips. "We have investigated and we find that her father left her but five hundred dollars, and this she gave to her brother many years ago. She used eleven thousand dollars in identifying the dead in their shallow graves on the battlefield after the War. Where did she get that eleven thousand dollars?"
The usurpers must know.
General Sears said that he was one of the three attorneys selected by Miss Barton's friends to defend her in the investigation ❧ I believe the glorious General would defend Clara Barton with the last drop of blood in his veins.
So one day when he and Clara Barton were discussing this sorrow, he said: "Miss Barton, where did you get your money? They are going to ask this, and I had better know. I want no surprises sprung."
"Surely," said Miss Barton; "it is right that they should know.
"I was brought up in New England, and I have the New England thrift.
"I began teaching school when I was fourteen and taught for a number of years. I saved my money and invested it successfully.
"I had a Government position in Washington, being the first woman clerk ❧ I saved my earnings and invested them well.
"I lectured for several years. The people wanted to hear what I had to say, and I received one hundred dollars for every lecture I could give, and this money I saved.
"This of course was no great sum as business-men count money.
"In Eighteen Hundred Forty-nine one of my brothers, and Another, went out to California to the gold-field. Two years later my brother returned. The Other did not. But he sent to me by my brother ten thousand dollars in gold—all his savings. I put this in the banks, but I felt that I could never use this gold nor even the interest on it. It was too sacred a fund. But after the War, when the lonely cries came from the mothers and wives and sweethearts to know where their beloved lay, and if their beloved were dead, I knew this fund was not too sacred for this use. I used eleven thousand dollars of that money for that purpose ❧ ❧
"As you know, the Government after a time returned to me not only eleven thousand dollars, but gave as a compensation four thousand more. And I had fifteen thousand dollars to put in the bank to hold for another sacred cause." ❧ ❧
Beside that, while Miss Barton was in Europe, assisting the Red Cross in Paris, Edmund Dwight came to Miss Barton, stating that he had a shipload of supplies and about one hundred fifty thousand dollars in cash contributed by the people of Boston to the people of Paris. ¶ Mr. Dwight did not know how to dispense this money. He was sick and had to go back to America. He insisted that Clara Barton with her organization should distribute it ❧ He endorsed a draft to her for the money not yet used. So she felt compelled to take this responsibility.
One of the principles of the Red Cross Society is not to pauperize, not to spend the people's money when it is not needed, not to help those who can help themselves.
There were thirty thousand dollars left of this fund when the cause for charity was no more. ¶ Clara Barton sent the money back to Mr. Dwight in Boston.
By the first mail he returned it to her and said: "This money is yours; the people of Boston want you to keep it for what you have done for humanity. Take care of it and use it as you think best."
Again Clara Barton returned it to him, having endorsed the draft for thirty thousand dollars to Edmund Dwight, and said, "This belongs to the people of Boston."
And Mr. Dwight, with authority, placed this amount in an endowment fund, in the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, with this provision: that Clara Barton was to have for her own use six per cent interest on thirty thousand dollars for so long as she lived. She drew it for forty years.

Miss Barton's Simple Needs

¶ CLARA BARTON'S New England thrift caused her to be able to do consummate work with the money and means which many waste. She has given us a constant lesson in

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SEA NOCTURNE

By SADAKICHI HARTMANN

UPON the silent sea-swept strand
The dreams of night fall soft and gray;
The waves fade on the jeweled sand,
Like some lost hope of yesterday.

The dreams of night fall soft and gray
Upon the Summer-colored seas;
Like some lost hope of yesterday,
The sea-mew's call is on the breeze.

Upon the Summer-colored seas,
Sails gleam and glimmer ghostly white;
The sea-mew's call is on the breeze,
Lost in the monotone of night.

Sails gleam and glimmer ghostly white;
They come and slowly drift away,
Lost in the monotone of night,
The visions of a Summer day.

They shift and slowly drift away,
Like lover's lays that wax and wane,
The visions of a Summer day,
The dreams we ne'er will dream again.

Like lover's lays that wax and wane,
The star-dawn shifts from sail to sail;
Like dreams we ne'er will dream again,
The sea-mews follow on their trail.

The star-dawn shifts from sail to sail,
As they drift to the dim unknown;
The sea-mews follow on their trail,
In quest of some dreamland zone.

In quest of some far dreamland zone,
Of some far silent sea-swept strand,
They are lost in the dim unknown,
Where waves fade on jeweled sand,
And dreams of night fall soft and gray,
Like some lost hope of yesterday.

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A NEW

By ELB

THERE is a new religion. It has come without blare of brass, without fanfare of words, without shoutings, without argument, agitation or violence. This new religion is slowly and surely conquering the world. It is being preached from every pulpit in Christendom, and is being advocated by all rabbis, priests, preachers and teachers. It is so reasonable, so gentle, so simple, so obvious, that it is being accepted without opposition —aye, without the realization that it exists. ¶ In form, the old creeds still remain, but their soul is honeycombed by doubt. The old is being construed in the light of the new. The ruin of the past is a quarry to which we go for material to build the temple of the new. ¶ This new religion assumes that what is good in this life is good in another. It deals with but one worl at a time. The object of its adoration humanity. It does not try to make pea with the skies; it teaches man that his su cess lies in making peace with his neighbo It is a religion of self-preservation, and th has it engaged as counsel the stronge passion of the human heart. ¶ Curious enough, the men who have done most bring this religion about are not aware th they are religious in their tendenci actions, or mode of thought. The ne religion is not a "revealed" religion, in t sense that it has been whispered by t Infinite to one or two. It has been born the multitude; and the businessmen of t

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Drawing by Charles A. Winter.

LIGION

UBBARD

vorld are its chief promulgators. It requires o interpretation, explanation or defense. : came in with the one-price system; it vas accepted when honesty was discov- red to be an asset. It recognizes the rotherhood of Man, and is built on the olid bedrock of the solidarity of the race. I Lies lead straight to limbo. Nothing pays ut truth. In all transactions, of every kind nd nature, both sides must profit. ¶ That hich we give out comes back to us again. Ve are punished by our sins, not for iem. ¶ This new religion tends to elimi- ate fear, doubt, hate, prejudice. It has sym- athy, imagination, hope, faith and love. It has the power to put itself in the place of the other person. In it there is no tyranny, no force, no threat. It wins only by the virtue that it possesses. Those who practise it thrive. Through it the world is being redeemed. Sickness, distress, regrets, misunderstanding, sorrows, before it flee away. The chief characteristic of this new religion is its antiquity. It has always been known by the elect few. But now the masses, the many, are accepting and practising it in their lives. It is taught in all public schools, in business colleges, in shops, stores, factories, banks, and in the marketplaces of the world. It is taught on railroad-trains, in sleeping-cars, day-coaches, in the caboose, on the farms, by chauffeurs, by the men who sow and reap. ¶ It is the Religion of Commonsense. Its tenets are industry, economy, efficiency, reciprocity, appreciation, kindness, good-cheer, mutuality, co-operation, all illumined by love.

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RECONCILIATION

By LIZZIE DOTEN



OD of the Granite and the Rose!
Soul of the Sparrow and the Bee!
The mighty tide of Being flows
Through countless channels, Lord, from Thee.
It leaps to life in grass and flower
Through every grade of being runs,
Till from Creation's radiant tower
Thy glory flames in stars and suns.

God of the Granite and the Rose!
Soul of the Sparrow and the Bee!
The mighty tide of Being flows
Through all Thy creatures back to Thee.
Thus round and round the circle runs,
A mighty sea without a shore,
While men and women, stars and suns,
Unite to praise Thee evermore.

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thrift. There was not a woman in that great audience at the Memorial Service who did not feel the crime of waste. We realized the economies which Clara Barton lived and practised, that she might give life and aid to those who were in dire need. Her herculean work was done with means that most men would scorn as too trivial to begin a work with.

What a paltry sum it was that Clara Barton had! And great business it was officially to investigate!

"Where did she get it?"

I wonder how the people felt when they had torn from her heart with their coarse fingers her sacred secret, that they might justify their course!

What a trifling sum it was! Women of fashion could dispose of that amount of money and never know they had spent it.

Clara Barton, who knew work and how to work, as even the great prophets of work do not know, lived so simply that at her desk, at work, a piece of bread and cheese and one apple was her dinner, a frugal supper, and the most abstemious breakfast. Few have chosen to live like this. Her dress was so simple that no one tried to follow her fashion.

And yet it was demanded of her that she give an accounting of goods and food distributed to dying and wounded on the battlefield.

The unspeakable Turk never did anything so bad as this.

William H. Taft, then Secretary of War, was made President of the American National Red Cross in Nineteen Hundred Six. Colonel Roosevelt had opportunity to know Miss Barton well. But at this National Memorial service, neither the President nor the Would-Be was present, nor were they represented, nor did they send messages.

There were present at this meeting men and women who are great. There were read letters and telegrams, loving tributes to the memory of this great woman.

Republics are never grateful.

It may be right to be a Rough Rider, but one should not ride rough all the time. Dismount! Take thy shoes from off thy feet. This is holy ground.

It may be well to want to serve one's country, as Taft and Roosevelt say they want to serve it now. But it might be better service to one's country to pause long enough in a tour such as these men are now making, and show recognition to the greatness of one of the greatest souls that has ever come to earth. A woman who has served her country as the country needed should have had such recognition.

Appreciation of the European Powers

FROM Eighteen Hundred Sixty-nine to Eighteen Hundred Seventy-one, Clara Barton worked in the Red Cross service in Europe: in the Franco-German war and its hospitals, at Haggenau, Metz, Strasburg, Belfort, Woerth, Baden Hospitals, Sedan, Montbelard, Paris (Fall of the Commune). And she was appreciated by the European Powers. ¶ Emperor William and Empress Augusta decorated her with the Iron Cross of Prussia, the only woman who has been so honored. The Gold Cross of Remembrance was given by the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden. The Medal of the International Committee of the Red Cross of Geneva, Switzerland, was given her. She was given the Red Cross by the Queen of Servia; a Silver Medal by Empress Augusta of Germany; a Flag was voted by the Congress of Berne, Switzerland; Jewels were given by the Grand Duchess of Baden; a Diploma of Honor by German war veterans; Jewels by the Queen of Prussia; Diploma of Honor from the Red Cross of Austria; Diploma and Decorations by the Sultan of Turkey; Diploma and Decorations by the Prince of Armenia; Commended by President McKinley in a Message to Congress; Diploma and Decorations by Spain; Vote of Thanks by the Cortes of Spain; Vote of Thanks by the Portuguese Red Cross; Decoration of the Order of the Red Cross by the Czar of Russia in Nineteen Hundred Two.

She has represented our own Government at four International Red Cross Conferences. During the Civil War, beginning with meeting the Massachusetts Sixth Volunteers in Washington on their arrival from the Baltimore attack, April Nineteenth, Eighteen Hundred Sixty-one, she was on the battlefields and personally administered relief at Cedar Mountain, Falmouth, Fort Wagner, Deep Bottom, Chantilly, Fredericksburg, The Wilderness, Petersburg, Second Bull Run, Charleston, Spottsylvania, Richmond, Antietam, Morris Island, The Mine, Annapolis.

The Summer of Eighteen Hundred Sixty-five she spent at Andersonville, identifying the dead, thirteen thousand.

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Four years following the Civil War she spent searching for the missing men of war—eighty thousand of them.

Seven years she worked in the United States to educate our people to understand the benefit of organizing the Red Cross, and taking part in International Red Cross Associations.

¶ From Eighteen Hundred Eighty-one, when the Michigan Forest Fires made the Red Cross aid necessary, to the year Nineteen Hundred Four, through flood and fire and famine, hurricane and tidal wave, Clara Barton ministered to our own people, and without remuneration. ¶ Throughout the Cuban War she was on the battlefield.

Texas, Michigan, Illinois and Cuba have done her honor, and have given recognition of her great work.

As a nation our recognition was to order an investigation of how Miss Barton spent her funds. ¶ But this is not the way the nation feels toward Clara Barton! That was only an exigency, an excrescence, a malformation, a wart on the nose, that assumed a prominence it does not deserve.

The people of the United States reverence, admire, and devotedly love Clara Barton.

Doctor Hubbell said that Clara Barton was always young. Although she had lived more than ninety years, she never gave the impression to any one of her most intimate friends that she was an old woman. "Her age knew no time."

She was a worker from infancy. She knew the value of time, of every material. She was an economist. From her early childhood she was economically free. She gave to the world nearly a century of work, Clara Barton's work, taking neither vacation nor recreation. Like Heine, she was refreshed by a great thought. ¶ Her interests were world interests. The pettiness of provincialism was never hers. She had no time to hate; only time to serve, to love, to give.

Being Dead, She Yet Liveth

CLARA BARTON is glorious today. She is not dead. I could not even say that she is away, for Doctor Underhill in his Memorial address told us this story:

Stephen E. Barton, nephew of Miss Barton, who was with her often on relief fields; Doctor Julien B. Hubbell, for twenty-three years General Field Agent of the American Red Cross; and Doctor Eugene Underhill were with Clara Barton when she passed from sight. It was they who saw that her wishes were carried out to the letter; that there should be no solemn mourning; that they should make no event of her passing ❧ She said that death was only one of the things incident to life, a part of life.

It was Miss Barton's wish that her ashes should be laid in the cemetery at Oxford, Massachusetts, near those of her father, mother, brothers and sisters.

These friends had engaged a car to take all that was mortal of Clara Barton to its last resting-place, and there was to be no transfer going from Glen Echo, Maryland, to Oxford, Massachusetts. The route was by way of Washington and New York.

From Jersey City the car is usually put on a ferry and sent across the Hudson.

Stephen E. Barton, Doctor Hubbell and Doctor Underhill had just retired on this car. It was near midnight.

When they reached the station for the ferry a brakeman came along and said: "There is such a fog covering the city, the river and the harbor, that it is impossible for us to use the ferry tonight to carry this car over. You will have to unload, cross the Hudson in the Tube, and an automobile will take you across the city to the Pennsylvania Station."

"What shall we do with the casket?"

"Put it in a baggage-car," said the brakeman, unconcernedly. "We will see that it gets across. You 'll have to hurry."

The three men were concerned.

Clara Barton, no matter what the provocation, had never deserted the dead or the dying. She had never betrayed a trust.

That casket could not go in a baggage-car. They could not entrust these precious ashes to stranger hands.

It was after midnight now. The cold, penetrating fog made them shiver. The city seemed desolate, and most unfriendly.

Two stood by the casket and one went in search of a vehicle to take them across the city. There was no time to lose if they made that train they had planned to take.

At last an express-wagon was found. An Irishman was the driver, and his old white horse was scarcely able to draw a load. However, the expressman was finally persuaded to undertake the task of making the transfer.

Doctor Hubbell and Stephen Barton stood,

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one on each side of the casket in the wagon. Doctor Underhill rode with the driver to inspire and urge him on.

The Irishman grumbled and growled, and met every request of Doctor Underhill's with a difficulty. ¶ The cold deepened.

The desolation and the sadness of the whole situation was creeping into the hearts of the three men.

Finally the driver said: "We can never get up that Forty-fifth Street hill. It 's impossible. I say it can't be done. My old horse will never do it." Doctor Underhill had his doubts, too. ¶ However, he said: "It has got to be done. We 'll push going up the hill and get along somehow. Urge your horse all you can."

And the old horse pulled and tugged at its load

How indifferent the old man was! How rough and wretched the pavement! How discordant the rumble and rattle of the wagon! It was so unlike what they wanted for this beautiful lady, this great Mother-Woman whom they longed to serve.

Finally the Irishman said, "Who is in that box back there that you are making such a fuss about?"

"Who is in the casket?" said Doctor Underhill. "That is Clara Barton."

"Clara Barton, you did n't say Clara Barton!" ¶ "Yes, Clara Barton," said Doctor Underhill

"Not THE Clara Barton?" gasped the Irishman

"Yes, THE Clara Barton."

"My God! She saved my father's life. He was a Confederate soldier on the battlefield at Antietam. You don't mean that that is Clara Barton back there! He was bleeding to death and she saved him!"

"Yes, that is The Great Clara Barton."

"I 'll get you to the station in time, stranger. I 'll get you to the station in time." And he laid the lash on the old horse.

"Why, you 're cold, stranger—you 're cold. I have got a horse-blanket here. It smells pretty bad, but it will keep you warm a bit." And with the tenderness of a woman he tucked that old horse-blanket around the Doctor and wrapped him up in it.

And Doctor Underhill knew that Clara Barton was not dead. She lived again in the touch of a rough man's hand, made tender by the mercy and loving-kindness of Clara Barton.

They made the Forty-fifth Street hill all right, and they reached the station in time. The Irishman threw the reins over the old horse's back, pulled off his hat in the chilly night, and said, "If you will just allow me, sir," and with tears running down his face, he took hold of the casket as with trained and gentle hand, and with Stephen Barton, Doctor Hubbell and Doctor Underhill, carried the casket into a waiting car of the second section of the Federal Express. This train had been divided by order of the railroad authorities, one section waiting for the honor of carrying to its last resting-place the greatest woman of all times. ¶ And so has

Clara Barton joined the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self.
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.
So has she joined the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

Men who have ideas and express them are yet at bay in the world.

The Hookworm

By E. W. Howe



WE are told that Mexico is a slaughter-house; that law and order are unknown there; that lawless marauders are reveling in a reign of terror; that there is no government; that Madero is but a figurehead, as he has no authority.

Yet pure Democracy is in control in Mexico. A revolution financed by Madero, the richest Mexican, and encouraged by every Muck-Raker in the United States, was completely successful only a short time ago. A stable government which brought more prosperity to Mexico than it had ever before known, was overthrown. Certain lazy peons were poor when Diaz was in control; the same peons are even

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poorer now that the Madero revolution has succeeded. Revolution has not only failed to benefit Mexico, but has greatly injured it. Another revolution is now on in that unhappy country, to render the situation still more deplorable. A revolution will not raise corn to feed the hungry; on the contrary, it will take many workers out of the cornfields and give them opportunity to shoot other corn-growers ❧ ❧

Mexico is at present thoroughly worthless. Why not get some use from it by further encouraging its citizens to try all the experiments which are troublesome on this side of the Rio Grande? Why not try the recall of judges there? Why not try confiscating the property of the corporations? Why not try bothering the industrious and thrifty until they are driven out of the country? If these experiments prove as unsuccessful in Mexico as revolution, would it not be a good idea to slow up on them in our own country?

An important fact is that a certain proportion of the Mexicans are lazy, unfair, ignorant, superstitious, and without mental capacity. They believe Liberty means idleness; they believe religion is forgiveness of personal sins, and cleanliness and industry abridgment of their natural rights. They believe that education is a waste of time, and that Patriotism is revolution against the established order. They are as incapable as a wolf of realizing that industry and fairness pay better than idleness and petty theft.

There is only one thing that can be done for them: support them in idleness; and if that were done, they would organize a revolution, and demand larger houses and better meals. They will always be a disagreeable Problem, because they don't know, and don't care much.

The Hookworm Tribe

THERE are some people in this country like them, but the proportion is very much smaller. You possibly know that many men are worthless, and that no amount of effort can result in making good citizens of them. They are shiftless, lazy, unfair, ignorant, and nothing can be done for them because they have the Hookworm, a disease invented by kind-hearted scientists as an apology for human beings we are all ashamed of. What the Hookworm people say, is not important; they don't know, and are incapable of studying any problem fairly and intelligently. They are very low in the human scale, yet their talk has been made the alarm-cry of nearly every professional reformer. It is the Hookworm people who believe in fiat money: that plenty of money for everybody is simply a process of manufacturing it from silver or paper. It is the Hookworm people who believe in a division of property; who say they are as good as anybody: that we are all equal. It is the Hookworm man who wants to be let alone himself, but who insists upon an investigation for everybody else. It is the Hookworm man whose prices are always reasonable, and who believes the prices of others are too high. It is the Hookworm man who says the people are starving slaves when they are really enjoying more liberty and prosperity than was ever before known in the history of any race. It is the Hookworm citizen who can not understand that the earnings of the railroads, packing-houses and factories go to millions of employees and stockholders, and not to a handful of rich men. It is the Hookworm man who says the United States is owned and controlled by a dozen men, although you may travel from New York to San Francisco, and never be out of sight of valuable property owned by different men.

Problems of Life

PEOPLE talk incessantly of the unknown Problems of Life.

There are no unknown problems in life. It is a simple journey from the cradle to the grave, and every one of average intelligence knows the terms. The Great Problems are nearly all questions asked by the Hookworm people: people who don't know beans when the bag is open, and who refuse to learn. Certain questions have been discussed for thousands of years, yet the answers are known absolutely ❧ Is Socialism a good thing? The Hookworm men say it is. If Socialism were a good thing, it would have been adopted centuries ago. People are always selfish, if not always intelligent and fair, and they have hesitated for years about accepting Socialism, said to be for their good, because they fear that maybe it is n't for their good. It is not necessary to discuss a good thing a long time to discover its merits. If Socialism is a good thing, it can be demonstrated as easily as that four dollars a day is a good thing, as compared with two dollars a day, and people would as promptly adopt it.

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Thousands of books have been written to prove a theory advanced by a Hookworm man named Karl Marx, although the men who work and think, and pay their debts, and are not chased from country to country for bad conduct, know Socialism is a foolish and a dangerous fallacy. Millions of better men than Karl Marx have given Socialism more intelligent thought than Marx could have given it, and decided for the system under which we now live. It is silly to say that Karl Marx loved his race more than millions of better and more intelligent men who have lived before and since his time. Karl Marx did nothing for the people; he did nothing for himself; he is only known because he talked Socialism, a Hookworm theory known to be nonsense before his day. He was dreamy and morose; a Jew who caused his parents much trouble, although Jews are usually good sons. His natural drift was toward a beer-saloon, a group of frowsy followers, the reek of vile tobacco, and the smell of sour beer. The woman who married him, and who knew him best, thought so little of him that she is said to have loved another man. He and his six children lived on six dollars a week, and when one of his children died, he had no money with which to buy a coffin. Why? Because he would n't work; because he spent his time in spreading a Hookworm doctrine the people knew to be foolish. In his later life he did not believe in marriage, and, when a young man, he believed in study as little as he believed in work, since he failed at college.

This is the sort of man who was the chief of modern Socialists, and while we discard his doctrines, the Hookworm party is so strong numerically that those who know Marx was a useless disturber treat his memory almost with respect. We have rejected Marx's doctrines, and prospered, but seem ashamed of our commonsense, our intelligence and our prosperity. The false doctrines of the Hookworm people are not kept alive by the Hookworm people themselves, for they have little power, but by people who know better.

A powerful magazine lately tried to teach the Hookworm people a little financial sense by telling the Goose Farm story. According to figures, the magazine said, three hundred dollars invested in a goose farm would, in three years, pay a profit of three hundred twenty-one thousand dollars. The figures were given: so much from goose-livers, so much from goose-quills, so much from goose-feathers, etc. It was all sarcasm, intended to show the absurdity of "schemes," but the Hookworm people will believe anything: they believed the figures, and wrote the magazine editor for additional information, as they desired to start Goose Farms, and make a profit of three hundred twenty-one thousand dollars in three years on an investment of three hundred dollars. Much of the sacred doctrine of the Hookworm people was obtained in the same way: from publications intended to make fun of them. I venture to say that thousands of Hookworm people have carefully put away the magazine containing the Goose Farm story, a palpable satire, and that they believe the figures. No doubt they say "figures won't lie," although the article was printed as a warning that figures do lie.

Honesty in Business

¶ IT is Hookworm doctrine that a man can not succeed in business and be an honest man. Thieves have made this saying one of their cardinal tenets, and revere it next to "Not Guilty." Every false, mischievous doctrine originated in the distorted, unfair minds of the Hookworm men, yet all their doctrines are received with a pretense of respect by men who know better. Hookworm fallacies are generally received with so much leniency that newspapers gain circulation by advocating them and lose circulation if they oppose them. ¶ Why this admiration for Hookworm men? True, they are men, and they have rights, but more worthy and useful citizens are also men, and they also have rights which we respect except in newspaper articles and in public addresses. A big politician will appear before an audience composed of ten or twenty Hookworm men, and several hundred good citizens. The big politician will at once engage in Hookworm talk, and there will be tremendous applause. The good citizens know better, but for some strange reason, applaud the talk. Hookworm talk is everywhere a fetish, and everywhere people seem to believe that while the truth is true, it has no right to be true. It is a serious error to believe that while truth is true, it has no right to be. Truth is as respectable and as important as the sunrise, and we should set our alarm-clocks accordingly. The greatest mistakes in history have been due to fighting what is true, natural and respectable.

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If the Hookworm doctrine of Socialism could be made a law at the next election, the Recall would be immediately invoked, and Socialism voted out of existence. Sensible men would quickly show their power if an attempt were made to put some of these false doctrines into actual practise. Why, then, do they hover so lovingly around the edges of error? I do not know, unless there is always great curiosity among the people to know what is going on in Hell; it is my opinion that every sane man should know, without going to see.

Will we ever put the Hookworm doctrines into effect? I doubt it. Then why encourage them in a maudlin, sentimental, foolish way? Either try out the Hookworm doctrines practically, or courageously defend fairness, industry, commonsense, marriage, education, prosperity and truth. The dallying with Hookworm doctrines is the varioloid of the disease we have so much reason to dread. We have placed the stamp of necessity upon certain human practises. Therefore defend them, and let the Hookworm man go chase himself.

The only way you can get into the Kingdom of Heaven is to carry the Kingdom of Heaven in your own heart.

Sans Souci

By Mike Kinney, Teamster



ONE morning last Summer, in Berlin, in front of Cook's office on Unter den Linden, we climbed up on a sightseeing automobile to make the trip to Potsdam and Sans Souci. The usual crowd of people who never seemed to have anything to do were hanging around to see us off. The automobile started at a lively clip. We went through parks and over well-paved, clean streets. People stared at us as if we were just out of a zoological garden, and we stared back at them. Why is it everybody always smiles at a Rubberneck Wagon? Is it a smile of sympathy or one of superiority? I have never yet been able to figure out this smile. It 's not like Mona Lisa's.

We passed Charlottenberg. A model of this palace you know was reproduced by the German Government at the Saint Louis World's Fair. When the building was wrecked at the end of the Fair, the sweet chimes in the palace were sold. Saint Louis should have bought them, but they were purchased by some Eastern city. The people of Saint Louis during the World's Fair had entertained so many of their country cousins and the cost of living was so high, that when things were sold cheap at the end of the Exposition, only the tightwads of the city had any money left with which to make purchases.

The Ride on the Lake

FINALLY our motor left Berlin behind and we sailed along a new, straight road, lined on each side with a straggling forest. After a while we reached a sort of village, then a lake, and here the motor stopped. We descended a stairway and boarded a small steam-launch.

In every Cook's party there is a bunch of people who are always looking for the best of it. They grab the best seats in the automobile. They want the best seats at the table. They reach for the biggest slice of pie.

Well, of course, some of this stripe of travelers were in this bunch, and just as soon as they saw the launch they made a rush to get seats on the shady side. Our party was just a little more "ladylike." We took the only seats remaining, which were in the sun.

It was a very warm day. We settled down for a good, hot ride. But, Oh, joy! The launch steamed out into the lake and then turned around, and our hoggish friends the rest of the way were on the sunny side. My soul within me leapt with delight! I took out a good big black cigar—the kind you can't get in Germany—lighted it deliberately, and remarked to some of my friends that it must be quite warm in the sun, that we were very fortunate to happen to be on the shady side. The tourists looked daggers at me. They would have murdered me if they had not been afraid of the law.

This was the only trip we took with Cook's tourists. We often saw them at a distance. They were always crowding ahead of one another to get the best view. I believe if I took a trip over Europe with a bunch of Cook's tourists that I would never again love my fellow-men. I am sure my heart would be filled with hatred of my kind. It 's queer, but in a poker game, on a camping trip or in traveling,

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all the meanness of one's disposition will crop out ❧ ❧

Potsdam

AFTER steaming around for a long time on an uninteresting lake, and passing a lot of people who were bathing at a seaside resort, we finally hove in sight of Potsdam. Then we went up a sort of canal or river, and landed at the foot of some stone steps which led to a hotel. It was lunch-time, and a table-d'hote dinner was served outside under an awning. Oh, my, but it was sizzling hot! At the table I had a chance to look at the Cook's tourists. They were the usual noble American bunch. The men all looked cowed, as most American men do in the presence of their families. The women all looked aggressive. Their voices were high and nasal. At the table they said, "Won't you pass me some of *the* bread?" One lady, when offered a certain dish, answered politely, "No, thank you, I never *use* it."

Sure, I was proud of being an American! I was so proud that I ordered some Munich beer, and they brought it in a glass pitcher. Gee, but that was good beer! When I heard one sour-looking lady say to another, "See that dissipated man drinking!" I reached for the pitcher and took another help. Then I turned to one of the henpecked husbands and asked him if he would n't have a drink. He hesitatingly declined, but I would hate to trust him out of the old woman's sight.

After luncheon each of the gentlemen tourists took a cigar out of his own pocket, lighted it with his own match, and put it into his own mouth. None of that bunch was reckless enough to offer anybody else a cigar. Then we walked out in front of the hotel and stood in the shade waiting for stragglers to come up. ¶ When the entire party was lined up we were informed by the guide, who spoke excellent English, that we were in the historical town of Potsdam. The streets were full of cobblestones, and German soldiers were everywhere. Two soldiers would march by carrying a little box with two leather handles, while eight soldiers marched behind them with their rifles over their shoulders. I saw the same thing in London. I never could make out whether the eight soldiers were guarding what was in the box or whether they were guarding the two soldiers who were carrying the box. I wish some gentle reader would write and tell me what the German and English armies carry in those boxes. In London, every morning at about ten o'clock a squad of soldiers would carry a box like that up to Buckingham Palace. Maybe the box contained fresh eggs for the King's breakfast, or maybe it held important diplomatic dispatches ❧ ❧

Finally we reached the usual courtyard of the Potsdam Palace. There were the usual cobblestones, and the usual equestrian statue. There were the usual guards walking up and down and toting the usual rifles. When the guide had rounded up our stragglers, we were ushered through the entrance of the palace. Immediately facing us at the bottom of the stairs were several samples of modern rapid-fire artillery. The stairs circled around the battery. The guide explained that these fieldpieces were not loaded, but were presents from Queen Victoria to the German Emperor. It struck me as particularly appropriate to place a park of field artillery just at the entrance to the palace, so when you walked in you would feel perfectly at home.

The Old Consultation-Room

ONE thing about this Potsdam Palace that stands out clearly in my memory is the staircase that was pointed out to us, which was used by Napoleon when he visited this palace in Eighteen Hundred Six—and it has never been used by any one since. My, what a busy man Napoleon was! Almost everywhere we went in Europe, except in London, he had been there first and had left his mark ❧ ❧

Another thing I remember about this palace is the inclined stairway, built so one of the kings who suffered from gout could be pushed up and down stairs in his roller-chair.

But the most interesting thing to me in this palace was Frederick the Great's consultation-room. In the middle of this room was a round table, so constructed that by pushing a spring the center of the table sank down through the floor to the apartment beneath. When Frederick the Great held a board meeting the members sat around this table. They did not care to be bothered by servants coming and going, nor did they wish to have the servants overhear their conversation. So when they needed a fresh supply of food and drink, they just allowed the top of the table to descend to the room beneath, where it was replenished, and then pushed up again.

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There were double doors to this room, and they say that in the time of Frederick the Great he always kept a soldier at the door of this room who could speak neither German nor French.

On each side of the aforesaid table there was a large boxlike arrangement for holding empty bottles. We therefore would conclude that Frederick the Great and his friends were accustomed to "cut into the grape," as George Ade would say, "at five dollars per."

Frederick the Great

OF course, I might write you about the rooms used by Frederick the Great, his writing-desk, etc., but to tell you the truth, I am in a hurry to get you to Sans Souci, because it was there that Frederick the Great spent most of his time and the whole place is marked with his curious personality.

After "doing" the palace we again took the automobile, and after having our teeth almost shaken out in going over the cobblestone streets, we stopped in front of an old church. Everybody rushed to get into the church first, for fear they might miss something. I was so disgusted with the bunch that I lighted a good cigar and remained in the automobile chatting with an elderly lame lady. On account of her physical misfortune she could not keep up with that crowd. As usual with the right kind of woman she regaled me at some length with an account of her children. All the historical wonders we were seeing could not for one moment take the dear woman's mind away from the children at home.

About the time I had finished my cigar, the "Cookies" came streaming out of the church, and then I learned that I had missed seeing the grave of Frederick the Great. One of the hatchet-faced ladies with a high voice told me, however, that it "was n't much anyhow." She said the grave was just behind the altar, and that it was so dark you could hardly see anything ❧ ❧

Still, I am really sorry that that "Burning Shame" brand of cigar prevented my standing with uncovered head at the grave of the great Frederick. Besides, I had read that Napoleon came here, and surrounded by his officers stood silent for some time before the marble sarcophagus. Finally he remarked, "If you were alive, I would not be here." Then, just from force of habit, he had them take Frederick's sword from off the top of the marble coffin and send it by parcels-post to Paris ❧ ❧

Napoleon did have such a "taking" way with him. I am not surprised that when Bismarck got to Paris and had that little seance with Jules Favre and Louis Thiers, he asked for the cession of Alsace and Lorraine, and so many millions of francs. Of course, the understanding at this meeting was that the German army would remain in France until the amount was paid. Bismarck thought it would take at least ten years for the French to raise the Germans out. Thiers, however, was cute. He had a provision put into the treaty to the effect that the French could take their own time about paying the indemnity. It is a matter of history that this enormous sum of money was raised by the French and paid to the Germans in one year. And according to the agreement, when the last centime was paid, every German soldier had to get back into Germany.

The Old Mill

WHEN over some dusty streets we motored to Sans Souci. We got out of the machine opposite an old mill. This mill was covered with vines. Here is the story about the mill: When Frederick the Great built Sans Souci, which, by the way, means "without care," he was annoyed by the creaking of this windmill. One afternoon he sauntered down to see his neighbor, the miller, and said: "I don't like that noise. I should like to buy your mill." The miller remarked that he was not needing any money just then and did not care to sell. "Then," answered Frederick, "I will take the mill away from you." The miller looked at him and said, "You won't do that, because you have gone on record as being the best emperor ever, and to take my mill away from me would be poor advertising for you." Frederick smiled and replied, "Then, if you will allow me to, I will have your mill decorated so it will be an object of beauty instead of ugliness." The miller said: "All right. Go ahead." So Frederick had his landscape-artists beautify the mill and the surrounding grounds. He also had a little oil poured into the windmill, so it would not make him nervous when he was trying to write poetry.

The Palace of Sans Souci is only one story high. It is built on top of a series of terraces. The view from the front of the palace, over the flowers and trees and fountains, is beautiful. Sans Souci is quite different from Versailles,

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but still I could see that Frederick was influenced by Le Notre in laying out his gardens

But what great stuff I could write if I were locked up in jail! I certainly sympathize with H. ace Greeley. Once when the door of a cell closed upon him he gave a deep sigh of satisfaction, and said, "Thank God, I am at last free from intrusion!"

God always gives us strength to bear the troubles of each day; but He never calculated on our piling the troubles past, and those to come, on top of those of today.

The Law of Love

By William Marion Reedy



THE recent alleged discovery by Professor Von Schroen of life and sex in crystals need not startle the world. Man has felt that there was nothing inanimate, from the beginning of time. His intuition has always been in advance of his reason. His poetry has led his science everywhere. The oneness of things is being demonstrated in these days, that is all. Matter and spirit are but manifestations of force. Some philosophies have pushed this oneness of things to the end of maintaining that all matter is illusion, and that our thoughts themselves are illusions and we ourselves but a dream within a mighty dream Biology has resolved life back to the single cell, in which all the senses are converged. Physics has shown sight and touch and smell and hearing to be but varying apprehensions of one force. Light, heat and sound are motion, swifter or slower. Sex is a differentiation of the single cell. Philologists assert that, originally, the name of God in every language was both masculine and feminine.

What Is Life?

LIFE is but force. Matter holds together by force. Matter, therefore, has life. This is a logic irrefutable, to a mind in touch with the progress of study in all the sciences in this time. The star is brother to the clod; the moth is kin to the mastodon. Worlds are made to blossom in space as flowers are fructified by floating pollen. Mingling atoms make suns. Cell seeks affinity with cell. Dust blown from the unimaginable outer rim of silence finds its fellow dust, and, engaging in amorous whirl, a nebula is formed and from that nebula suns and systems of suns. Worlds in contact give birth to worlds. That crystals meet and kiss and mingle and produce other crystals is only "the way of a man with a maid."

Love is the only law. Love is spirit, and matter is the child of spirit. All this any man who reads may know.

Professor Von Schroen claims to be able to prove what Emanuel Swedenborg taught, of himself, of his insight of the spirit, revealing more than any microscope. Swedenborg taught what Gautama taught before him. The child who, after stubbing his toe, scolds the obstacle to his precarious progress, voices the implanted intuition that matter is a form of life. All personifications of matter and force tell us that they are recognized as kin to ourselves, and to our thoughts and feelings.

Is all this dreaming? Was Thomas Huxley a dreamer? Listen to him: "In itself it is of little moment whether we express the phenomena of Matter in terms of Spirit or the phenomena of Spirit in terms of Matter." A confession of their ultimate indistinguishability. They are different effects upon our apprehension of the same force. Some have said that matter is mere resistance to force. "Without this resistance, Motion would have been without result, for its action would have been infinite," says Balzac; and Herbert Spencer says, "Without resistance there can be merely empty extension." This is the maddest materialism, but Newton holds that it is absurd to suppose that mere "inanimate brute matter can operate upon and affect other matter without the mediation of something which is not material."

The Manifestations of Spirit

THIS mediating something is spirit—or, as mystics say, the Word. Its manifestations are attraction, repulsion, gravitation. All these are Motion. "Nowhere," says Balzac, "is motion sterile. Everywhere it engenders Number; but it may be neutralized by a superior resistance, as in minerals." This neutralization, Professor Schroen's discovery disproves conclusively—if he has made the discovery. The motion is in the crystal itself;

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the instinct whereby it seeks out its mate that it may "increase and multiply."

There is no rest. Inert matter is in motion, according to the newest science. The atoms of matter can make way for the X-ray—itself material—and unite again, as water unites after one has dipped his finger in it. Water is full of life. Minerals are, if we deceive not ourselves in recent discoveries, only a denser water. All is fluid in more or less tangible shape; and thought itself is fluid, according to the biologists. Here we have the thought of old Heraclitus, who preached "the flowing, flowing, flowing of the world," and all things in it

Out of the single cell—protoplasm, amebæ, vorticella—in combination, by its seeking its own, comes variation or number and, ultimately, Harmony. Thus we grasp the Platonic idea of Number and music—the famous "music of the spheres," which the uninitiate have laughed at evermore. Number through Motion resulting in Harmony gives us Law.

The Operation of the Unseen

ALL this implies the operation of the "unseen." Our most materialistic sciences deal ever with the "unseen"; with the undulatory theory of light, of sound, of heat, with gravitation. They are all imponderable, invisible forces or substances The atoms, themselves almost inconceivable, operate upon one another in the workings of these forces. The pollen from the flower finds its way to another, miles away, and fecundates it as Schmid's father, born in Germany, found his mother, born in Australia, to the seemingly unimportant end that Schmid should come to be. Surely those ancients were not far wrong in deeming the atoms themselves endowed with conscious intelligence.

There is life in everything and everywhere, and no life without love. As a man lies with a woman to perpetuate their kind, so do all things, infinitesimal and vast, through Nature, bed with each other. The phallus is a mightier symbol than the virtuous wot of. It is found even in the Cross. The sciences are a study of the universal lust. Flower fecundates flower, though one sends its seed to another on the limbs of a wandering and uncertain bee. There is a rain of life between the planets. Collisions scatter world-fragments in the far furrows of space, and the fragments are gathered up by other planets and life is transferred to them from systems that have ceased to be. In mathematics numbers cohabit, and the results are glimpses of the secrets of Infinity. In chemistry fluids and solids mingle to make things new. In physics the savagery and the tenderness of force, in destruction or reproduction, produce power. Biology shows us the operation of the same affection to the development of life. Differentiation, selection, organization—all these are processes of intelligent amorousness in matter This intelligent amorousness is the spirit in matter—the "love that makes the world go round," that "holds the universe ensphered."

What Is the End?

BUT where does it end—this intelligent amorousness? There is a limit to the finite. But the finite is part of the Infinite. It would seem that the pursuit of this law of love would bring one only to the Unknowable, pushing it only a little further back.

Love may follow whither love leads—unto the essence of God even—for God is love. The material aspect of love, dwelt on thus far, need not deter us from pushing "further North." To whoso believes in the oneness of Matter and Spirit, there is no Unknowable. The end of the Law of Love, and of the spiritual faculties for its perception, can be the knowing of this Unknowable—union with the Infinite. Let us make a flight!

Progress and increase must end, say the materialists. Evolution must cease somewhere, and when it does cease dissolution has begun. Attraction in matter rules for a while. Concentration is the law. Repulsion comes into play predominantly Dissolution is the law. The struggle is everlasting between Attraction and Repulsion Dissolution is but a state in which further Evolution ferments. From the nebulæ the systems come. Systems die and are scattered. They whirl, dark and dead, through space. A planet rolls through the dust. Friction fires the dust, melts it, sets it moving. The disturbing globe or comet drops life upon the fragments now set in molten motion once again. Another nebula! In course of time the cooling process begins. Parts are cast off. Soon a sun and circling train of satellites! How often may the circle of systems from life, through death, to life again, be made? The conclusion is that the Universe itself must complete a circle; must return whence it emanated.

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The Return to the One

FROM the one cell life variegates in large as in small ❧ The end of variety is the return to the one. The end is the beginning. "I am the Alpha and the Omega." We may fall back into our own sun, but that sun will, in time, fall back into a greater, and that again into another, until the primordial Sun is reached. Matter must fall back and back towards the origin thereof, and end in the Absolute. Shall we say that it returns and returns and returns until all creation condenses into the mere thought of the Supreme Intelligence? The number One is the original of all mathematics. Zero is but the figure One bent into a circle. All the figures are but variations of 1 and 0. All life is but variation of the life that is—through Life and Death. The end of all number is return to Unity, to the One bent into "the perfect circle," symbol of quiet and completion. Love conquers death, even by death; for Love is the spirit of which matter is a mere instrument. When the circle is complete all things are absorbed in that whence they sprung or whence they differentiated. Matter has not destroyed itself. Through development, through the retort and alembic of change, it has purified itself and come back to the Supreme, all Spirit. Matter is, as it were, volatilized; all the spirit in it is set free, and, through indefinities of purification, the last materiality of matter is transmuted into spirit—as the substance of a rose-leaf into the odor thereof, or, remoter still, into the thought of the odor of the rose—and Matter is not annihilated, but only changed into its other self, Spirit. It is resolved back into the Idea in which alone it had existence. This is the idea of Nirvana.

This is not a doctrine of Nothingness, and the end of this law of love, which the German savant is said to have found operating in crystals as hard as this inevitable law of love itself, is not the panacea of "universal suicide." Death is love's attainment of calm, after the mighty circle of struggle has been made ❧ ❧

It would seem, of course, that, if the end of everything is to be annihilation, the individual might take a short cut to the end, by means of "a tall tree and courage and a rope," might hasten his arrival at the absorption. But the law of love is not the law of self. It is a law understood best in the universal, and reaching its full meaning only in bringing the universes and all that they inherit under its sway in utter cessation of strife and attrition; not in annihilation, but in a concentration of all in one perfect peace.

Nirvana negatives nothing. It brings all discordances and denials to a harmonious positive. It brings Resistance, which is Matter, to Rest, which is the Spirit—to the Rest which is the completion of Motion's infinite circle.

The Will to Live

THE end, then, is "the death of all desire," after the Universe's riot of desire, after its fulfilment of the law of love ❧ The end, then, is what Schopenhauer suggests, "The denial of the will to live." But this is not a mere coprolalia, a foul necrophilism, a worship of decay and death suggestive of D'Annunzio's books ❧ "The denial of the will to live" is not, necessarily, a denial of the law of love I have tried to explain. Schopenhauer is not the pessimist or nihilist he has been pictured. He conceives of the Will as the life of the race. Will is his name for force. He pronounces it the "unconscious" origin of things, although we have seen rather that the persistence of life is conscious. He declares Will to be the Idea—that "this whole world is only object in relation to subject, perception of a perceiver; in a word, idea." This is the Hindu doctrine of reality—as Maya, or illusion ❧ The Idea, for him, is the eternal essence, the *ding an sich*, the "thing-in-itself." All is but a mirror of a mighty Mind. "We are thoughts in the dream of Brahm."

The attitude Schopenhauer would advise is resignation, the resignation of the Christian saints. He teaches us not to seek nothingness, nor to evade the pains incident to the working out of the law of love. He insists that this world is nothing. The rest he would attain is not the annihilation of desire, but rather the harmonizing of desires as of "steeds thoroughly broken by the trainer," as a Sanscrit poem has it. This is a doctrine of self-controlled submission to the law, serene in faith that the Law, though in matter manifest as lust, is, in its ultimate, Love fulfilled, which is Peace. The satiety of the Spirit is his Nirvana; a satiety attainable only through the sloughing off of Matter or its resolution into Spirit. "The denial of the will to live," is only the denial of

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the supremity of value of this life. It looks beyond to "the immitigable end" of effort, of action, of the all-informing Motion—rest. And that is all our greatest Seer has promised. "He giveth his beloved Sleep."

Balzac's Discovery

FAR cry, say you, from the German professor and his discovery of life and sex in crystals? Perhaps. But I had been reading Balzac's *Louis Lambert* the day the discovery was announced. Though the book was written in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-two, it maintained this thesis of life in everything and I thought to show how the French Shakespeare had forestalled, by nearly seventy years, by mere genius, the myopic labors of the German savant who, as reported in the newspapers, wanted five hundred thousand dollars to develop his discovery into some usefulness for mankind. Balzac gave it to us for nothing but his pleasure in giving.

The thing which does not serve—that has no use—is a burden to somebody if continued

The Twins of Business

By E. D. Gibbs



ADVERTISING and salesmanship are the modern Siamese twins. Like those famous twins of earlier date, whose names were Chang and Eng, they are bound together as one by a band of common interest. You will remember that Chang and Eng were two full-grown, perfectly developed men, joined by a strong band of cartilage, through which the blood of each freely coursed. If Chang wanted to walk, Eng also had to go. If Eng wanted to lie down, he could do so only when Chang agreed to the proposition. If Chang wanted to call on a girl, he was obliged to take Eng with him. If Eng liked a musical comedy and Chang wanted to see a tragedy, I presume they had to toss a coin to see which one would have his way.

If Chang had the toothache, Eng had a sympathetic pain in the same region. They had headaches in common, footaches in common, stomachaches in common. They doubled up on everything from which mortal man suffers. It was important, therefore, that each side of this strangely constituted personality ate the right food and drank the right beverages, for the consequences resulting from any indiscretion on the part of one would duplicate itself in the person of the other.

One unhappy day, one of the twins sickened. I have forgotten which one it was. We will say it was Chang. The doctors said that Chang could not live and the question arose what to do with Eng. Well, they finally cut this bond of flesh, taking all the precautions they could, but Eng did not long survive the death of Chang. *Together* they were a success, they were harmonious. *Separated* they were failures. One could not live without the other.

¶ The Advertising and Selling departments of a business are the *modern* Siamese Twins. They must act together, work together, think together, live together, or disaster will follow Advertising can not be separated from selling, any more than Chang could be separated from Eng. Advertising is part and parcel of salesmanship. The lifeblood of business that flows through one, also flows through the other. They have a common object—the sale of goods—and instead of an effort being made to separate them, they should be knit more closely together.

And anyway Adam and Eve could n't charge it up to heredity.

My Work

By Henry Van Dyke

LET me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray:
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom.
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."
Then shall I find it not too great nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall,
At eventide to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

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C. M. Hays, World-Maker

By Elbert Hubbard



CHARLES MELVILLE HAYS was born in Rock Island, Illinois, in the year Eighteen Hundred Fifty-six.

He went down to his death with the *Titanic*, on the morning of April Fifteenth, Nineteen Hundred Twelve.

The motto of this man was, "Never sacrifice safety to speed." And the irony of Fate decreed that he, who scorned all soft luxury, and had done so much to make traveling safe on land, was to be caught in a sea-trap, and be sacrificed to the greedy Goddess of Luxury and the Demon of Speed.

And so the icy waters closed over Charles M. Hays, and he died as a brave man should. But his work lives after him, and his spirit abides.

A Trinity of Railroad-Builders

IF Canada has supplied the States our greatest railroad-builder, James J. Hill, we have equalized matters by supplying Canada Sir William Van Horne, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and Charles Melville Hays.

Van Horne, Shaughnessy and Hays form a trinity of strong men, all products of the Middle West, born within a short distance of one another.

The semi-pioneer times of those days served as a great school. There was work enough to prevent introspection, and always a reward for well-doing. It was a time of creation, adaptation, invention.

Strong men who could assume responsibilities were in demand. Silent men who did their work and held their peace were wanted then, as now.

The school of adversity is the college in which builders, creators, financiers are graduated ❧ Marshall Field once said that if he were to pick a boy to be his successor, he would choose a youngster who had left High School to support a widowed mother and a brood of brothers and sisters.

A friend of the Hays family secured a clerkship for Charles in the office of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad in Saint Louis. The youngster took passage on a steamboat from Davenport with a kindly captain, who turned the lad over to the railroad and took a receipt, "Delivered in apparent good order."

It seems that this steamboat captain took such a liking to the boy that he offered to give him a job on board the steamboat; but the boy would not listen to the proposition, turning it down with the proud statement that he had already promised his services to the railroad company ❧ ❧

And so, in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-three, he began his railroad career by counting and checking up the punched tickets that the conductors brought in.

The boy had ambitions to become a lawyer. He had read the life of Lincoln; and once, in Rock Island, he had met Robert Ingersoll, who came over there to a political rally.

Then he wrote a letter to Leonard Swett of Chicago, asking his advice about the practise of law. The great lawyer wrote back a kindly note to the effect that the law was a bad business; that commerce was the thing; and that railroading in the future would far eclipse the legal life.

Charles Hays did not give up his ambition, however, and he worked for a transfer into the Legal Department of the railroad. Naturally he landed in the Operating Department.

The boy remained in the service of the Atlantic and Pacific for three years. Then he went over to the Missouri Pacific, where he worked under the direction of A. A. Talmage, who was known as "that Tyrant of the Rust." Every man is a tyrant who wants things done better than they have ever been done before.

Talmage had a wonderful vocabulary. He was a rough diamond—in any event, he was rough. ¶ Among other names they used to call him "Shellbark Talmage."

Talmage was the man who really educated Hays ❧ ❧

Talmage was an executive—he made decisions quickly and was sometimes right.

Talmage is the first man in history to hoot, ridicule, deride and curse a roll-top desk. Talmage said that a roll-top desk was an excuse for postponing your work; it was an attempt to hypnotize the rest of the people in the office into the belief that you had cleaned up your work. It was the ideal place in which to lose things. And at that time to own a roll-top was proof that you were a businessman. ¶ Personally, Talmage did business on a kitchen-table, and he either chucked things

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into the wastebasket or passed them along to some one else.

Young Hays made it his business to sort the contents of the wastebasket, and occasionally he got hold of a document that should have been filed where it could be found. He anticipated a time when Talmage would demand this identical document in thunderous tones.

¶ Finally, Talmage discovered that Hays had a head for system, and so the boy at twenty-one was made Secretary to the Superintendent of the Road. When the Gould interests bought the Wabash in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-six, Talmage was made General Manager, and his First Assistant was Charles M. Hays.

Three years later, Charles M. Hays was made First Vice-President and General Manager of the Wabash System.

The Goulds thought so much of Hays that they made him a Director in the Chicago and Western Belt Railroad of Chicago, also in the Detroit Union Railroad and Station Company, the Hannibal Station Company, the Keokuk Station Company, the Kansas City Union Station Company, and the Terminal Railroad Association of Saint Louis. He was a member of the Central Traffic Association and the Joint Traffic Association.

The simplicity, directness, strength, good nature, silence and rare good sense of this man commended themselves strongly to the entire railroad world.

In January, Eighteen Hundred Ninety-six, the directors of the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada induced Mr. Hays to go to Montreal and take charge of the organization

At this time the Grand Trunk was in a bad way

It is very much easier to manage a first-class, successful railway than one that needs reorganization, regeneration and reconstruction

The Grand Trunk had been going downhill. The streaks of rust were not merely poetic, but actual. The grades were corduroy.

Sir William Van Horne had risen from the key of a telegraph-operator to be General Superintendent of the Canadian Pacific.

The Grand Trunk directors from London sought the world over for a man who could perform for them a similar service. Mr. Hays came to Canada and was given the right of way. The record of what he has done is not only a matter of history, but the work endures.

¶ So thoroughly did he do his work that on the coronation of George the Fifth, it was proposed to give Hays the same title that had been bestowed on Sir William Van Horne and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy.

Lord Strathcona quite insisted on this, but Hays, who happened to be in London at the time, simply said: "The decoration was given to Sir William after he had completed the Canadian Pacific. It will be time enough to give me a decoration after I have earned it. Let us wait until the Grand Trunk Railroad is running a solid train between the Atlantic and the Pacific." And so the matter rested.

¶ Mr. Hays rebuilt the entire Grand Trunk System

He took over the Central Vermont Railway, so as to get an outlet to New York City.

He built the Victoria Jubilee Bridge over the Saint Lawrence, and the single-span steel arch over the Niagara River at the Falls.

He double-tracked the Grand Trunk for a thousand miles from Montreal to Chicago.

¶ He certainly spent a lot of money, but he got results. He breathed into the nostrils of the Grand Trunk the breath of life. At the waving of his hand towns and cities sprang into being, and whole districts throbbed with an industry and enterprise before unknown.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier made it possible, by the enactment of necessary legislation, for the work of the Grand Trunk Pacific to begin. Money flowed from across the sea. Canada did her share nobly and well, as she has always done in the matter of railroad-building. Canada does not penalize her railroad-builders. She does not seek to disgrace, to harass, to thwart, to embarrass them.

Canada realizes that transportation is the second most important thing in the world—that transportation annihilates space and cancels distance

One of the World's Greatest Workers

THE Grand Trunk System is now being constructed from Moncton, New Brunswick, with lines to Saint John and Halifax, through to Prince Rupert, British Columbia, a distance of nearly four thousand miles.

The road crosses the Rocky Mountains with a maximum grade of one-fourth of one per cent, or twenty-one feet to the mile.

This is the lowest grade of any road through to the coast

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Mr. Hays was not only President of the Grand Trunk and the Grand Trunk Pacific, but he was also President of all of the subsidiary companies of these railways, embracing thirty-five hundred miles of track in the Canadian Northwest

He was also President of the Grand Trunk Pacific Steamship Company, operating steamers on the Pacific Coast between Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver, Prince Rupert, and the Queen Charlotte Islands.

The progress of the Grand Trunk System under Mr. Hays' direction was steady and sure. The value of the property has constantly increased, because the people along the Grand Trunk are happy, prosperous and progressive. Hays said, "We can prosper only as the people along our line prosper." So "Grand Trunk Folks" were always close to the heart of Hays.

¶ The securities of the Grand Trunk rank high in the world's bourse.

¶ At the time of his death, Mr. Hays had full authority over the Company's affairs in America. In fact, literally, when he went down to his death on the *Titanic* he carried in his pocket power of attorney, signed by the directors of the Company, authorizing him to use his judgment and to act in any way that he saw fit on any subject pertaining to the company and its shareholders. These shareholders number more than fifty thousand, and live for the most part in England. ¶ Charles M. Hays was one of the world's great workers.

¶ He never allowed a clock in his room, and the story is that he never carried a watch. This may be merely poetic truth. The fact is, he stuck to his work until it was cleaned up.

He was a lover of books, and had a distinct literary style in his letters. I have many letters from him—short, brief, frank, kindly, but straight to the point.

When George H. Daniels was giving away the *Message to Garcia*, Charles M. Hays sent a requisition for a hundred thousand copies

I wrote at his request a little book called, *Politeness Pays*, which was distributed to every employee on the Grand Trunk System, and ten thousand were sent over to London to show the Grand Trunk attitude on the humanities.

We are told that he who controls his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city.

If ever there was a man who was able to take care of himself, this man was Charles M. Hays.

¶ Talmage, his teacher, was a whirlwind of wrath and a cyclone of invective when he was aroused

Talmage taught Hays, by antithesis, never to lose his temper. No matter how great the provocation, Hays had his tact, his patience, his charming disposition. He had personal magnetism, plus.

When you met him, you did not find a man who was effusive, but you saw one who was gentle and considerate, and who had time to listen to you. But, in some way, he managed to let you know that you could cut out the details, omit the introduction, and get right down to first principles.

He had the intuition of a woman; and much of his prophetic vision and his ability to concentrate himself on his work was simply the genius of mother-love, lifted to a different plane

Hays had the supreme ability to choose strong men as his heads of departments. Not only could he operate a railroad, but he could build one. To finance a two-hundred-million-dollar proposition is no task for an amateur. But Hays did it, and did it jauntily.

I do not think anybody ever tried to jolly him. The man was the very soul of sincerity, and when in his presence every one seemed to feel that the simple truth would answer.

He made big demands on his people, but he set them the example by carrying off big burdens without complaint.

He had a rare skill in relieving friction between the heads of departments. He brought people together, and while sympathizing with both, and admitting both were right, he yet gently showed that "we owe a big service to the Company, and our own affairs are trivial and really not worth considering. The one thing is to serve our Company." And he always spoke of himself and thought of himself as a railroad employee.

He was ever looking for suggestions from subordinates, and he always gave them full credit.

¶ His heart was with the people who are paid wages, quite as much as with the men who draw salaries.

Often he rode with engineers on locomotives, and he was on very friendly terms with many of these men who look down two glittering streaks of steel, while the rest of us sleep soundly in the Pullman cars behind.

Mr. Hays provided night-schools in the

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mechanical departments for the training of apprentices. He devised a school for training railroad agents. He bought fifty scholarships with his own money in McGill University, and gave these out to the sons of worthy railway workers. He sent boys to Cornell and to the Ames Agricultural College.

A Well-Rounded Life

IN stature, Mr. Hays was rather short and stocky. He, however, was not fat. He was an athlete in body. He walked five miles and more every day. He was on good terms with the cold bath. He used to chop wood, shovel snow, and lend a hand around home whenever there was any good old-fashioned work to be done.

He was temperate in his eating and drinking. His habits were the best, and his only dissipation was in the matter of work. But he enjoyed his work. He had the ability to put enthusiasm and animation into every task.

¶ Some years ago, when he was in Saint Louis, he owned horses and rode horseback; but finally, he said he preferred to walk, because when he reached his office he did not keep thinking about the horse that was tied outside, or, if the horse was sent back home, wonder if the man had taken care of it properly.

He cut out clubs, society, theaters—everything that might detract from his work. The last time I lectured in Montreal, Mr. Hays said, "I 'm sorry I can't hear your speech, but you know I have the Illinois habit and go to bed at nine o'clock." And I congratulated him

He kept no automobile, because he said that it might be a temptation to run away from his work

Mr. Hays was rapid in his movements, alert in mind, clean in body—a healthy, happy, lovable man. He was never cast down or depressed, and there was always time for a story—if it was a short one.

He dressed very plainly, usually in gray; wore a full beard, and his iron-gray hair sort of matched his clothes.

You would have thought that he was a prosperous well-to-do farmer, who had just sold his steers, and had come to town to have a little look around.

There was a sort of shyness about the man, a modesty and a democracy that marked him as a countryman. He did n't have to seem—he was.

I can well understand why he declined the knighthood. His ambition was to do his work, not to corral social honors.

So died Charles Melville Hays, and the example of his simple, devoted, consecrated life is our priceless heritage.

We are different people and we are better people because this man lived, and worked, and loved, and died.

Strong men make room for strong men.

Death

By Ernest Crosby

HAIL, cleansing, purifying Death!
I see you as a pretty, red-cheeked housemaid, with neat white cap and trim apron,
Cheerily singing at your work, as you dust and clean and scrub the good old house of Life;
Sweeping together the rubbish, and quietly putting it out at the door,
Where it will find new surroundings, and be no longer filth.
What could we do without you, poor, dirt-excreting, disease-breeding mortals that we are?
What would become of us if we did not at last fall under your grateful ministrations?
And who can tell how often we may have need of them?
I wait for you, dear sister, confidently, fearlessly;
I seem to recognize you.
I am half-persuaded that I have met you before.
When you come toward me with your pail and soap and water, may your song be of the merriest.
I will not turn away from you.
You will lay hold of me firmly, but tenderly too, I am sure.
Who knows? Perhaps you may even kiss me on the forehead.
And in the hereafter how shall we look back at you, sister?
Will it not be as at a kindly, bustling, gossipy midwife,
Who ushered us into life, and was proud of our weight, and gave us our first bath, and put on the new clothes that were waiting for us?

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THE EDUCATIONAL NUMBER

THE FRA

EXPONENT OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY

Vol. IX AUGUST, 1912 No. 5

ROYCROFT PLATFORM

VOTES FOR WOMEN	TREE PLANTING
INTERNATIONAL DISARMAMENT	ORAL RIGHTEOUSNESS
GOOD ROADS	CHILDREN'S GARDENS
AGRICULTURE IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS	TAXATION OF CHURCH PROPERTY

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THE OPEN ROAD
AFOOT WITH FRA COWARD

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

DICKENS was a confirmed walker. The City of London, with its almost endless maze of streets, was his habitual stamping-ground. He tramped the lanes, alleys and devious byways of London all the years of his life, and found his greatest joy in these little journeys afoot. It is interesting to note what Dickens has to say about walking, as a conducer to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness on the Open Road. ¶ "The sum of the whole is this: walk and be happy; walk and be healthy. The best way to lengthen out our days is to walk steadily and with a purpose. The wandering man knows of certain ancients, far gone in years, who have staved off infirmities and dissolution by earnest walking—hale fellows close upon ninety, but brisk as boys."

This is the language of a man who knows what he is talking about and expresses himself in simple terms. To "walk steadily and with a purpose," it is necessary to be shod commonsensibly and comfortably—and the quickest and surest way to arrive is to wear Coward Shoes.

For nearly fifty years James S. Coward has been producing shoes that make for foot-health and foot-happiness. Fra Coward is one "cobbler," at least, who has "stuck to his last." Coward Shoes are the embodiment of an ideal, the tangible expression of an aspiration, the realization of a hope. Coward Shoes are made to fit the foot, to afford relief, comfort and satisfaction. Coward Shoes are built by experts who have a scientific knowledge of foot anatomy. The materials and workmanship are of the very best.

Coward Shoes are on sale only at the New York Store, but Mr. Coward has devised a practical and efficient Mail-Order Service, which enables purchasers to order shoes by mail with extreme satisfaction.

If you are looking for shoes that will contribute to the comfort of your pedal extremities and your permanent peace of mind, let me direct you to Our Mutual Friend, Fra Coward, who will attend to your needs with exactitude.

Send for the Coward Booklet for definite descriptions of every member of the Famous Coward Family of Fine Footwear.

THE COWARD SHOE
FOR MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN

You Folks who have never been quite foot-suited should write to Mr. Coward for His Little Book, picturing the Coward Family.

Some Coward "SPECIAL" Shoes

The Coward Good Sense Shoe - - - (*made especially for tender feet*)
The Coward Extension Heel Shoe - - - - - - - (*for weak arches*)
The Coward Bunion Shoe - - - - *The Coward Arch-Support Shoe*
The Coward Combination Shoe - - - *The Coward Orthopedic Shoe*

JAMES S. COWARD
264-274 GREENWICH ST., NEW YORK
(*MAIL ORDERS FILLED*) (*SOLD NOWHERE ELSE*)

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Vol. 9 AUGUST, 1912 No. 5

May the Infinite Power that rules the Universe lead our Councils to what is best and give them a favorable issue for Peace and Prosperity.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

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THE OPEN ROAD

AFOOT WITH THE FRA

Credo



BELIEVE in myself.

I believe in the goods I sell.

I believe in the firm for whom I work.

I believe in my colleagues and helpers.

I believe in American Business Methods.

I believe in the efficacy of printers' ink.

I believe in producers, creators, manufacturers, distributors, and in all industrial workers of the world who have a job and hold it down.

I believe that truth is an asset.

I believe in good-cheer and in good health; and I recognize the fact that the first requisite in success is not to achieve the dollar but to confer a benefit, and that the reward will come automatically and usually as a matter of course.

I believe in sunshine, fresh air, spinach, apple-sauce, laughter, buttermilk, babies, bombazine and chiffon, always remembering that the greatest word in the English language is "Sufficiency."

I believe that when I make a sale I must make a friend.

And I believe that when I part with a man I must do it in such a way that when he sees me again he will be glad—and so will I.

I believe in the hands that work, in the brains that think, and in the hearts that love.

Amen, and Amen!

IF you and I understand a man it is because we are much akin to him. The only relationship, after all, is the spiritual relationship. Your brother after the flesh may not be your brother at all; you may live in different worlds and call to each other in strange tongues across wide seas of misunderstandings. "Who is my mother and who are my brethren?" As you understand a man, just in that degree are you related to him. There is a great joy in discovering kinship—for in that moment you discover yourself, and life consists in getting acquainted with yourself ❧ We see ourselves mirrored in the soul of another—that is what love is, or pretty nearly so.

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Equal Suffrage



IN the breeding of animals there is a law in Nature known as telegony.

In the broad sense, telegony is the disposition to breed back and produce undesirable traits that have existed in the ancestors

In the realm of mind, telegony also exists.

The longer a people have done a thing, the more persistent they are in their desire to continue the thing indefinitely. The race seems to run on momentum.

Errors set in motion thousands of years ago are still with us.

Judge Lindsey says that he had great difficulty in explaining the advantages of the Juvenile Court in Eastern cities. About every city on the Atlantic seaboard had a certain method of dealing with criminals, and they met the suggestions of Judge Lindsey by saying: "You can't tell us anything about dealing with criminals. We have had two hundred fifty years' experience." And one man added: "We have more criminals here, per capita, than you have in the West. You can't tell us."

When Judge Lindsey endeavored to explain to them that all experiences should be stamped "Good for this day and date only," he could not even get a smile in return. It is always a serious matter to change old methods. Every innovation, good or bad, has to fight for its life.

The Message of the West

EQUAL suffrage is working its way from the West, the newer States coming in first

Michigan has now agreed, by an overwhelming majority, to place the issue frankly before the people, just as California did.

The question will be voted on in November, and it seems beyond a doubt that equal suffrage in Michigan will be a fact a year from now

The prophets who were bold enough to prophesy that respectable women in Washington and California would not take any interest in politics, but that the election would bring out the vote of the worst, were absolutely, totally wrong.

The district in the City of Seattle that polled the biggest woman's vote was the high-class residence section.

I saw schoolteachers, housekeepers, shopgirls, standing in line, serious, sober, earnest, intent on expressing their political preferences. In several instances I saw women carrying babes in their arms with children clinging to their skirts, awaiting the privilege of voting.

Ninety per cent of the women registered in San Francisco voted, whereas only fifty per cent of the men registered voted.

It will not do to say that the novelty of the thing brought out the women, for while this may have had more or less to do with it, the fact that women have voted once will make it easy for them to vote again.

Wherever women have voted, disorder and violence have been practically unknown. And no reason has ever been brought forward, in a logical way, why women should not be allowed to vote exactly as men do.

There is always a falling back on precedent and a clinging to the old customs. "They never have and they do not want to vote now."

In this instance, light has come to us from the West, and not the East. The West has set the East a pace in well-doing.

The Case of China

THE most paradoxical aspect of woman suffrage comes to us from China, where equal suffrage has been granted; and it is good to see that women in China have not accepted the proposition passively. The Chinese have very positive ideas on the subject of equal rights

The Chinese law, granting equal suffrage, has the restriction that voters must be able to read and write and must also own property and be taxpayers.

These restrictions apply equally to men and women

And now, behold, the women of China, in various instances, have protested against the same restrictions being imposed upon women as men

They say, very properly, that many wives own no property in their own names. And although their husbands may be taxpayers, yet if the wife does not own property of her own, she can not vote. They say that this is manifestly unfair.

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Also, they make the claim that the restriction in reference to illiteracy is also unfair, in that females have, for only a short time in China, been given equal privileges with males in the schools. Consequently, a great number of women can not read and write.

Nevertheless, these women have intelligent ideas in respect to government, and they demand that they shall be allowed to vote just the same.

At Nanking, five hundred women, dissatisfied with the National Assembly's academic resolution concerning woman suffrage, forced an entry into the assembly, pushed the police aside, smashed the windows of the building, and tore the robes of office off most of the members—London rules to govern.

The men simply fled, leaving the women in complete possession.

Then followed a general rough house. Desks, chairs, windows, papers and books were destroyed ❧ ❧

It looks as if women have been referred to as the "passive party" quite long enough. China has awakened!

Among China's women who are taking an active interest in the suffrage question are several graduates of Wellesley, Smith and Vassar Colleges.

Women in China seem quite as wide-awake to their rights as are the women in America, if not just a little more so.

And we hear of one of China's women writing an address to the women of the world, requesting that no more unkind criticisms shall be made as to the obsolete custom of cramping and deforming the feet of the female children. ¶ This ancient custom is now forbidden by law in China, and the Chinese lady gives it as her personal opinion that the majority of women in America and Europe who belong to so-called good society have deformed their feet of their own free will in a way that makes locomotion very difficult; and until American and English and French women accept for themselves a sensible style of footwear, that no missionaries should be sent to China.

A Universal Movement

WOMAN suffrage is certainly coming all over the world, and it is coming very fast. It is moving from the West to the East, unlike the storied tide of empire ❧ And its coming should be a cause of great rejoicing to all thinking people.

Women are the mothers of men, and the sons of a woman are sure to resemble her in many characteristics. The sons of a woman who knows nothing but housekeeping are apt to have a very narrow view of life.

We will never have a highly educated and efficient race of men until we have a highly educated and efficient race of women.

The advantages of woman suffrage are not so much for the women themselves as that women who take an active interest in all of the affairs of life—political, social, economic—will be better companions for men.

Men and women advance only as they go forward hand in hand.

Cervantes showed us the silliness of chivalry. ¶ It is about time now that some one should show us the beauties of justice.

Best of all, women are introducing a spirit of good-cheer in their social crusades in America which have not always been observable in England ❧ ❧

Our friends across the sea have been deadly serious, and it looks as if the Chinese women had followed the example of their sisters in London ❧ ❧

Thank heaven, in America, we can laugh. The smile audible is a great shock-absorber. ¶ The more serious a thing is, the more fit it is as a subject for jesting.

Weak, absurd, defective people do not joke. Neither should they be the subject of the merry josh.

Great and important themes and big men are the kind to laugh at, because certainly they can not be injured by the smile.

Smiles make health. They lubricate the relations of life, and make for good digestion and sweet sleep o' nights. ¶ The intellectual women of America can joke and laugh, but they are very much in earnest just the same.

Equal suffrage is at the door, and the sooner the people of America go forth and invite it in the better it will be for everybody.

"Speak your thoughts today," said Emerson, "for tomorrow you may take them from another at second hand."

We might paraphrase this and say, "Speak your thoughts today, for tomorrow we will be going to China for an example of what is beautiful, just, right, ethical and proper."

❧

There are just two things that will reform this world: these are Work and Love.

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Railroad Regulation



GOVERNOR COLQUITT has recently issued a message to the Texas Legislature cautioning it against any further lawmaking that will tend to discourage the investment of capital in Texas properties.

¶ "What Texas needs," said Governor Colquitt, "is more capital and not less."

¶ The attitude of the Democratic Governor of Texas seems to be about the same as that of most Governors in all States of the Union

Nine governors, of as many States, made a journey, not long ago, through the Eastern States, stopping at a hundred or so towns and cities. Everywhere these men expressed the assurance that Big Business would meet with no opposition in their respective States.

There is a tide of tendency setting in favor of the railroads, where up to Nineteen Hundred Nine the spirit of the State Legislatures toward any pronounced success seemed to be in the line of interdict, mandate, curtailment, injuncture, fines, forfeitures, imprisonment!

¶ In the year Nineteen Hundred Eight, in the various State Legislatures there were introduced nine hundred twenty-six bills for the regulation of railroads. In Nineteen Hundred Nine, six hundred twenty-six bills were introduced for the regulation of railroads In Nineteen Hundred Ten, two hundred eighty such bills were introduced, and most of these were quietly pigeon-holed.

Altogether, the idea is abroad that the railroads have been over-regulated and that the people at large have had to pay the legal piper who played while the railroads danced. Shooting up Big Business never made a small city great, nor a rich State, richer.

THE men of much motive power are not the best teachers—the arbitrary and imperative type, that would bend all minds to match its own, may build bridges, tunnel mountains, discover continents and capture cities, but it can not teach. In the presence of such a towering personality, freedom dies, spontaneity droops, and thought slinks away into a corner.

As to Competition



THERE is a widespread idea held by the man in the street that competition is a beautiful and beneficent condition.

It was this influence that was brought to bear on the Supreme Court of the United States that caused the court to dissolve the Standard Oil Company and the Tobacco Trust

The order was that the various subsidiaries should resolve themselves into individual concerns and compete. That is, the big corporations were torn asunder and divided up into the little companies from which they were formed, and ordered to go at it and fight the thing all over again.

¶ Courts give decisions that are in the minds of the people.

All any court can do is to reflect the popular will

Judicial opinions that are in line with public sentiment can be enforced, and no others can.

¶ Every good judge has one ear close to the ground, and his success on the woolsack consists in closely interpreting public opinion.

¶ Unrestrained competition often works to the great disadvantage of a community.

Competition Versus Co-operation

ANY traveling man will tell you of little towns where a dozen antiquated village hacks meet each incoming train. The drivers compete vociferously, always vigorously, and sometimes violently.

This grows to a point where the police are called upon to erect barriers and hold the competing merchants in restraint.

These hackmen sell just one thing, and that is transportation.

Where you get too many of them they are unreliable and untruthful.

Robberies often occur with the help of these bashi-bazouks of transportation.

They are unregulated, and for the most part make merely a bare living.

Towns can often be found where the driver owns his own particular rig. And in all such cases his anxiety to succeed is very apt to get the start of his conscience. He takes counsel of his ambitions and undoes the unwary client who trusts his person and property to

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his ramshackle vehicle and sawdust-fed equine.

¶ In such towns there are also found a half-dozen or more hotels where one good one would suffice.

Dust, microbes, dirt, discourtesy, discouragement are met on the threshold and found in every room.

The whole place is run on a haphazard plan, and the traveler makes hot haste to get on to the next stop.

Such towns usually have merchants whose business is very much on a par with that of the hackman who greets you at the station, and of the hotel where you alight.

These hotels are of a kind described as the sort that no matter which one you go to you will wish you had gone to the other.

And also, without exception, in these towns where competition is complete and replete and free, you will find seven churches, with the clergyman in each on half-rations.

These churches are founded on social feuds. Lines of cleavage are sharply drawn. One denomination has nothing to do with the rest, and instead of the town existing as a social unit and working together for the common good, each and everybody in town is doing all he can to circumvent somebody else.

The tactics of the hackmen at the station are in use by the clergy, slightly glossed.

As opposed to this condition of strife, ill-will, incompetency, and competition unconfined, will be found towns where there are one or more big industries, properly organized, and run by some big man on a paying basis.

This man, who represents the factory or institution that maintains a payroll, will eventually build a modern hotel, and instead of relying on the half-fed hackmen, will inaugurate an automobile service that runs between his hotel and the station.

On his autos there is a taximeter, and the patron will know exactly what he is to pay. There are no quarrels, no quibbles, no upbraidings, no strife.

In the hotel you will find system, order, courtesy, regularity, good-cheer and all that makes for civilization.

The Spirit of the Age

OCCASIONALLY, we hear criticisms and complaints and threats, dark and dank, about monopolies in transportation or handling of baggage in certain towns or cities.

¶ For instance, in New York City, Walcott's Express has a practical monopoly on the railroad business.

In Buffalo it is our old friend Charley Miller.

¶ In Chicago, Frank Parmalee.

Frank Parmalee was born in the little town of Holley, Orleans County, not far from Buffalo.

¶ He and Charley Miller served apprenticeships together as rival hackmen. With the growing spirit of the times they came to an understanding and had a gentleman's agreement with the railroad companies.

Frank Parmalee moved to Chicago and founded what was, at the time, the most complete service in its particular line in America. His drivers worked under definite instructions. There were inspectors who saw that no traveler was overcharged and that baggage and passengers were promptly and safely transported to their respective destinations or sped on their way.

No one with any knowledge of the subject at all would say that the old condition of unrestrained competition was preferable to this service given by Walcott, Charley Miller or Frank Parmalee.

The days went by and mechanical power replaced horsepower. The automobile came, and to get rid of thousands of horses and hundreds of vehicles and a vast amount of harness, and to educate horse-drivers into competent chauffeurs, became the task of these men.

They met the changing times and adapted themselves to the new spirit of the age, and the horses were replaced.

And the autos have come to stay.

The Regulated Monopoly

SINGLE and individual hackmen and cabbies can not transform themselves into automobilists. They have n't the power and they have n't the will. The change can only come about by men with big decision and financial resources back of them so as to give them a surety.

Civilization with competition free and untrammeled, and monopolies forbidden, would leave progress stranded in the mud on the village-hack basis. ¶ Competition is only a form of legalized warfare and we had better face the fact that the regulated monopoly is the instrument of civilization and is here to stay.

There is no use beating back the eternal tide and crying to the waves, " Thus far and no farther."

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A new order of things is here, and wise is the man who recognizes the spirit of the times and is able to avail himself of the blessing which civilization provides.

Progress means moving men, replacing them. displacing them; and it is the business of man to keep himself in a pliable condition and not let sediment get set.

All of these hackmen, a dozen of them fighting for two or three passengers, would do well to consign their rowdy old barouches to the scrap-heap and hitch their horses to a plow. ¶ There are jobs enough for everybody, and what men must do is accommodate themselves to the work, and not ask the work to accommodate itself to them.

The man who is satisfied—who has all he needs and all he wants—is a fit subject for the undertaker.

The Express Companies



IN these days we spell Efficiency with a capital.

And as we believe that businessmen, all, should be public servants, the express companies are receiving a little attention from the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The intent is to have the Commission fix rates for the express companies, the same as it does for the railroads. ¶ There is a very great difficulty here to be met, and it seems doubtful whether the Interstate Commerce Commission will be able to deal with the proposition.

The thing is so intricate, and so many alleys are open for the concealment of costs, that our friends on the Interstate Commerce Commission will undoubtedly simply throw up their hands and drop the whole matter, gently pigeonholing it.

The express companies got their foothold before post-office free delivery came, and thus had an excuse for being.

But now the fact is, the express companies are parasites on the railroads and on the people. They are doing the business that the Post-Office, co-operating with the railroads, could do without them, and do better and at far less expense.

The Express Companies' Stock

A GOOD deal of the capital stock of the express companies is owned by railroadmen, which doubles the complexity of the situation for the Interstate Commerce Commission

There are seven of these principal express companies, and in eight thousand cities of America, from two to seven of these express companies have offices.

They pay the railroads a commission out of the amounts they receive, and often three or four express companies will come in for their share of carrying a forty-cent package.

The express companies meet the competition of the Post-Office Department on four-pound packages. They also meet the second-class rate in certain zones. Above four pounds their rates are simply arbitrary.

According to the official reports given out by the express companies, their total capital is twenty-seven million dollars. Actual inventory would show, however, only ten million dollars' worth of property.

The amount of yearly business is one hundred thirty-two million dollars.

Of this, fifty-six million dollars goes for operating expenses.

Sixty-four million is paid to the railroads for transportation. The net profit, divided among the stockholders of the express companies, is twelve million dollars.

The yearly profits of the express companies more than equal the total value of their property

Their chief asset is their grip on the community

It is admitted by the managers of the express companies that a large percentage of the fifty-six million dollars required for operating expenses goes for bookkeeping and the adjustment of payments to the railroads, with the added cost, of course, of duplicate offices in a great many cities, which offices could be eliminated if the business were combined under one management.

About five years ago a scheme was on foot for an express trust. The whole matter was very simple, and could have been carried out, and one express company have done all the business. The principal objection was that the excessive profits would then be more apparent to the people at large, and a universal protest would undoubtedly follow. And

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so, after considerable agitation and preliminary work, the matter was dropped.

The Solution

THERE is only one solution that seems practical, and that is for the United States Government to take up the subject of reorganization of the express companies under one management and combine the business with that of the Post-Office Department. In degree, now, the Post-Office Department has the plant for operating the express business. ¶ In order not to wipe out property-rights, the United States Government would have to buy out the stockholders. Although the inventory shows ten million dollars, yet an investment of forty million dollars would be required to stop all talk of confiscation. This amount would be market value. It would appease the stockholders, satisfy the demands of justice, and could easily be financed in Washington. ¶ We could issue bonds to the extent of forty million dollars at three per cent, and the bonds would be quickly taken by the people, and undoubtedly, in a great many instances, the holders of express stock would be willing to sell their holdings to the Government, taking United States bonds in payment.

The express companies certainly see the handwriting on the wall, but they are not going to resign the juicy graft unless they have to. There is no use of blaming individuals in this matter. Men are men, and when they see a chance for profit they avail themselves of it. ¶ This immense graft can not continue forever. It has gone on thus far only because the attention of the people has not been called to it, so busy have we been with our private affairs

Recently the whole express contingent have been wearing gum-shoes, and it has taken a vast amount of " blind-pool " money in order to keep the thing quiet in Congress.

The Exploitation of the People

THE people have never been educated in the matter of economics before to the point where they took a personal interest in the matter and were intelligent enough to comprehend ways and means. The matter was simply left to agitators and reformers, but agitation and accusation without action are nil. Now the agitation has sobered itself to a matter of figures, and we plainly see that the people are being exploited.

No other Post-Office Department in the world divides its paying business with competitors thus.

Huge animals are able to nourish huge parasites, but the subject of parasitism—theological, educational, financial, legal and commercial—is up before the people of this country now, as never before, and it will not down

He who would succeed must be a public servant, not a barnacle.

People are always asking you to follow their advice, but they are seldom willing to tell which way it went.

Frederick the Eighth

" I saw him once: he was a goodly king."



THE sensational death of Frederick the Eighth, King of Denmark, has projected the little kingdom into the international limelight.

On the night of May Fourteenth the King of Denmark was stricken with apoplexy and died in the streets of Hamburg. He was carried to a hospital in a taxicab, and placed in the morgue with eight other bodies of unidentified dead. ¶ Not until five hours later was the body recognized as that of the King. Only a day or so before, King Frederick and Karl Hagenbeck, the noted trainer of animals, had rallied each other on their ages, and observed that at their time of life each day was a special dispensation of Providence.

Nowadays, the death of a king furnishes copy for the newspapers and throws the courts of Europe into diplomatic mourning; aside from this, nothing happens.

In this respect, kingship may be compared with the idea of the corporation, which has been called " a body without decay, a mind without decline." With kings, however, the latter is largely a matter of hypothesis.

The Divine Right of Kings

KINGSHIP in this day and generation is not what it was in the time, say, of James the First, of England. James earned the title of " the wisest fool in Christendom." His reign is generally associated with the famous version of the Scriptures which bears

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his name. But James had some very positive notions on the subject of kingship. He enunciated the doctrine of "the divine right of kings," and his successor, Charles the First, was so carried away with the idea that he lost his head.

Louis the Fourteenth, of France, promulgated this one: "*L'etat, c'est moi,*" which being interpreted means, "The State, I am it." Straightway was heard an ominous sound, as of buccaneers in the offing.

"The divinity that doth hedge a king" has degenerated into a myth. "The king can do no wrong," because the people won't let him.

The Lot of Kings

TIME was when kings had a hard row to hoe. Uneasy, in very truth, lay the head that wore a crown. Being a king and jerking the scepter ten hours a day was no joke. Modern kings have been stripped of all real power and authority and are mere figure-heads, symbolizing the solidarity of the nation. But anyway, they enjoy life more and have a better time than did most of the monarchs in bygone days. There is still, to be sure, a great deal of conventionality and ceremonial, to which they must conform, but on the whole they lead lives of peace and contentment, and are not so often catapulted into eternity as formerly. The job was always classed as extra-hazardous.

Henry the Sixth, of England, for instance, did not altogether relish being a king. He yearned after the simple life. Shakespeare, Adscripter Extraordinary to Royalty, puts these words in Henry's mouth:

"My crown is in my heart, not on my head,
Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd, content:
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy."

This same Shakespeare did more for Denmark, in an advertising way, than anybody before his time or since. He appointed himself Manager of Publicity to the Danes, and boomed town-lots as they had never been boomed before.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, is one of the greatest advertisements ever written.

Hamlet is not a fiction of the brain. Far back in the dim and distant Middle Ages, the incidents described in the play were actually enacted by real people; and Amleth performed substantially the part that Shakespeare assigned him. Amleth's uncle did murder the king and wed the queen; and Amleth did feign madness in which there was unmistakable method.

The story is told in the third and fourth books of the Latin history of Denmark, written by Saxo Grammaticus, near the end of the Twelfth Century.

Shakespeare knew next to nothing about Denmark, but little difference that made. He went ahead, as Davy Crockett said we should do, when we are sure we are right, and gave Denmark the biggest kind of a boost, with "no charges beyond the regular card-rates," and "best wishes ever."

This publicity was not all of a complimentary character. Some of it listens like a modern muckraker, for in one place we learn that "something is rotten in the State of Denmark."

But Shakespeare's play advertised the kingdom so widely and well that now, when we are in Europe, we pay a special visit to Elsinore, just to stand on the platform of the old castle, at the witching hour, and quake with delicious terror as we try to fancy "the majesty of buried Denmark" gazing spectrally upon us out of the gloom, with dead, lackluster eyes.

Kings have come and kings have gone, but the Melancholy Dane belongs to the Academy of Immortals, and it was Shakespeare's ad that put him there.

Denmark

DENMARK is a compact little kingdom, a trifle less than one-third the size, in square miles, of New York State.

In Texas it would lose itself, and be but a ranch, as completely as some of Dickens' old houses are said to have lost themselves in the maze of London streets, when they were quite young houses playing at hide-and-seek

The population is about two and one-half millions, approximately that of Chicago.

The capital and largest city is Copenhagen, which boasts a population of nearly four hundred thousand—a city about the size of Buffalo or Cleveland.

Denmark's coast-line is deeply indented with fiords. Denmark was once a maritime power, much like Greece in the days of her ascendency. In early medieval times the Danes were great seafaring folk—they scoured the seas in their low, rakish, piratical vessels, and indulged

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in marauding expeditions that extended from the Scandinavian Peninsula to the Italian, inspiring fearsome dread all along the line ❧ The incursions of the Danes kept England in a state of terror during most of the Saxon period, and though Alfred put a temporary quietus on them, they came right back again and invaded England in the year Ten Hundred Seventeen, with Canute at their head, and made themselves masters of the situation for upwards of a generation.

The Danes introduced the capital *H* into England. They raised it there with a great deal of gusto; and England has n't got the matter straightened out yet. Also, many of our modern names beginning with *H* are derived from the Danes.

In Fourteen Hundred Forty-eight, the old reigning family in Denmark died out, and Christian the First, Count of Oldenburg, brought in a new order of things. From that day to this the Oldenburg dynasty has continued its sway, with alternating spells of Christians and Fredericks.

A Democratic Monarch

FREDERICK THE EIGHTH was related by birth or marriage to half the reigning houses of Europe. He was brother of King George of Greece; of Queen Alexandra, of England; of Dagmar, Czarina of Russia; father of King Haakon the Seventh, of Norway; and uncle of King George the Fifth, of England.

This close interrelationship, in the opinion of many people, explains the curse of hopeless mediocrity that has fallen on royalty. The "deceased-wife's-sister" turmoil that has agitated England for so long is not half so objectionable as most of the royal matches. ¶ The late King Frederick was a modest, unassuming man, who never took himself too seriously. He was partial to Americans, and at the time of Doctor Cook's triumphal return from Lake Muskoka was the first to extend the joyous palm of good-fellowship and sincere congratulations.

Frederick had been king since Nineteen Hundred Six. He was popular with his subjects, because he never tried to rule them. Like some other monarchs of whom we have heard, he was fond of walking abroad at night incognito, and observing how the people fared. On such a little journey of observation Death came to him and volunteered to conduct him still further, into that bourne from which no traveler returns.

Thus both in life and in death he may be said to have allied himself with the common people, whom Lincoln thought God must love, otherwise He would not have made so many of them. Death is the Great Leveler, truly ❧ The Crown Prince, Christian, who will reign as Christian the Tenth, is quite as democratic in his sympathies and manners as was his father. He is forty-one years old, was married in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-eight to Alexandrina, daughter of Frederick Francis the Third, Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; and has two sons.

King Christian is an able athlete and is devoted to the Army. We wish him all possible success. May he live long and prosper. The King is dead—Long live the King!

❧

If your religion does not change you, then you had better change your religion.

❧

The Russo-Japanese Merger



THE State Department at Washington has received information that Japan and Russia are conferring with intent to establish a non-combatant zone of large area in China.

Japan and Russia agree to take upon themselves the responsibility of good order; that is to say, they are willing—aye, anxious—to divide the Chinese Empire between them. ¶ Russia and Japan are pretty well acquainted with each other. They know the strength of each other and what each other can do. The combining of enemies to whip a third party is no new thing in psychology, as many a man knows who has endeavored to take part in a little Donnybrook marital misunderstanding.

The War Department at Washington, however, has signified its disapproval of the extension of the non-combatant zone in China, and has declined to send troops to China, even to protect the property of Americans, and it is not likely that either Germany or England will agree to allowing Russia and Japan to bring about their little merger.

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The Father of the Trusts



THE father of the corporation was one Julius Cæsar, who is no longer with us.

The business of this first corporation was to construct roadways and build bridges. ¶ The work was of a kind which no one man could complete during his lifetime. And so a body of a hundred men was formed, and these men were given power to elect a successor when any one of them died. ¶ Thus was formed a body without death and a mind without decline.

All of the original members might drop out and perish, but the original plan and intent would survive.

Julius Cæsar got the idea from his Tenth Legion, a picked body of soldiers whose ranks were always filled.

In battle, a man here and there might drop, but the line closed and moved steadily forward over the dead bodies of the fallen.

That night other men were put in to replace those lost.

Thus was the Tenth Legion always complete and equipped for any emergency.

This plan still survives, and we have various regiments of soldiers in every so-called civilized country, that have endured a hundred years and more. The plan of Julius Cæsar was simply the application of a military method to an economic proposition.

Cæsar Augustus followed up the idea, and corporations, or bodies, were formed to tunnel mountains, lay out roadways, construct aqueducts and build buildings.

The revival of the idea in the form of the Joint Stock Company had its rise in England about the time that man-power was replaced by mechanical power, in the form of the steam-engine.

Instead of all the work being done in the homes, manufacturing was done in big buildings by a great number of people, banded together for a common purpose.

It is interesting to note that these first corporations formed in England were devised as co-operative bodies, where every workman owned a share of stock. It was an extension of the partnership.

The idea grew until stock was sold to non-workers or capitalists. And finally we had a condition where the entire stock of the corporation was owned by men who did n't work in the institution.

Here is an interesting phase in the evolution of the Joint Stock Company.

Lord Coke says that the idea of the corporation is the greatest one ever devised by human mind.

John E. Parsons

THE father of the trust is John E. Parsons, of New York City.

The trust is a partnership of corporations that are engaged in a similar business and that work together for a common end or purpose. ¶ Very naturally, the tendency of a number of corporations banded together is towards monopoly

Mr. Parsons has recently been tried in a United States Court on a criminal charge of violating the Sherman Act.

The Sherman Act was passed with the sole intent of curbing this one particular idea devised by John E. Parsons.

Julius Cæsar evolved the corporation.

John E. Parsons devised the trust.

The jury that tried Mr. Parsons and three others failed to agree and was discharged. It is not likely that the case will be retried. The alleged offenses were committed more than ten years ago. And we are opposed as a people to trying a man for offenses committed at a time when these acts or methods were the common custom. We let off Moses, David and Solomon on a heap of things that we would not stand for now. The principle that men should be tried according to the customs of their time is well established.

The verdicts of the juries in the cases of the Bathtub Trust, the Meat-Packers and the Sugar Trust mirror public opinion and voice the conclusion of the people at large that the trust is not, in itself, a criminal combination, but that its tendency is in the line of economic betterment

When Chief Justice White asked Frank B. Kellogg, at the second hearing of the Standard Oil case, to state where organization ceased to be beautiful, beneficent and right, and became mendacious, harmful and predatory, Mr. Kellogg coughed, looked out of the window, drank a sip of water, and took an hour to reply.

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He did n't lend any new light on the subject.

¶ The question propounded by Chief Justice White showed very clearly that in the mind of the Chief Justice of the United States, organization, in itself, was beautiful, proper and right.

But power unrestrained tends to tyranny. This is true of theological, political, domestic or economic power. Place any sort of power in excess in the hands of one man and it may become an engine of oppression.

The people at large have practically settled the question of the trusts, and they have decided they are here to stay.

The trusts, always and forever, have improved the quality of the goods and bettered the service

Trusts have not competed in the line of price. They have, however, competed in the line of quality and service.

The trusts are here, rock-ribbed, and rooted in the needs of the times, just as much as were the first joint stock companies. But they must be supervised.

Future generations will build monuments to John E. Parsons, and his name will live in history as the innovator of a great economic betterment

A Great Lawyer

JOHN E. PARSONS is one of the most remarkable men in the United States today. He was born October Twenty-fourth, Eighteen Hundred Twenty-nine, so at this writing he is eighty-three years of age.

Thirty years ago I saw Parsons in Buffalo. He had come on from New York to take part in the Tracy will contest.

Opposed to him was the Honorable S. S. Rogers, and the pick of the legal lights of Erie County, New York.

This man Parsons, alone, unassisted, except by his magnetic presence and his wit, had the entire bar of Buffalo either lost in admiration or else scared stiff, depending, of course, upon which side they were retained.

So great was the pressure on the courtroom, just to see this man Parsons, that men stood in line for hours. Some of them sold tickets, giving up their places. I, myself, put up two-fifty to a good man who had stood in the line for three hours.

Possibly my admiration for Parsons turned on the fact that I had paid good money to see him in action.

But I remember the grace, the health, the exuberance, the good nature, the power of this New York lawyer. Parsons disproved that ancient bromide that a good trial lawyer is not a safe counselor.

He surpassed any man we had ever seen in personal magnetism. He had the scintillating intellect, the lightness of touch, the gracious vocabulary, the clear, modulated, exquisite voice, that won every auditor, save, of course, the lawyers who were lined up against him.

¶ The Honorable S. S. Rogers was a man with a deal of power and pus—one of the old school: serious, sober, earnest, dignified. But he seemed a big, fat boobine when pitted against John E. Parsons.

I remember one incident of that hearing most distinctly. A serving-woman of advanced years, portly, stupid, honest, loyal to her dead master, was called to give testimony.

¶ Before her testimony was given, Mr. Rogers cautioned the woman as to her rights.

¶ Practically, Mr. Rogers was attorney for the woman. But his manner was so forbidding that the woman mistook him for one of the enemy, and Parsons quickly picked up the point.

When Mr. Rogers had ceased—for Parsons was too much of a gentleman to break in, giving everybody all the time needed to hang themselves—Parsons then took the witness in hand so graciously, so kindly, so gently that he completely disarmed her suspicions, and she supposed, of course, that he was her own intimate and particular friend, when, in fact, he was intent on her judicial undoing.

¶ Mr. Rogers had left the woman standing at the bar. Parsons immediately got her a chair. He, too, seated himself, looked out of the window and began his examination in matter-of-fact, gentle and dulcet tones. In a few moments the woman was talking, and Parsons listened to her, laughing and nodding, and urging her on to oral unrighteousness.

¶ Rogers was torn with a torment of fear. He protested, demurred, objected, called aloud to the judge to interfere.

And all the time Parsons reassured the witness by saying: "Margaret, don't mind Mr. Rogers. He means well, but he does n't understand this matter as you and I do. Just go ahead, and state the case in your own way."

¶ And the servant did so, proving herself an expert, both in point of memory and

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imagination. She grew boastful of the proud position she had occupied, and, without meaning to, opened up various closets where hung a Blue Beard assortment of family skeletons. ¶ And all the time Parsons smiled, nodded, walked around, laughed and put the witness at her ease.

The whole courtroom was under the spell of this tremendously clever man.

That visit of John E. Parsons to Buffalo is still discussed. It was an epoch. And every now and then yet, a Buffalo lawyer essays the kindly, the playful, the gracious manner of John E. Parsons—and looks like an animated Ali Baba bench, or a heifer doing the turkey-trot

But now, after thirty years, I saw the man again

He was still the same playful, agile, graceful, gracious lawyer—a man of the world, a man of wit, never coarse nor vulgar, suspiciously correct

Parsons is a Presbyterian. The old denomination has ever been proud of him.

Not a man in the Presbyterian Church of America has approached him.

Occasionally, he has spoken in pulpits and has always been called upon, wherever he has gone, to liberate the lightnings of his wit. I have always imagined that down deep under his warm vest he entertains the same sentiment toward the religion of John Knox that Disraeli had for the Church of England.

For the most part, Parsons has been strong and discreet enough to keep himself out of the limelight.

He belongs to all of the fashionable clubs, but is seldom seen in any.

He has made vast sums of money and given liberally to many charities.

His life has been one of intense activity.

The biggest business concerns in America today have availed themselves of his counsel. ¶ I am told that he would never consent even to look at the papers of a concern short of a fee of a thousand dollars. How much more than this he received no man knows

He has made money and he has spent money.

A Difficult Witness

AND now, just the other day, I saw John E. Parsons under criminal indictment for violating a law, passed in unconscious compliment, to put the snuffers on the greatest idea of this man's life.

And Henry A. Wise, prosecutor for the Government, had the father of the trusts on the witness-stand.

One of the questions asked by Mr. Wise was this: "Are you one of the parties indicted in this action?"

Mr. Parsons half-smiled, and with a weary James McNeill Whistler wave of his exquisite hand replied, "If the newspapers have not deceived the people, I am."

Then followed other questions, always answered, but with an exasperating coolness and frankness that made everybody in the courtroom sit up and observe.

The jury were wide awake, smiling.

The judge leaned over his desk, taking lessons in Delsarte. ¶ The visitors who had flocked in and packed the courtroom were held in restraint only by the forbidding bailiffs.

Parsons was master of the situation, exactly as I had seen him at Buffalo thirty years before

This man of eighty-three, jaunty, exquisitely dressed, had the same gentle, far-reaching voice—exquisitely modulated—and his wit was just as keen.

Indicted, you say, on a criminal charge?

Yes, and absolutely unsubdued.

Mr. Wise, among other questions, asked this: "What was the price of sugar in Nineteen Hundred Two?"

A half-yawn came to the handsome face of John E. Parsons, and he slowly answered: "Mr. Wise, my housekeeper does all the marketing. I am a lawyer. I do not know what the price of sugar was in Nineteen Hundred Two."

Mr. Wise followed up the question and Mr. Parsons replied, "Anything I did, I did in my office as attorney, and His Honor knows that, officially, lawyers have poor memories." ¶ And the bailiffs rapped for order!

Parsons told just what he wanted to tell and he told it in his own way.

After the hearing I managed to corner the man, aided by a little group of other newspaper-men.

Parsons was gracious, courteous, and sure of his ground. No fear or apprehension showed itself in his manner. And I thought he was the youngest man of his years that I had ever seen

And I ventured a question, "What is the secret of your perpetual youth?"

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He smiled a smile of satisfaction, for certainly the man enjoys his well-earned distinction, and he sprang the obvious, "I read your writings."

Then a pause.

"I do not overeat; I do not overhate; I keep busy; I am interested in every worthy human endeavor; I enjoy life."

"How long do you expect to live?" I asked.

¶ "I set no limits on my days or powers—or yours. I am willing to go or stay. I am not preparing to die. I am preparing to live." And then he said, "Did you ever hear that before?"

"What will be the outcome of this Sugar-Trust suit?" a young reporter asked.

"You will excuse me," said Mr. Parsons, "but you see I am one of those old-fashioned lawyers who do not try their cases in the newspapers!"

John E. Parsons is finer far than was Cardinal Richelieu. He is as smilingly gracious and as subtle as was Pope Pius the Thirteenth. His insight and intellect reveal the brain of Benjamin Disraeli.

I do not want any one to "belong" to me. I would hold my friend only by the virtue that is in my own soul.

In Prison and Out

THOSE gentlemen in Hillsville, Virginia, who recently recalled the judge and his decision, when a finding was made not to their liking, were not border ruffians nor moonshining outlaws.

The Allens were the very best citizens in their own particular bailiwick.

They were men of property. They owned big farms, great tracts of timber, sawmills, general stores, and are money-lenders.

When Sidna Allen was in hiding, one of his neighbors called on him in the bush and paid him seventy dollars, to be applied on a note. The outlaw made out a receipt with a fountain-pen on a printed blank. This receipt was lost, and then picked up by the pursuing party.

¶ The trouble with the Allens is that they have pride, plus. They are the barons of the Blue Ridge. They do not understand the social contract which provides that we shall all abandon a certain part of our natural rights for the good of society. These men want to go their own sweet way, and do the things they want to do, regardless of the rights and the feelings of others. They have never heard the dictum that one man's rights end where another's begin.

The Religious Sense

ONE fact about them that the newspapers have not mentioned is that they are a religious people.

The Allens are Baptists.

Floyd Allen—the central actor in this great tragedy—is a member of the Baptist Church.

¶ Since his capture he has shown his ability to preach and pray. He also sings—slightly off key. Prayer-meetings have educated many a man to speak in public. Floyd Allen has the oratorical prayer-meeting habit.

His two nephews, who started the particular line of trouble that has ended in the legal distinction and social extinction of the Allens, were Sunday-School scholars.

Obviously, the newspapers have glossed this particular phase of the subject.

The fact is, this was a church row.

Thus do we behold the antithesis of things, that men who pretend to uphold the religion of the meek and lowly Savior go around in the shape of portable arsenals and shoot up any one who opposes their own sweet will.

Here we get non-resistance gone to seed.

The facts are these: A preacher by the name of Garland, a relative of the Allens, was pastor of the Baptist Church where the Allens attended

For some reason, the Reverend Mr. Garland offended Floyd and Sidna Allen, the chief citizens

Floyd and Sidna Allen were both rich men.

¶ Sidna Allen, before this trouble, lived in a house that cost twenty thousand dollars. It has barns, kennels, a conservatory, steam heat, and electric light supplied by a gasoline-engine

Sidna Allen owned five hundred head of cattle, as many hogs, and a hundred horses. He ran a general store and a gristmill.

But he could not endure it when the preacher said a few things about no rich man being able to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

He did n't know that the preacher had just as

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much right to express himself as the Allens had to hold their own particular opinions.

¶ And so Garland was compelled to resign. But instead of leaving the country for the good of his health, he started an opposition church in a schoolhouse and held Sunday-School, Sunday afternoons.

Then it was that two of the young Allens, one aged seventeen and the other twenty-one, by name Sidna Allen, Junior, and Freel Allen, went to this Sunday-School where the Reverend Mr. Garland was preaching the gospel of Christ, and these young Allens started shooting ❧ ❧

Pictures of these young men show them in smart and fashionable attire. They wear derby hats, linen collars, and have the general look of college students. They ride thoroughbred horses and have English saddles.

They did n't intend to kill Mr. Garland. They were only going to throw a scare into him. And they certainly succeeded. They emptied that church in about a minute.

And Garland then took the hint and disappeared from that particular neck of the woods, going so fast that he heard the bullets whizz by his head twice—once when they passed him, and again when he passed them.

The Sheriff's Reward

BUT behold, one of his flock had the temerity to go down to the county-seat, Hillsville, six miles away, and lodge complaint against the two boys.

Warrants were sworn out for the young men, on the charge of disturbing a religious meeting. The Sheriff went in person and arrested the boys. He knew he was taking his life in his hands, but he collared the youths at a little distance from their home. And to make sure that they did not get away, he handcuffed them and marched them ahead of him, headed straight for the jail at Hillsville, all in the interests of the law and exactly as he should have done.

A very bold and daring man was this Sheriff!

¶ But before he had reached the jail at Hillsville, Floyd Allen, hearing that the young men had been arrested, started on horseback in hot pursuit and in a towering rage; also, he says now, full of moonshine whisky.

He overtook the Sheriff, assaulted him, took away his gun and beat him into insensibility.

¶ He then turned the young men loose.

But by this time he had begun to realize that possibly he had overstepped the mark, and so he took the Sheriff on his own horse to a house and dressed his wounds, and left him there in care of the women of the household.

He then, himself, arrested the two boys and took them to the Hillsville courthouse, where he gave his own personal bond for their appearance ❧ ❧

All of this came out at the trial in extenuation and defense.

In due course the boys were tried and fined fifty dollars each. Their fines were paid by Floyd Allen, and the youngsters were escorted back home as heroes.

Hillsville Justice

BUT the people of Hillsville were wrathful at this proposition of Floyd Allen and his relatives taking the law into their own hands. Especially were they incensed at the bravado of it.

Floyd Allen had ignored the regularly appointed machinery of the law, and made his boast that no Allen had ever been put in restraint. He was willing to pay a fine, but was not willing to be arrested, and no man in that section of the country dare arrest him. He had a record—there were several notches cut in the butt of his pistol.

He was a man of fifty years of age, powerful in build, aggressive, with a whirlwind of a temper ❧ ❧

He had driven various men out of the community, and had dealt out the law in his own violent way for thirty years.

No doubt, for the most part, he was just, and in his family relations he was as kind and tender and true as was that famous bedbug whose character was once defended by Jerry Simpson of Kansas.

Floyd Allen was an aristocrat who lived above the law. At times, doubtless, he was capable of genuine religious emotion.

In no sense was he an outlaw or a brigand.

¶ His trouble was individuality carried to its logical conclusion.

He signified—sensing the indignation of the community—that he was willing to atone for his guilt, and that he would appear on a summons, but not on an arrest, and be tried for his offense in attacking the Sheriff and liberating the prisoners.

And so he was summoned by mail to appear for trial.

He appeared on the appointed day. He had a

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thousand dollars in cash in his pocket to pay any possible fine. He also carried a 44-caliber revolver

No officer dared think of searching him. He was treated as a guest. ¶ The case was tried before Judge Massey and a jury.

There was practically no defense so far as the specific charge was concerned. The man had attacked the Sheriff and liberated the prisoners And the fact that he had afterward ministered to the wounded Sheriff did not mitigate the offense. Floyd Allen must be taught a lesson.

When the jury had deliberated and come into court and given their verdict, "Guilty as charged," Judge Massey quietly sentenced the prisoner to one year in jail at hard labor. ¶ But no sooner had the Judge pronounced sentence than he fell from the bench, shot through the heart by the prisoner. Five other bullets struck the Judge.

Six of the Allen family were in the courtroom as spectators, scattered about among a hundred others.

On the instant all of the other Allens began shooting. Then some of the spectators took a hand in shooting at the Allens. Floyd Allen fell. Two hundred shots were fired in a fraction of a minute. The courtroom was gutted, and five deaths, in all, have followed.

The Rights of Others

THE American people will stand a limited amount of coercion and abuse, but fixed in our hearts is the firm thought that a certain amount of deference for the rights and privileges of other people must be recognized

The Allens ruled their community.

Some people respected them, many feared them

They grew in wealth, they grew in power, and their power evolved into tyranny and a contempt, not only for the rights of others, but for the law as well.

They reached the pivotal point, and society has demanded that they shall be wiped off the face of the map.

The property of Sidna Allen and Floyd Allen has been attached The families of the murdered men certainly have a claim against them all right. And not only have they been deprived of their good name and their prestige, but their property has gone out of their hands forever. ¶ The electric chair awaits them.

A Case in Contrast

OVER against this picture of men who had more power than they knew what to do with, more liberty than they could fletcherize, and more religion than they could digest, comes the case of Mrs. Toma.

Mrs. Toma, with her husband and several children, arrived in New York seven years ago from Italy.

Shortly after arriving in New York, Mrs. Toma overheard a conversation between her husband and a woman who had shown herself, on the boat coming over, to be a rival of Mrs. Toma's

Her husband and the woman were about to depart for the West, and leave Mrs. Toma and her children to fight the battle of life alone

Mrs. Toma, barely turned twenty, with the blood of the Orient in her veins, secured her husband's dagger, and with one thrust of the knife found the heart of her rival.

That, at least, stopped the elopement.

Mrs. Toma was placed in jail at Hackensack. ¶ There was no defense offered for the crime, beyond the exasperation to which the woman had been subjected.

There was no money for a defense, and so the State appointed an attorney for the woman. This attorney put in the plea of emotional insanity

The woman was found guilty and sentenced to die

A new trial was granted.

Three times was the woman tried, and each time found guilty of murder.

Six years went by, and Mrs. Toma, the ignorant foreigner, illiterate, penniless, with no knowledge of the English language, had been born again.

The Sheriff's wife had given this lone and friendless woman opportunity.

Mrs. Toma had learned to speak the English language. Not only that, but to write it. She had become a proficient housekeeper, a dressmaker, and she embroidered things of so exquisite a quality that they commanded the attention of lovers of art.

Behold, in the same jail for a time was a woman charged with robbery. This woman was a stenographer. This stenographer taught Mrs. Toma to run a typewriter, and how to manipulate the miracle of Isaac Pitman's invention

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Mrs. Toma became an expert stenographer and typewritist, and did all the work of the office for the Sheriff.

Incidentally, she made money and had a savings-bank account, yet all the time was a prisoner living in the shadow of the gallows. She had proved her ability to live; and when she again came on trial the court was quickly convinced that the worst possible use they could put this woman to was to kill her.

And so she was declared not guilty.

After seven years in prison she stepped out of jail a free woman.

Better than that, she was an educated and an efficient woman. She had improved her opportunities, and she had earned the right to live.

The Bastile of the Brain

IN this story, which has the peculiar quality of being absolutely true, the Hackensack Sheriff and his wife must be given great credit, although, with becoming modesty, they simply say that they gave the woman an opportunity to do work and she developed herself

When she stepped out of jail a free woman her husband met her.

He was still an ignorant foreigner. He could not speak the English language, and she said to him in her native tongue, "I will teach you to speak English and we will have a home and be happy and make money and take care of ourselves and educate our children."

Perhaps, after all, there is something in that proposition that stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage.

Those powerful men of Hillsville, living in one of the most Nature-favored districts in the world, with pedigree, broad acres, family pride, freedom of religion, abused their privileges and brought themselves down to ignominy and disgrace.

But little Mrs. Toma, handicapped by ignorance, superstition and poverty, caught in the meshes of unkind circumstances, yet out of the misery of it all she arises, her heart purified by imprisonment, her mind cleared and clarified—an evolved woman.

As she came out of prison, they went in.

¶ There is only one prison at the last, and that is the Bastile of the Brain, where a new idea can not get in, nor a generous impulse out.

To be true to your own is the natural thing, because it is the right thing.

Right Thinking



THERE is a nervous disease called *paranoea*.

Its first symptom is the belief that some one is plotting to undo you.

The holding of such a thought feeds the malady.

We believe things first and look for proof later; and when the idea is once fixed in a man's mind that some one is his enemy, reasons light as air are to him confirmation strong as Holy Writ.

The individual who thinks he is hated is most unlovable, and he will be hated, in fact, very shortly, because his mental attitude invites it.

¶ Hate is catching.

Love only responds to love.

Incipient paranoea manifests itself in suspicion, distrust and jealousy.

Acute paranœa reveals itself in pronounced hallucinations, and efforts in the line of revenge, even to the taking of the lives of innocent persons.

Every police-captain is familiar with the phase of paranœa where persons with staring eyes and cold sweat upon their foreheads demand protection from supposed enemies that are upon their track.

The psychologist can look down the paranœic's past and see the time when the disease was only the germ of a distrust or a glimmering suspicion.

The Germ of Paranoea

EMERSON said, "I have in me the germ of every crime." And just so are we all potential paranœics. To harbor the thought of wrong is to warm and vivify the germ.

If a person injures me accidentally, I am quite willing to forgive him. If I think he did it purposely, I want to fight. The matter lies with me and not with him. My mental state controls the situation—it is violence or peace, just as I think.

It is quite possible for me to attribute an evil intent where none exists. If we can think wrong we bring wrong into being, and thus create a condition of hate out of nothing.

¶ Then if we can attribute wrong intent to others, of course others may attribute wrong to us. Yet we know that, at the last, what we

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desire most is to be loved and trusted. And yet this person who attributes malice to us can, if we are not guarded, control us through a wrong thought, so as to make us unlovely and unlovable.

In certain physical conditions we think less of people than in others. I know a man who hates everybody and everything until about ten o'clock in the morning. By noon he is quite approachable, and for an hour or so after dinner he is usually gentle and generous.

The Only Fear

DOES not the amount of wrong and injustice in the world vary with us all according to our physical condition?

We do not fear anything but evil.

The fear of evil is largely, if not entirely, a morbid and therefore an insane idea.

From these things I gather that each man is really the Creator of the World in which he lives. And what is more, every man creates in his own image. Without an evil thought there never would have been any evil in the world. Banish evil thought and thought of evil, and there would not now be any evil in the world.

¶ The thought of evil is born of fear.

Paranoea as a disease is the direct result of fear—we fear some one is going to harm us, and then we hate. Hate is manifestation of fear, and therefore is a species of cowardice.

¶ Fear affects the circulation, even at times to stopping forever and instantly the action of the heart. Faulty circulation affects every organ, and most of all the organs of digestion. And impaired digestion at once affects the mind ❧ ❧

Impaired digestion means impaired thought.

¶ The treatment we receive at the hands of others is very largely the reflection of our own mental attitude toward them. As a man thinketh, so is he. ¶ Think No Evil!

❧

WHEN Li Hung Chang asked Richard Harding Davis if he wrote stories because he was not strong enough to work, he put a question that was quite in order ❧ Li declares that literature should never be a profession, but that every man should write when he hears the "Voice." He himself writes poetry at times, in a meter that is a cross between the style of Steve Crane and that of Yone Noguchi ❧ It is needless to remark that it is great stuff, and Li admits it.

Sunrise on the Hills

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I STOOD upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.
The clouds were far beneath me;—bathed in light,
They gathered mid-way round the wooded height,
And, in their fading glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,
And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft,
The veil of cloud was lifted and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow
Was darkened by the forest's shade,
Or glistened in the white cascade;
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash,—
And, richly by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods were bending with a silent reach.
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills;
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,
Was ringing to the merry shout,
That faint and far the glen sent out,
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke,
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and the soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills!—No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

❧

In most religions there is a strain of ethics, but if religion becomes intense it leaves ethics out of the equation, and then you get a selfishness, a coldness and a cruelty beyond compare.

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Earn Life or Lose It

By Alice Hubbard



BOTH Mr. and Mrs. Macbeth were sick. Their disease was mortal, and each knew it.

The usual custom of sending for a physician was followed, and some one had brought a doctor to this palace of the king and queen to minister to them ❧ ❧

Lady Macbeth was too absorbed in her misery to think or care, and accepted what was offered.

Macbeth, still active, asked this question: "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased: pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?"

¶ And the honest doctor answered, "Therein the patient must minister to himself."

No doctor could cure either of them.

The patients did not minister to themselves, and the reign of the Macbeths was done.

"Physician, heal thyself!" the Jews flung out in derision to one dying who had been hailed as a Savior who could heal all disease.

Over and again, Emerson says in *Self-Reliance* that the source of all we can receive or have is within ourselves.

And healthy people are glad to know this. The wise who are sick accept the fact and bestir themselves to action.

Action is the only manifestation of life that continues life, or is life.

Life is perpetual motion.

When action of the body ceases, that is death.

¶ Life is achieved.

It is not given by one to another. Neither mortal nor eternal life is a gift. You work to live. Lie down and never stir again of yourself, and the end is here, no matter how many servants come and go to serve you.

We work for success. And yet success has ruined almost all who have succeeded.

Individuals, nations, have risen from poverty and want to affluence, to positions where they could control circumstances connected with their personal welfare.

When ease and luxury were within their reach, few have resisted their lure.

Hard necessity has been man's best friend. But when man has had the option to choose, he has rarely been wise enough to see that the methods used to develop him thus far are the methods to follow if he wishes to continue the same results.

The Blessing of Work

WE have been told that Heaven is an ideal. Also, that Heaven is a goal where everything is provided and much of it. Eternal rest, ease, luxury, angels for servants, and nothing to do, are requisites for happiness and immortality, according to many interpreters of the Bible.

A place where there is little work, much to spend, ease and luxury, has seemed to be the suburbs of Paradise.

And this teaching and the natural pull of inertia have led people and nations to death.

¶ The few who have acquired the work habit, and the very wise few who have foreseen and have understood the sure penalty for inaction, have escaped.

Not to succeed, but to forever be in the struggle, has saved and kept virile the people who have preserved the race.

When Rome lost her small farms her decline began, because the people as a whole were not working ❧ ❧

"He brought many captives home to Rome whose ransom did the general coffers fill," was said of Cæsar.

Slaves made from unransomed captives did the work for the Romans, and became the active men of the country.

Scented baths, museums, banquets, public entertainments, public corncribs, free soup-kitchens, made ruin of the greatest nation of its time. A state of inactivity for individuals and peoples means death, no matter by what route they reach inactivity.

Nourishing food of superior quality—good clothing, well made and comfortable—beautiful homes, artistic, sanitary and restful—means for the economic expenditure of strength, are all wise to have.

We should have them, for we are heirs to the wisdom of all the ages. In wisdom we should begin where our parents left off.

But we should never decrease our activity, nor lose our virility. We should be an evolving race in strength.

Modern Living Conditions

EACH age demands more expenditure of energy, more wisdom.

A man today must have brains. To live now demands it.

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Action is the requirement of the times. The foolish could live on the earth when primitive individualism reigned.

There is no space for them where co-operation is the law of life, and people must be individuals

We have passed the stage of brainless humans. They are out of date and belong to prehistoric ages

It takes brains to use the wisdom that has been evolved with the race. People who are "old-fashioned" in their ideas of working are doomed

Male man has kept up with the times better for himself than he has for woman, and better than women have for themselves.

Man's occupation once was war, hunting and fishing

A few men still make war their occupation. ¶ But every war method has changed. Last year, men fought with their heads, not their fists. No more brawn is required. Only sensitive, delicately adjusted machinery, fine calculations, wireless telegraphy, exactness of aim, are demanded. We could kill a cityful of people if we wanted to, and repeat the story of the two cats of Kilkenny if we tried.

But we like something else better than we like war. Business is positive and constructive, and the times demand productive work for all men. ¶ Then, too, men have left hunting as an occupation and hunt only for sport.

And all of the huntsmen's former methods have changed.

Few men fish now, and their old appliances are used no more.

Man uses brain in farming. He is the best farmer who "mixes" most brain with his soil. ¶ The means of transportation are all new and different from the old as day differs from night

Machines are brawn today, and man is the brain and nerve center.

Woman's Occupations

WOMAN'S occupations—all but one—have changed.

And here, with regard to woman's occupations, is where our nation is sick. Here is where we must cure ourselves.

No "rhubarb, senna nor purgative drug" can cure us. No surgeon's knife nor hospital can save. Here the patient must minister unto herself, to bring her to a "sound and pristine health."

As there is a new man, so must there be a new woman

Primitive woman needed no endowment on her wedding-day. She had no widowhood. Her children were never orphans unless she died. ¶ She could take care of herself, and her children—all of them. And the child belonged entirely to its mother until it belonged to itself. ¶ The primitive woman was an individual, and like the Norsemen of old she owned no man as master.

She worked at all kinds of employment that the human needs of herself and her children required. She was a builder, a manufacturer, a farmer, a cook, a maker of clothing. She invented, and used her own inventions. She, too, could hunt and fish for her own needs. ¶ Woman once felt that courage and strength within herself to meet every foe that was her enemy

The primitive woman was a mother by her own desire. Nature was her guide, and her family cares were of her own choosing and did not exceed her strength.

This individual was a free woman, blessed by Nature whose laws she obeyed. She never bartered her divine power of motherhood for ease and luxury. The mothers of the race realized the holiness of God's gift of motherhood

There is a story that Prometheus stole fire from the altar of the gods and used the fire for unnatural purposes. And he became sick in mind and body. He wept much and sore—was taken first to one hospital and then another. He repented and grieved for his sins after it was too late.

The Greeks told this story that they might know that God's gifts are to be used according to His laws.

The Birth of Tyranny

WHERE and when women first sold their birthright for a mess of pottage, I do not know. But when it was done, man and woman both became perverts, and they degenerated.

Man began to pay his obligations—mental, moral and commercial—in money or goods. He drove sharp bargains, and with the ever-increasing desire to get the most for his money he forgot the divine use of his nature.

His wife became property, too. She was his to use as he pleased. And his power, limitless over his family, made him tyrant.

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Tyrants demand excess as their right. To exercise his right to the full extent of his power is the tyrant's joy. And the divine gifts were held no more sacred than were appetite for food and drink.

Woman's occupations—of invention of useful things, her manufacturing, her farming, and teaching her many workers to work better—were absorbed by man's great institutions of industry

And woman became a sex creature. Board and lodging were in exchange for what man willed.

¶ A standard of morals was crystallized into laws that would make a primitive mother rise in fierce fight with such crime against Nature

Laws once made are slow to change. We stretch them in every direction, "interpret" them, but seldom compare them with natural laws, or justice and right.

Woman a Human Being

WHEN we look at our customs now prevailing for the perverted use of motherhood, and compare them with the natural primitive mother, we find that we have sanctioned customs that are contrary to Nature. Free mothers are unknown, or if known, are anathematized.

Yet women may be spoken to, even invited into "good society," if unmarried, and yet supported by a "friend," provided the relationship is not acknowledged and no child is born of this union. So sick have our minds become concerning this divine use of God's gift to woman and to man!

And when Priest and State have sanctioned a union between man and woman, no one dares think of the crimes committed against natural laws, but protected by man's laws.

"It is a mad world, my masters!"

Have we not had enough of living in Topsy-Turvy Land?

The sick women must minister unto themselves and purge the land to a condition of its pristine vigor.

Woman must work. This will make her well. She must demand for her work money as do men

Wings are for angels.

Feet for men.

While woman is on the earth, she must not be superior nor inferior to the customs that obtain in this world. Woman is a human being as are men. The race is one.

Then, like the Roman Lucretia, she will value her personal dignity more than her life.

Then will a little Spartan band of these new women withstand a whole army of tradition, perverted customs, temptations to ease and luxury, which lead to death.

We need women in every farmhouse, every village, town and city, to set the sick women to work. Woman must realize that her personal dignity—without which she is not a woman, only a serf—demands of her Work and Economic Freedom.

In spite of mishap, let the truth stand that those who travel fast and go far, go by Love's Parcel-Post, concerning which there is no limit to the size of the package.

Judicial Decisions

By the Honorable Elihu Root



THERE appears to be an increasing tendency toward impatience with the courts whenever judicial decisions do not agree with our wishes.

The provisions for the recall of judges, already adopted in some States and widely advocated in others, are an exhibition of this impatience and a demand for more unchecked opportunity to make the judges feel its effects.

A distinguished judge is reported to be considered for promotion to the Supreme Bench. Thereupon there arises, not a discussion regarding his ability or integrity or experience, but an outcry that he ought not to be promoted because he decided a two-cent-fare case against the wishes of some people, or many people

The Court of Commerce decides that the Interstate Commerce Commission has taken too broad a view of its powers under the law in a particular case and the immediate reaction is, not an acceptance of the decision and a proposal to change the law so as to make the powers broader, or an appeal from the decision in order to show by argument that it is wrong, but the drafting and introduction of a lot of bills to abolish the court.

A court of great authority decides that a particular form of employers' liability law

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contravenes the rules established by the Constitution, and the immediate reaction is not to procure the enactment of a statute which does not contravene those rules, or to procure a modification of the rules so that they will permit the statute, but it is to condemn the court for not entertaining a different opinion.

¶ There are many indications that, in varying degrees, in different parts of the United States this method of treating the decisions of courts receives popular sympathy. A gradual decrease of respect for judicial decisions can be perceived

The general respect for the decisions of our courts, which has sustained the judicial branch of our Government as a distinctive and necessary part of our constitutional system, has been based upon the idea that judicial decisions are something quite distinct and different from the expression of political opinions or the advocacy of economic or social theories. Profoundly devoted to the reign of law, with its prescribed universal rules, as distinguished from the reign of men with their changing opinions, desires and impulses, our people have always ascribed a certain sanctity to the judicial office, have invested its holders with a special dignity, and have regarded them in the exercise of their office with a respect amounting almost to reverence, as above all conflicts of party, and of faction, because these officers are the guardians of the law as it is. Our people have been imbued with a deep sense of the truth that upon the preservation of the law as it is at every moment in its course of continuous change and development depend the preservation of order, the prevention of anarchy, the protection of the weak against the aggression of the strong, the perpetuity of free institutions, the continuance of liberty and justice—matters of infinitely greater concern than all the new proposals which excite the activity and controversy of parties and political leaders, of critics and reformers.

If this view is to be changed and the decisions of our courts are to be considered in the same way and upon the same presumptions and with no greater respect for authority than in the case of political opinions, the authority of the courts will inevitably decline, the independence of the judicial branch will cease, judicial decision will interpret the law always to suit the majority of the moment, and the recall will be the natural and logical expression of the relation to be assumed between the people and the courts.

Causes of This Impatience

WHAT are the causes of this impatience with the courts? It is plain that the difficulty does not arise from any deterioration in the character of the judges who preside in our courts. There never has been a time when the bench in America, under both the Federal and the States system, has been filled by men of greater purity, ability, and strength and uprightness of character. There never has been a time when the favor of the rich or of men powerful in social or business affairs played so small a part in determining the selection of judges. Now, if ever, the terms of the Federal judicial oath truly represent the controlling influence of judicial life in both the Nation and the States.

¶ It is true that defects in procedure, that technicalities and delays which impede the course of justice here and elsewhere, have tended to decrease the general respect of the community for every one concerned in the administration of the law; but I think this applies less to the courts themselves than it does to the bar, and justly so. It is the bar that makes up a great part of all our legislatures, and is responsible for the stupid and mischievous legislation regarding procedure which hampers the courts in their efforts to do justice. It is the bar which, knowing all the facts and familiar with all the evils, insists upon the continuance of our methods to promote the immunity of criminals and the hindrance of justice to the point of denial. The primary fault and the primary duty of reform rest with us. I do not think that this matter plays any very great part in the creation of the feeling against the courts.

The real difficulty appears to be that the new conditions incident to the extraordinary industrial development of the last half-century are continuously and progressively demanding the readjustment of the relations between great bodies of men and the establishment of new legal rights and obligations not contemplated when existing laws were passed or existing limitations upon the powers of government were prescribed in our Constitution.

In the place of the old individual independence of life, in which every intelligent and healthy citizen was competent to take care of himself

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and his family, we have come to a high degree of interdependence, in which the greater part of our people have to rely for all the necessities of life upon the systematized co-operation of a vast number of other men working through complicated industrial and commercial machinery. Instead of the completeness of individual effort working out its own results in obtaining food and clothing and shelter, we have specialization and division of labor, which leaves each individual unable to apply his industry and intelligence except in co-operation with a great number of others whose activity conjoined to his is necessary to produce any useful result. Instead of the give and take of free individual contract, the tremendous power of organization has combined great aggregations of capital in enormous industrial establishments working through vast agencies of commerce, and employing great masses of men in movements of production and transportation and trade so great in the mass that each individual concerned in them is quite helpless by himself. The relations between the employer and the employed, between the owners of aggregated capital and the units of organized labor, between the small producer, the small trader, the consumer, and the great transporting and manufacturing and distributing agencies, all present new questions, for the solution of which the old reliance upon the free action of individual wills appears quite inadequate. And in many directions the intervention of that organized control which we call Government seems necessary to produce the same result of justice and right conduct which obtained through the attrition of individuals before the new conditions arose.

A Gradual Process

SUCH a readjustment must of necessity be a gradual process. It can not be produced at a single blow from the mind of any one or of any group or interest or class. Opinions must and will always differ as to the nature of changes which should be made and the extent to which they should go, and those differences must be settled in some way. There will be differences not merely as to what change should be brought about, but how it should be accomplished. Mistakes will be made, experiments will be tried and will fail, and experience will suggest more adequate remedies. Ill-conceived schemes of legislation or amendment will be attempted, and steps will have to be retraced. Erroneous views, arising because some parts of our people fail to understand phases of our vast and complicated industrial life with which they are not familiar, must be corrected. Distorted and exaggerated conceptions disseminated by men of one idea or by men overinsistent on their own personal interests, or overexcited by contemplating unhappiness and privation which perhaps no law or administration could prevent, have to be reduced to proper proportions. Ultimately, step by step through the ordinary processes of self-government, through investigation, education, the spread of true understanding of facts and full discussion, the process of readjustment is being worked out and will be worked out to conform to the mature, instructed, considerate judgment of the self-governing people of the country.

It is because in the course of this process of readjustment occasionally a court finds that some new experiment in legislation or in administration contravenes some long-established limitation upon legislative or executive power, or finds that some crudely drawn statute is inadequate to produce the effect that was expected of it, or enforces some law which has unexpected results, that the present irritation and impatience toward the courts have been created.

True Functions of Court

THERE are several things to be said about this feeling. In the first place it rests upon a misconception as to the true function of a court. It is not the duty of our courts to be leaders in reform or to espouse or to enforce economic or social theories, or, except within very narrow limits, to readjust laws to new social conditions. Undoubted every judge is bound to consider two separate elements in his decision of a case—one, the terms of the law, and the other, the conditions of actual life to which the law is to be applied—and it is only by considering both that the law can be applied in accordance with its real spirit and intent. But the judge is still always confined within the narrow limits of reasonable interpretation. It is not his function or within his power to enlarge or improve or change the law. His duty is to maintain it, to enforce it, whether it be good or bad, wise or foolish, accordant with sound or unsound economic policy. It is very important to have reformers and advocates of all good causes and thoughtful and public-

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spirited citizens who are keenly alive to the defects in our system of laws, and solicitous to find means to cure them. But the courts are excluded, by virtue of the special duty imposed upon them, from playing any of these parts. Their duty is to maintain and enforce the law as it is at the moment, to interpret it in sincerity and truth under the sanction of their oaths and in the spirit of justice, to accept loyally every change made in it by the lawmaking power, but to stand firmly against any attempt to ignore it or nullify it, except by the legitimate action of the popular sovereign in its making of constitutions, or the legislative branch of the Government in its making of statutes in conformity to the Constitution ❧ This impatience of the courts also proceeds upon a second misconception as to the true nature of the remedy for an unsatisfactory decision. When a court of last resort has said the law is thus and so, and the law as so declared bars the way of some popular movement, the true remedy is, not to threaten the court with extinction or its members with punishment unless they will decide against their convictions, but it is to set the lawmaking body in operation to change the law, and if a majority of the people wish the law changed it will be done. If the community is not satisfied with a law as it is declared by the court to be, the thing really desirable, is, not to coerce or reconstruct a court to say that the law is what it is not, but to make the law what the community wishes it to be. The only real obstacle to any such course rests in the fact that it frequently happens that the people of a State or of the country are not yet ready for the change which is desired by the impatient ones. These may be merely in advance of the rest of the people. It may be, and doubtless it frequently is the case, that their views are the views which ought to be adopted and which will ultimately be adopted by the people in their lawmaking, but the process of securing the adoption of new and advanced ideas may be long and tedious. It may involve a campaign of education, a reconciliation of conflicting views, and much discussion as to the kind and form of change. I can not think that to incur the necessity of this process is an evil. Important changes in the law ought to be fully discussed and understood and approved by the mature judgment of the people of the country. We have too many immature and premature attempts at making laws before the subjects to which they relate have been thoroughly discussed and mature conclusions have been reached.

I must believe also that proposals, in whatever form, to subordinate the decisions of the courts to the decision of a popular majority, whether it be by punishing the judges for an unsatisfactory decision through removing them from office or by reviewing their decisions at the polls as distinct from reviewing and revising the law upon which they are to decide, proceed upon a failure to realize that this involves an abandonment of the most essential feature of our system of constitutional government ❧ ❧

Inconveniences But Incidental

ONE may grant that inconvenience frequently arises from decisions of courts finding that constitutional provisions are contravened by legislative action designed to express the popular will in particular cases. We may assume that some of these decisions are erroneous. It is impossible that there should not be some errors among fallible men under any system of government and any distribution of powers, although there are probably by no means as many errors as the ardent advocates of particular views suppose. But under every system and in every field of governmental action it is necessary to submit to inconveniences. Honest and peaceful men are constantly subject to restriction and annoyance from rules and regulations which are wholly unnecessary so far as they are concerned, but which have to be established and maintained in order that dishonest and turbulent men may be controlled. All general rules of law work hardship in some cases. These incidental effects are a part of the price which in organized society we pay for having general rules of law and administration. We are frequently very much irritated and very impatient under the inconvenience or injury which, in viewing some particular incident by itself, seems unjustifiable. The true question, however, always is, whether, viewing the working of the general rule as a whole, the rule is so necessary to the well-being of the community, and its effects, taken altogether, are so valuable that we ought to submit to the inconveniences rather than to lose the rule. In considering the inconveniences which have arisen from decisions of the courts enforcing consti-

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tutional provisions as against popular statutes, it is a mistake to consider the particular incident by itself and to lose sight of the enormous and overwhelming importance of the system to which these inconveniences are incidents, and to forget that by destroying the independence and authority of the courts and the popular habit of submission to their decisions, we would lose infinitely more than we would gain ❧ Let me try to state the essential thing that we would lose.

Limitations Upon Power

ONE of the fundamental ideas of our Government is that all the officers to whom the people, whether of the nation or of the State, entrust the powers of government shall be subject to certain definite prescribed limitations upon their power. These limitations are of two kinds. First, those which relate to the distribution of powers. The National Government and the respective State governments are each to keep within its own prescribed field of action ❧ The legislative, executive and judicial officers are to be confined to their own departments of government. Within those departments particular officers, wherever it is found expedient, have specific lines of limitation upon their power. If an officer undertakes to do something which is not within the prescribed limits of his authority, his action is void and without legal effect. No matter how able and patriotic a President or a Governor may be, no matter how wise a Congress or a Legislature may be, no matter how much they may deem it to be for the public good that they should invade the field of action of another department, they are denied the right to do it, not because it might not be a very good thing in the particular case, but because the prevention of unlimited power is of such vast importance to liberty that no particular case can possibly be important enough to justify abandoning the maintenance and the observance of the general rule of prescribed limitations. The door opened for the well-meaning and farseeing lover of country to exercise power without regard to the limitations set upon it is also a door opened for the self-seeking and ambitious to disregard the same limitations for their own advantage. It is impossible to maintain a rule of limitation upon power which is to be observed when it seems wise and ignored when it seems unwise.

The other kind of prescribed limitation is for the protection of the individual citizen against the power of government. Our fathers had experienced some and observed many invasions of individual liberty and individual right of which Governments had been guilty. They realized that the nature of men is not greatly changed by a change in the form of Government and that the possession of overwhelming power affords a constant temptation to override the rights of the weak. Accordingly, both in the Nation and in the State, they prescribed certain general rules which prohibited all officers to whom they entrusted the powers of Government from doing certain things, such as inflicting cruel and unusual punishments, abridging freedom of speech or of the press, prohibiting the free exercise of religion, putting any person twice in jeopardy for the same offense, compelling any one to be witness against himself in a criminal case, taking private property for public use without just compensation, depriving any one of life, liberty or property without due process of law. It frequently happens that inconvenience results from the application of these rules. Criminals escape because they can not be tried twice or can not be compelled to testify; public improvements are hindered because property can not be taken except by due process of law; the liberty of the press and of speech often degenerates into license, and many poor people are misled to their harm by the doctrine of strange and irrational religious sects. Nevertheless, the maintenance of these rules is the bulwark which protects the weak individual citizen in the possession of those rights which constitute liberty; and it is because these rules with all their inconveniences, if maintained at all must be always maintained, that the public officer who oversteps them, with however good intentions and for whatever benefit to the public, becomes a trespasser without authority and without protection of the law.

Conduct, Abstract and Impersonal

A SECOND and equally necessary feature of our system is that these limitations, both those which distribute official powers and those which declare the great rules of right conduct, must be prescribed abstractly and impersonally rather than with reference to particular cases or particular exigencies or particular individuals ❧ The difference is

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generic, essential, worldwide. The very fact of making a constitution which is to be binding upon legislatures and executives and judges when they come to deal with particular cases exhibits the rules prescribed in the Constitution in sharp distinction from the determination of official power when particular cases arise. It is not possible for any human power to make the determination of a legislature or executive at the time of action the same thing as an obligatory general rule of conduct prescribed beforehand. The difference between a constitutional convention prescribing constitutional limitations and a legislature dealing with particular exigencies is not that one represents the people any more truly than the other, or is of any higher character than the other, but it is that one deals with justice, with right conduct, with the requirements of liberty, with a due balance and distribution of the powers of government impersonally and in the abstract without reference to individuals or the interests or prejudices or inconveniences of particular cases, while the general impersonal rule applies. So it is that at almost every session of our legislative bodies we find attempts made to evade or to appear to evade constitutional rules in order to accomplish specific purposes, when beyond a doubt the very body which attempts the evasion would refuse to abandon the rule as a guide to conduct except in the particular case under consideration. Indeed, if it were not for the fact that legislatures and executives would fail to apply the impartial and universal rules of our constitutions to the particular case with which they deal if left free at the time, there would be no occasion for constitutions. The provisions for amending constitutions are so framed in general as to provide for dealing with all of the subjects with which they treat in the abstract, as distinct from dealing with instances that arise under them legislatively in the concrete. So we deal with abstract rules by themselves, and we deal separately with the particular cases in which governmental action is to be governed by those rules. We know that human nature is such that the two can not be combined; that a decision upon a rule of abstract justice can not be combined with a decision as to the accomplishment of a particular wish, any more than a man can render justice when he sits as a judge in his own cause.

Determination of Boundaries

A THIRD feature of our system which is a necessary corollary to the other two, and essential to them, is the vesting of power in the judicial branch to determine when the action of the legislative and executive branches or any officer of them oversteps the limitations which have been prescribed. Without this all our bills of rights and limitations upon official power would be idle forms of words. If the lawmaking body of the moment, whether it be a representative legislature or a majority at the polls, is to determine at the time of action either what shall be the rules to control its conduct or the question whether its conduct conform to the rules already prescribed, that conduct is controlled only by the will of the lawmaking body at the moment of action, and our whole system of prescribed limitations upon power disappears. The necessary result is that the barriers we have set up from the beginning of our government against official usurpation of power and against official invasion of the liberty and rights of the individual are broken down, and the power of the majority according to the will of the moment is supreme and uncontrolled.

Justice Above Majorities

WE must choose between having prescribed rules of right conduct, binding in every case so long as they exist, even though there may be occasional inconvenience through their restraint upon our freedom of action, and having no rules at all to prevent us from doing in every case whatever we wish to do at the time ❧ We can not maintain one system in part and the other system in part. The gulf between the two systems is not narrowed, but greatly widened by the proposal to dispense with the action of a representative legislature and to substitute direct popular action at the polls ❧ A sovereign people which declares that all men have certain inalienable rights, and imposes upon itself the great impersonal rules of conduct deemed necessary for the preservation of those rights, and at the same time declares that it will disregard those rules whenever, in any particular case, it is the wish of the majority of its voters to do so, establishes as complete a contradiction to the fundamental principles of our Government as it is possible to conceive. It abandons absolutely the conception of a justice which is above majorities,

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of a right in the weak which the strong are bound to respect. It denies the vital truth taught by religion and realized in the hard experience of mankind, and which has inspired every constitution America has produced and every great declaration for human freedom since Magna Charta—the truth that human nature needs to distrust its own impulses and passions and to establish for its own control the restraining and guiding influence of declared principles of action.

The young receive their ideas from their elders, and ideas once impressed upon the plastic plate of the young mind can not be removed.

Fact and Finance

By B. C. Forbes



BEWARE of sinecures, of "soft snaps." They are going out of fashion in every field. Holders may well tremble. Their hour is drawing near. They can not escape. No longer can they find a place in the workaday machinery of the world. They do not fit into modern conditions. They are superfluous, useless; and when a man or a thing reaches that stage, his passing is but a little way off.

¶ What has this to do with finance or business? Everything.

Some very exalted personages in the realm of finance have felt the weight of that inexorable law tersely expressed as "the survival of the fittest." A few of them have endeavored to make themselves more useful since they tasted the bitterness of imminent oblivion. The Goulds elected to spend their days and nights in pleasure-seeking, and the penalty staring them in the face was financial extinction. They nominally filled—save the mark!—high executive railroad and industrial positions, but they turned their offices into "snaps," and, of course, had to undergo the fate ordained for all such. The Vanderbilts of the second and third generation degenerated from dynamic workers to happy-go-lucky, ease-loving gentlemen about town, and the inevitable doom loomed ahead, though it is but fair to state that there is now in progress a sort of renaissance, a vigorous effort to turn from idleness to industry, from horse-racing to railroading—and may good luck attend them on their return journey.

¶ The Goulds and the Vanderbilts are not the only shining lights who have learned that Nature abhors empty spaces. If a man fails really to fill his post he can not cling to it indefinitely. The space is pre-empted. He is ousted

The Necessity of Economy

THE struggle for existence has become so keen that on every side economy must be practised. And who are the first to feel the pruning-knife? Those, of course, whose usefulness is least. There have been many reorganizations of forces among our large transportation and industrial organizations The ax has fallen in more places than the public wot of Some persons holding high office have found that they had carved out for themselves so little work that, when the time for overhauling and curtailing came along, it was found they could be dispensed with at a minimum of inconvenience and a maximum of saving. Sooner or later there has to be a housecleaning in every concern. And what more natural than that the cobwebs, the parasites, the barnacles, should be swept away?

But it is not only in high places that sinecures are to be found. Nor are the laws that decree the annihilation of the useless confined in their operation to one stratum of society. "Snaps"—"cinches"—are too frequently coveted (and attained) among those of us who form the rank and file. They are so pleasant, so easy, so enviable—for a while. It is delicious, is n't it, to fancy we are getting more than we are entitled to, that for once we are getting the best of the world, that we are surely "in soft"? The workman who feels he is thus situated should consult his overseer at once and tell him frankly that the weekly pay is not being earned. By so doing a catastrophe may be averted. You can not continue to get the best of the bargain.

You can not permanently take out of the works, or out of the world, more than you put into it. Men have tried it in all ages, but accounts were squared eventually. In New York City these recent years a few who had contrived to beat the game have gone under with a thud, in some cases by suicidal hands. If any class are foolish enough to imagine that the political and economic upheavals of today

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will lead to a rich crop of "snaps," they are courting disappointment. The stock-taking has cleared a good many shelves that needed clearing, more will be accomplished by and by, and everybody will be better off as a consequence ❧ But it shall still remain true that man must earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow. Drones do not live long.

❧

All experience is good, and no experience that can come to a woman is so valuable as motherhood, under right conditions, rightly understood and rightly accepted.

❧

Work

By Alice Hubbard



THE interpretation of the meaning of words varies in different ages ❧ ❧

For example, the interpretation of the word "work," a hundred years ago, was an activity to be avoided; a punishment for sin; a burden put upon the poor; an ignoble employment; a painful something from which Heaven will relieve the good.

In the year Nineteen Hundred Twelve, our attitude toward work is entirely different. We realize that work is that which differentiates life from death.

All plants work. The effort required to come into being is very great. To evolve, to blossom, to bear fruit, is work—tremendous activity to a purpose.

Birds, butterflies, bees, all of the animal kingdom work. There is no leisure class in the universe, except a few dying women and men. ¶ The man who works is his own ancestor and needs no other.

Work is that activity which identifies a man and makes of him a Somebody. He who does not work is a Nobody.

Who was Michelangelo? The man who rebuilt Saint Peter's at Rome. He carved the David, the Medici statues, and decorated the Sistine Chapel ❧ ❧

Who was Elizabeth Fry? The woman who was the mother of thirteen children, and besides reformed all prisons for all time.

Who was Euterpe? The mother of Themistocles ❧ ❧

Who is James J. Hill? The man who built the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Who are Edison, H. H. Rogers, Henry Ford, Edward G. Acheson, William McAdoo?

We identify them by their work. That is the identification of a Twentieth Century individual ❧ ❧

"Who are you, Sir, Madam?"

"What have you done?"

"What can you do?"

Mothers and a few fathers may point out their children still as their identification and right to life, but no child in this age can be distinguished by affirming that he is the son of greatness. We laugh when an American claims recognition because of ancestors, inherited wealth or position.

"But what have *you* done?" is our abrupt question ❧ ❧

And today this is true concerning women. ¶ The wife of a great man!

Greatness has no wife.

The President has no wife. The Governor has no wife. That is to say: office has no wife, no child ❧ ❧

Neither has a genius, nor a man's activity. ¶ Americans are individuals—woman, man, boy or girl.

Work, that which evolves individuals, is a blessed privilege, and freedom to work is every American's inherent right.

It is a natural necessity. He who does not work is dead, whether he knows it or not.

❧

WE should let no opportunity for happiness escape us, and the simplest causes of happiness should be ever stored in our soul ❧ ❧

There is a kind of ignoble discretion that has least in common of all things with the wisdom we speak of here, for we had far better spend our energy round even fruitless happiness than slumber by the fireside awaiting joys that may never come. Only the joys that have been offered to all and none have accepted, will knock at his door who refuses himself to stir forth. Nor is the other man wise who holds the reins too tight on his feelings, and halts them when reason commands or experience whispers. ¶ To be wise we must first learn to be happy. One might almost compare the man who had never been happy with a traveler whose every journey had been taken by night.—*Maeterlinck.*

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Incidents in the Life of Clara Barton

By General William H. Sears



ONE day while visiting with Clara Barton at her home in Glen Echo, I asked her to tell me what was the most terrible experience she had ever had on a field.

She answered promptly, as though the event were well classified in her mind:

"It was at the Battle of Antietam ❧ The poor boys were falling so fast that I rushed up into the line of firing to save them from bleeding to death, by temporarily binding up their wounds. Bullets went through my clothing, but I did not think of danger. I loaded myself with canteens, went to a nearby spring and filled them with water ❧ I staggered under the load that I carried. The wounded were crying for water ❧

"I went to one poor boy who was wild with thirst. I stooped, lifted his head, and was giving him water from a canteen when a cannon-ball took his head off, covering me with blood and brains.

"I dropped the headless body and went to the next wounded soldier. And so all day I worked through this awful battle, and refused to retire, though officers and men tried to drive me back.

"At night I assisted the surgeons at the rude tables at the farmhouse under the apple-trees. They amputated limbs and dressed wounds all night long. The morning light revealed to us limbs that had been thrown to one side during the work of the night. It was like a great pile of wood. My dress and shoes were soaked with blood.

"That night the surgeons had no candles. I brought from my supplies, and soon there was a blaze of light about the operating-table. They had no food, but from my wagons I brought them meal which we had used in packing the medicines and supplies.

"I think I was in the greatest danger at Fredericksburg, where I crossed the pontoon-bridge under fire to reach the wounded on the other shore. There I worked all night long.

¶ "The weather had changed during the night and turned bitter cold. When morning came I found many of the Confederates wounded and frozen into the mud. I took an axe and chopped their bodies loose from the ground and helped take them to deserted negro cabins. There we built roaring fires in the old fireplaces, washed and dressed their wounds and fed the men with gruel. We warmed them with heated bricks taken from the tops of the chimneys."

A Tribute of Devotion

AFTER Miss Barton had told me these horrible stories, I asked her to tell me the most beautiful experience she had ever had on a field. Again without hesitation the story was in her mind. It was this:

"It was down in Virginia on Aquia Creek.

¶ "I was walking along beside the long columns of infantry one day. We suddenly reached this stream, as wide as a street.

¶ "I was young and strong and loved to walk. I had four great wagons loaded with supplies for sick and wounded soldiers. These were coming in the rear. I decided I would not get my feet wet, but wait for my wagons and cross in one of them.

"The soldiers splashed into the stream in solid ranks, the water being about a foot deep.

¶ "Suddenly the captain of a company in midstream called out: 'Company, Fours, Left, March! Halt! Right, Dress! Front! Now, boys,' said the captain, 'I want you to kneel down in the water on your right knees, and let Miss Barton walk across this stream on your left knees.'

"This order the soldiers instantly obeyed. I stepped from knee to knee, the soldiers reaching up and holding my hands. And thus I passed dry-shod to the other shore."

As Miss Barton related this incident the tears streamed down her cheeks and she said, "This was the most beautiful tribute of love and devotion ever offered to me in my life."

Miss Barton's Business Methods

SOME people have criticized Miss Barton's business methods. The following is one of my experiences with her. I leave it with the intelligent people who read to judge whether these criticisms are just or not.

When the awful storm struck Galveston, Miss Barton invited me to accompany her to that field ❧ ❧

The night before we started I stayed at her home. After supper she came out on the porch of her beautiful home at Glen Echo, Mary-

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land, and sitting down in front of me said, "General, what are we going to!"

"We are going to an awful scene of death and desolation."

"Yes, General, but what are we going to?"

¶ "We are going to nothing, are n't we?" (Almost impatiently.)

"I suppose we are."

Then she continued very earnestly:

"Why, at Johnstown, I hunted half a day and could not find a thimble with which to do some necessary sewing. Here, General," she said, handing me a bunch of keys, "take these keys and go through my house. Wherever you can find anything that can be used where there is nothing, you pack it up."

Then I fully realized what she meant.

I suppose her critics would say, "How unbusinesslike!"

I took the keys and went through her great house with its thirty-two rooms and seventy-six closets. There I found, carefully stored away, supplies of every description. There, too, I found packing-chests, trunks, valises, telescopes, all ready for use.

I worked until nearly morning packing everything I thought could be used where there was nothing. The next morning two great dray-loads of these goods were taken to the depot and shipped to Galveston. Everything I packed up that night was used at Galveston

When Miss Barton and her help reached the stricken city we went at once to the Tremont Hotel. Miss Barton was called in conference with Mayor Jones and the Relief Committee.

¶ Mayor Jones offered to turn the whole field with all supplies and money over to Miss Barton for her administration.

"No, Mr. Mayor," said Miss Barton; "I can not do this. I did not come here to take possession of the field. I came simply to help and to give you the benefit of such experience as I may have gained on other fields for your assistance on this one. I would be glad to serve as a humble member of your committee."

¶ Miss Barton was immediately made a member of the committee, and became its adviser and practically its head.

"Have ward committees been organized?" Miss Barton asked.

"No," answered the Mayor.

"How many wards are there in the city of Galveston?"

Mayor Jones replied that there were twelve.

¶ "Do you go at once and organize strong committees in each ward. Provide ward headquarters, and a storeroom where each ward committee can take care of supplies furnished.

¶ "Have your committees canvass each ward thoroughly and get the names and exact needs, which shall include, in the case of clothing, the exact sizes of the clothing needed

"Have your committees make a requisition on the Red Cross for each person who is in need of clothing, and send all requisitions to my headquarters. My corps of helpers will see that these requisitions are promptly filled. The goods will be sent to the ward headquarters for distribution."

This did not sound unbusinesslike to me.

Mayor Jones and a committee proceeded at once to organize these ward committees.

Miss Barton immediately called her staff about her and said to us, "Now we must get to work!"

To Mr. Lewis she said, "Do you go at once and secure a good saddle-horse and direct the organization of Mayor Jones' Ward Committees

"General Sears, go out into the city and secure a headquarters building for the Red Cross. It must be large, and suitable for the classification and storage of our supplies, just as a department-store is arranged, so that goods can be quickly issued.

"Mr. Talmage, you will go at once to Houston and stay there until every car of Red Cross supplies is forwarded to Galveston.

"General Sears, when you have secured a proper building, engage as many carts as are necessary to bring supplies from the steamer-docks and railroad-depots. Take with you a man with paste and brush, and have one of our big paper Red Crosses pasted on every package before it is put in any cart.

"Major McDowell, you will go to the headquarters secured by General Sears, and take charge of the unpacking, classification and issuing of supplies.

"Mr. Ward, you will go with Major McDowell and open an office at headquarters. Keep a careful book-account of the receipt of all supplies and money received and issued

"Mr. Marsh, you will go with Mr. Ward and be his assistant. Mrs. Ward, you will stay by me and take such directions as I may have to give you from time to time. Miss Coombs,

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you are to be my stenographer and typewriter; and I think I may be able to find enough work to keep you busy.

"Miss Spradlin, as soon as General Sears has secured his headquarters building, you will go to him and arrange for proper space for the opening up of an orphanage. Then proceed to gather up all homeless, uncared-for orphans in the city, and take care of them."

¶ After our headquarters was opened up and everything well organized, Miss Barton gave orders that a rooming and boarding house be established at our headquarters ❧ From the wreck of an orphan asylum in the city were secured furniture, beds, cooking-utensils, and dining-room service. Soon the entire staff and corps of assistants were quartered in the headquarters building, and taking their meals there at very small expense.

"No more big hotel bills—the money must be saved for the flood-sufferers," said Miss Barton to me.

Very little had to be purchased aside from fresh vegetables and meats. We used from the supplies shipped to us, which was the most economical thing for the Red Cross to do. Not one out of ten of the Red Cross helpers received any pay for service.

Miss Barton commissioned me to proceed at once to the coast towns of Texas and find out what the people needed. She had heard that these people were in great need. Her information was true.

I scoured the country, and made a list of the people in each place with their exact needs. Every night, assisted by committees, I prepared requisitions for each individual sufferer and telegraphed them to Miss Barton. It was always midnight before these telegrams were sent, but before noon the next day the great boxes of supplies arrived; and the clothing for each individual was found tied in a separate package, carefully labeled with the name of each. In a few hours every destitute person was well supplied with clothing that would fit.

¶ The object of the Red Cross relief is to make the people self-supporting. As soon as this is accomplished, all relief is withdrawn.

¶ Early in the Spring Miss Barton furnished the people of the coast district millions of strawberry-plants. This she found would be the quickest way of putting the people on a self-supporting basis. And her judgment was good! ❧ ❧

For years after, Miss Barton received at Glen Echo boxes of strawberries grown from these plants which she had given to these people in their time of need.

One little incident, out of many, which occurred in Galveston, is an example of the dramatic events of Miss Barton's life. When she and her staff arrived in Galveston from Texas City they entered carriages and were driven to the Tremont Hotel.

As we were leaving the dock, an officer of the Texas National Guard in the uniform of a Major of Cavalry, sprang from his horse and ran alongside our carriage holding to it with one hand. With the other he lifted his cap and smiled up to Miss Barton.

"Don't you know me, Miss Barton, don't you know me?"

Miss Barton, who was seated at my side, leaned forward and said: "No, I seem to have forgotten you. Tell me who you are."

¶ "Miss Barton, I saw you at the Battle of Sedan in the Franco-Prussian War. You nursed me there in the field hospital."

Miss Barton took his hand. She remembered him then and told him to come and see her ❧ This soldier was the son of an English nobleman who had served with the French in this war.

Red-Handed War

ANOTHER incident I must give here: ❧ A Boston lady, the wife of a Massachusetts ex-Congressman, visiting in Washington recently, related the following incident about Miss Barton.

"Shortly after the War I attended a reception in Boston given in honor of Miss Barton. It was a full-dress affair, and the elite of Boston were there. I stood beside General Butler and said to him, 'What beautiful arms Miss Barton has!'

"General Butler replied, 'Yes, and I have seen those beautiful arms red with human blood to the elbows!'"

Miss Barton's Place in History

MISS BARTON will surely be accredited her true place in history. The memory of her great deeds is enshrined in the hearts of the people. We shall ever be grateful that such a woman has been among us on earth, blessing us with her presence for more than ninety years.

❧

The selfish wish to govern is often mistaken for a holy zeal in the cause of humanity.

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Convention Echoes

By Elbert Hubbard



OMAN has always played a big part in the world's affairs, dramatically, politically, socially, biologically, theologically.

She has never, however, been in charge of the electric-controlled steam-roller, or its predecessor, the royal juggernaut. At the most and best, the flatiron, the rolling-pin and the hatpin are hers.

Some years ago, in Saskatchewan, I saw the peculiar sight of a hundred women hitched to a breaking-plow ❧ At the handles there was a valiant Doukhobor, of the male persuasion, who issued his orders in a clear, steady baritone, in words I did not understand, but the import of which was unmistakable—"Steady now, girls! All together! One, two, three, and away you go!"

And so the girls lumbered straight off across the prairie, pulling and tugging, tickling the virgin soil that the earth might laugh a harvest ❧ ❧

And I said to myself, "This is a curious sight, but it is not nearly so curious as it would be if a hundred men had a hold of that rope and a woman were at the handles of the Oliver Chilled Plow."

Men do the bidding of woman. But it is always a bit of make-believe, and the man is playing to the gallery of his own self-esteem, first hypnotizing himself into the fond belief that he is the slave of the fair, frail thing. ¶ Last month, a woman was for a time in charge of the Republican National Convention ❧ ❧

For thirty minutes the invincible, cold, chilled-steel composition of Elihu Root was powerless. ¶ Root is big enough always to give other people their own way—and at the last to have his ❧ ❧

When the convention steed took the bit in his teeth, Root did not struggle with him. He simply let him go.

And when the psychological moment came, he gave that bloomin' bronc a yank, first to the right and then to the left, and the animal was under control.

The Convention got a-going on gravity, and Root leaned back wearily, adjusted his boutonnière, and examined his mail.

This Joan of Arc business was no new proposition to the Silver Gray Fox. He saw all this in a former incarnation, when he was Cardinal Richelieu, and before.

But the lady who led the forces was not the pale, worn, shriven, sexless Maid of Orleans. Neither was she a silly young thing, underdeveloped and overexposed.

She was of the Amazon type, a modern menad, robed in white, well-dressed, but not too well-dressed.

She was young, but not absurdly young.

She was tall, lithe, strong, handsome, gorgeous with emotion, intoxicated with the glamour of the limelight.

It will hardly do to swear a halibi for this fair ady and declare that the whole thing was spontaneous.

It was about as spontaneous as were the speeches of the politicians, all of whom had their manuscripts right with them.

A few orators started in with beautiful show of making an extemporaneous speech, but soon they began to fumble in the dark recesses of their wrinkled Prince Alberts.

Hadley was too wise to resort to any such subterfuge, and so he carried his manuscript right in his hand, but never referred to it, using it only for purposes of confidence and gesture ❧ ❧

It was a wonderful Delsarte proposition.

Hadley is so wise that he knows the only way to win is to get the politicians a-guessing by being honest. They can't understand it.

The Strategetic Point

I AM told by those who know that ladies just turned twenty-eight are never wholly ingenuous.

Woman wins her battles by subtle psychology. She does n't know how, and could n't analyze or explain the matter if called upon to do so. Feelings take possession of her.

And so here was our Cook County corn-fed menad at the strategetic point in the vast hall ❧ ❧

The audience was tired out with oratory and near-oratory, harangue, talk, bluster, invective and threats that never made good.

For three hours we had stood this thing. We wanted to get up and stretch our legs. We wanted somebody to start something.

Hadley came on and finished his speech.

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Hadley knows how to make a good finish. He was the one man in the Marathon that day who hit the tape good and strong.

And the big drum was banged just once.

¶ Then it was that the Missouri delegation stretched their lanky legs, exercised their lungs, and flung their hands and their hats on high.

It was a Hadley demonstration, sure and straight, until the fair daughter of Mars in the gallery, waiting for the psychologic moment, picked her spontaneous picture of Teddy out of the ether, waved it aloft and sent out a shrill feminine shriek of teddine teddyitis.

The lady evidently had studied music, for she knew the value of tempo.

Into every lull of the shouting Missouri Compromise, she sent her shrill, searching soprano ❧ ❧

She had twelve thousand pairs of glimmers turned upon her in half a second.

Chairman Root merely paid her the compliment of a grouchy glance.

The California delegates, full of the spirit of gynocracy, turned their cry of "Hadley! Hadley! We want Hadley!" into the old shout of "Teddy! Teddy! We want Teddy!"

¶ And with their golden teddy bear, in lieu of a golden calf, held high aloft, symboling "By this sign we conquer," they marched straight in the direction of the gorgeous girl in the gallery who was still sending out her wireless High C.

Wilbur Nesbit says, "Bombazine and chiffon ever play big parts in the world's drama."

¶ The Californians were led by a Lord and Thomas man of the Roosevelt Publicity Bureau ❧ ❧

But credentials were not scrutinized, and so the Californians filed up, circled the fair Amazon, led her forth down into the Roman Coliseum, where the lictors sat. Around, backward and forward they went, and the cry of "Hadley!" was merged off into that of "Teddy!" as the golden veal was held high aloft ❧ ❧

The Lady Pompadour made a speech, but no one heard it, not even the official stenographers ❧ ❧

But the suspicion is that we did n't lose much.

¶ Beautiful women do not have to be either coherent, consecutive or logical—their looks are eloquent and their gestures convincing.

¶ We are not moved by the brow of menace and the word of command.

Feeling lubricates the world, and sympathy prevents the cosmic hotbox. Ask Alfred Henry Lewis, Expert in Esoterics.

In vaudeville, Martinbeck would call this a "plant." Was it?

Sure, Terese, sure! It had the look of spontaneity, as all good artistic stunts ever do, but it was art, high-class art.

Anyway, she put it over without once disheveling her marcel self-respect.

It was ladylike and pleasing, without being risque or bizarre.

All who had paid forty dollars for tickets felt that they were getting their money's worth.

Your Uncle Trusty roared with delight.

The act might have been a "riot," were it not that the stage-manager ordered Assistant Chief of Police Scheutler to inject a little local color into the playlet.

And the gallant captain gently led the lady back to her seat as the band in the gallery played pinochle.

After the performance, the chief luminary, attended by her maids, called at the Congress Hotel ❧ ❧

She was admitted to the Royal Presence by Colonel Bat Masterson, and given the apostolic benediction.

The Lord and Thomas man was allowed to kiss the kingly big toe.

And far away across the moor, past the Indiana sand-dunes, and over the prairies wide, was heard the cry of a lost loon calling plaintively to its mate, "Cuckoo, Cuckoo!"

¶ Then all was still—or reasonably so.

❧

WHEN all the governments of Europe shall be established on the representative system, nations will become acquainted, and the animosities and prejudices fomented by the intrigues and artifice of courts will cease. The oppressed soldier will become a freeman; and the tortured sailor, no longer dragged through the streets like a felon, will pursue his mercantile voyage in safety ❧ It would be better that nations would continue the pay of their soldiers during their lives, and give them their discharge and restore them to freedom and their friends, and cease recruiting, than retain such multitudes at the same expense, in a condition useless to society and to themselves.—*Thomas Paine.*

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THE FRA

EXPONENT OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY

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JOHN BRISBEN WALKER

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Coward Shoes & Shank's Mare

PEOPLE who enjoy walking are the salt of the earth. They do not lose their savor; they are the kind of folks to cultivate assiduously. ¶ Walking is a glorious privilege, little appreciated by the many. "Shank's horses" were in vogue before limousines, however, and in spite of the advance in ways and means of arriving, there is still no satisfactory substitute for the good, old-fashioned "hike."

Good men and great of all times and climes have been ardent walkers.

Thoreau loved Dame Nature with all his heart, and was a famous walker. He frequently did thirty miles in a day. "I have traveled at that rate by the week together," he wrote; and added, "I have learned that the swiftest traveler is he that goes afoot."

Most people who do not subscribe to Walking as a Fine Art, are not on speaking terms with their feet. They dislike walking because they *can't* walk, and they can't walk because they have not jollied their feet along by providing them with the right kind of footwear. If you treat your feet with due respect, they will reciprocate.

Commonsense Shoes are not in the ascendant these days. The majority of folks are more concerned with style than with comfort. ¶ But it *is* possible to get shoes that will afford you the maximum of service and satisfaction.

James S. Coward caters to people who want their feet to remain young, healthy and happy. ¶ Mr. Coward makes shoes that fit the foot as it really is, not as some think it ought to be.

Mr. Coward puts as much thought into the making of a Bunion Shoe, for instance, as though he were modeling a Venus de Medici, or planning a Colonial High-Boy. ¶ That is one reason why Coward Shoes are so well and favorably known in this country. They are honest, sturdy, whole-soled shoes, constructed primarily for comfort and service; and incidentally they are mighty attractive in appearance.

There is only one Store where Coward Shoes can be bought, and that is the Coward Shop in New York City. But Mr. Coward conducts a Mail-Order business that is pretty near perfection.

If you want to make your feet a handsome present that they will surely delight in, consult with Fra Coward on the subject. He will write you out a prescription that will mean the permanent elimination of all foot-wretchedness.

THE COWARD SHOE
FOR MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN

¶ You Folks who have never been quite foot-suited should write to Mr. Coward for His Little Book, picturing the Coward Family.

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Few can pay the price of Hemlock; few are worthy of the Cross; and few, indeed, could meet Great Opportunity, even if Fate supplied it

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THE OPEN ROAD

AFOOT WITH THE FRA

World's Greatest Question



NO question before the world today compares in importance with that of international disarmament.

The difficulties in the way of this great betterment have, in the past, seemed insurmountable

Now, however, the question is no longer in the hands of the poets, prophets and dreamers as their sole possession. The businessmen of the world are getting interested, and we behold a light at the end of the tunnel.

The modern nation is a totally different thing from the ancient empire or the medieval monarchy

The idea of the king or monarch was that he was the viceroy of Deity.

This king brooked no rivals. The interests or rights of other nations were never considered.

¶ The court of the king was as splendid as he could make it, and his palace as sumptuous as he could afford. The limit of his magnificence was his ability to tax the people, and the extent of his power was his ability to subjugate. ¶ An army of trained fighting men, ready to use at any moment, was needed

First, he must be able to suppress any possible revolt at home.

Second, he must at all times reveal a glamour and a splendor that would excite both the adulation and the fear of his subjects.

Third, he must be able to fight off a foreign foe

Fourth, he must be able to take advantage of any opportunity that might occur to acquire new territory, should any rival kingdom reveal a weakness.

Today, the strength, prosperity and perpetuity of a nation do not turn on its ability to fight, but rather on its ability to render a service to other nations.

It is productive skill that counts, not destructive ability.

The army of the modern State is a medieval appendenda vermiformis. It is the most costly and futile item in the government "overhead"; the most dangerous thing in point of national health—and the chief cause for dread as a disturber of our national peace.

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Nations today are interdependent. Each one fulfils a certain economic purpose. Permanent prosperity for all nations turns on permanent peace

Our solicitude is for the happiness and prosperity of the individual, not for the ambition of its so-called rulers.

And happiness, health and prosperity for individuals demand disarmament.

The United States, in point of wealth, leads all the nations. Yet our army is the smallest in size of any of the so-called seven powers in the first class. In numbers we have one-sixteenth of the population of the world; but one-third of the wealth of the world is ours.

¶ This wealth has come through the peaceful industry of our people, not through the destructive ability of our army.

Yet seventy-two per cent of the Government revenue of the United States goes for war, war purposes and the results of war, and only twenty-eight per cent is used for furthering the arts, the sciences and commerce.

Ninety-six of our farmers out of every hundred flounder to market through almost impassable mud during certain seasons of the year, but all the time we are building dreadnaughts and recruiting men to man them.

The Deadliest Foe of Progress

TODAY, war is the deadliest foe of progress

War once had a purpose and a certain value.

¶ But it is now pretty generally conceded that we have got out of the struggle of war all that there is to be attained.

We have reached, not only the point of diminishing returns, but also have come to a point where there is absolutely no return at all.

¶ Soldiery, in the year Nineteen Hundred Twelve, stands for woe, want, poverty, disease, inefficiency and incompetence.

The statesmen, philosophers, thinkers and writers are all agreed now that war is a positive harm. And there is a seeking, as never before in history, of a way by which disarmament of the nations can be brought about.

¶ That the resources of the world, gained through labor, should be used for purposes of destruction, and that vast numbers of men should be taken from the forces of production and kept constantly under arms, is the most crying evil of the times.

Five million men in the world—the very pick and flower of manhood—are engaged in the non-productive business of drilling and training to destroy.

Doubtless, when pirates roamed abroad through the land, and every nation was secretly plotting the undoing of its neighbors, the individual success of a nation demanded a big army.

Now the world is getting together, and there is an interdependence of nations, just as there is an interdependence of individuals. The telephone, the telegraph, quick transportation, are putting each nation in touch with all others

The nations now are ruled by the bankers and merchants, not by the warriors.

It is admitted, since we train men for war, that a great many men—and good men, too—will look upon war as a necessity. And these men, trained to thrive through the business of war, may bring about war if the tools of war are at hand.

Anything that is to our interests we will uphold and defend in all sincerity.

The individual who carries a revolver will, in the course of time, find a use for it, and its display may tempt another man to shoot him.

In courts of law we are constantly hearing of the defense being set up that "this man made a motion toward his hip-pocket as if to pull a shooting-iron, and I shot him in self-defense."

Publicity the Great Disinfectant

THAT which is true of individuals is true of nations, for the life of the individual mirrors the life of the race.

The growing intelligence of the time has shown us that we can thrive, only as other people thrive.

The idea of any one nation thriving by exploitation, annexation and destruction is obsolete.

¶ Nations, like individuals, are today held in place by public opinion.

No nation can afford to fly in the face of the ideals that are held and fostered by other nations

Publicity is the great disinfectant.

So thoroughly is this understood today that kings have their Publicity Bureaus. They not only know what other nations are doing and saying, but their endeavor is to put themselves in the best light in the world's assize.

¶ We are ruled by public sentiment, and as no individual can succeed in an enterprise with public sentiment against him, so no

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nation can hope to achieve success and prosperity unless it is moving in accordance with the best ideas of the best people of all other nations

Peace conferences, attended by delegates appointed by the various nations, have done a certain amount of good in an educational way. But no lasting or vital reform can be expected from their efforts. The men appointed as delegates to attend these peace conferences are simply attorneys for their individual governments. And war, to them, is a local issue, just as the tariff was to General Scott.

¶ General Scott's incautious remark cost him the Presidency; but it was true, just the same. ¶ Men intent on the welfare of themselves, their cities, towns, individual estates, or their nations, can not bring about a Confederation of the Nations of the World.

What is required now is a getting together of the men of the world who have the universal, worldwide outlook—the World-Vision.

History has shown very few men who possessed the World-Vision.

Orange John was near right when he interpreted loyalty to Harvard as meaning, "To hell with Yale!"

It is believed, however, that a hundred men can be secured today who possess a World-Vision; who not only can consider the welfare of their own particular country, but who will also have an equal solicitude for the welfare, the happiness, the content and the prosperity of all other countries.

The Supremacy of Ideas

THE disadvantages of war have been thoroughly expressed. The curse and the horror of war have been pictured in literature, on canvas, in sculpture, and presented in oratory in every form.

Victor Hugo, Verestchagin, Colonel Higginson, Stephen Crane, Clara Barton, have given us intimate and never-to-be-forgotten scenes of battle.

There is no romance in actual modern war that need be preserved. We are a peaceful people, and while, in one sense, life is still a battle, we have shifted the battle-ground, and our weapons are no longer those of destruction and violence. Our weapons are ideas. And hereafter ideas are to be supreme.

¶ If valuable ideas fail it is because they are not clearly enunciated, and are, therefore, not understood

Mr. Walker's Great Undertaking

A WORLD'S Congress made up of one hundred men would express and crystallize a public opinion in the face of which no nation could afford to fly.

This Congress would have no police powers. ¶ No armed men would enforce its rulings, and, therefore, it would disarm jealousy. It would stand or fall on its own motto, "Ideas rule the world."

But its decisions and expressions would create a public sentiment that the nations would be compelled to accept and obey. ¶ The task of forming this World's Congress is now being undertaken by John Brisben Walker.

Mr. Walker certainly possesses the World-Vision. He has had experiences which few men have enjoyed. He seems our one cosmopolitan citizen.

Highly successful men are always men with pronounced limitations. We pay for every success with a price. "Nature takes out of man what she puts in his chest," says Emerson

John Brisben Walker does not want anything for himself. Let that be understood. He has lived long enough, fought hard enough, and been so thoroughly kicked and cuffed by unkind Fate that all personal ambition beyond the ambition to bless has been eliminated from his cosmos.

Mr. Walker is sixty-four years old. He is at the height of his mental development. He is well and strong in body. He is a world-citizen—gentle in speech, kindly, judicial—a man who commands respect wherever he goes. He has been everywhere; he knows everybody; and he has tried everything.

He resigned his cadetship at West Point Military Academy to enter the Chinese military service. An ambition to free China was the fond desire of this boy of twenty.

His experience in the Far East gave him, not what he expected, but something else just as good—as is always the case.

He became acquainted with the men who live on the Equator. He saw the flaming, yellow East in all her magnificence, and in all her rags, woe and superstition.

He came back home, becoming a manufacturer; made money, went into politics, then into journalism; was managing editor of the Washington *Chronicle*, knew the District of Columbia, its futilities, its limitations, its affirmations.

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John Brisben Walker introduced the first alfalfa into America, and for this one thing his name should live. Alfalfa now ranks in importance as the fifth crop of the American farmer. And it all traces to an unspoken word in the head of this one man.

He founded the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* in the year Eighteen Hundred Eighty-nine. At that time it was the first and only ten-cent magazine of a popular size. The endeavor was to put before the people the Cosmopolitan Idea

Just look that word up in the dictionary, and you will find that co mopolitan means the universal man, as opposed to the provincial. ¶ Instead of a villager, be a cosmopolite. Have the universal view. Consider that you are a part—a necessary part—of the race, and that you can not hope to succeed save as you get the cosmopolitan view, as opposed to that of the individual outlook—where every individual seizes and appropriates.

The idea of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* was too big for any one at the time to carry off. The nature of the magazine was gradually changed, as a matter of self-preservation.

People will not pay for education. We are educated incidentally, at our work, out of our work, and by our work. We are educated by disaster, loss, suffering, grief and pain. We are educated by our enemies, and everything that does not kill us is good for us.

The only things that people will pay for are amusement and food, and we will not pay for food unless it tastes good.

The man who makes the people laugh is the man who gets the money.

And yet in spite of the fact that John Brisben Walker has tried more things and failed at more things than any other man you can name, and probably has lost more money than any other one man you can mention, he is still decently rich. ¶ He is able to meet his obligations, to travel where he wishes, and to buy anything that his wants require.

He owns a square mile of real estate inside the City of Denver, and has the felicity of being one of the biggest taxpayers in Colorado

Always on the Firing-Line

CIVILIZATION has a vanguard and a rearguard. John Brisben Walker has never served as a rearguard to civilization. He has always been right on the firing-line. ¶ And it is meet and well that this man, with all the graces of the diplomat and the man of affairs, and one with such a soldierly bearing, who so becomes the epaulets and the brass buttons and the insignia of war, should have devoted the best part of his life to a world-peace

When great commercial institutions can eliminate competition and get together on a heart-to-heart basis, and one institution can minister to the world, instead of doing business through a hundred little, warring, fighting factions, surely the question of fourteen great world-powers getting together on a mutual understanding is not an idle dream.

Government must be put on a business basis. The people today are industrial. They are plowing, planting, sowing, reaping. They are diving down into the ocean's depths, sinking shafts, wells, mines, and bringing up the treasures that are to be found beneath the crust of the earth.

The men at work are safe men; also, they are the only men who are sane. Security and safety lie in intelligent labor.

Government is merely looking after public affairs, and doing for the people the friendly services which they can not do for themselves.

A Great Economist

IN every transaction there are three parties—the buyer, the seller and the public. Government looks after the public's interest

And the world today is organized so that the fourteen great powers can easily come together and form a community of interests and reduce the overhead charges.

The greatest unproductive expense is that of war. Five million men under arms and a vast amount of the world's treasure being constantly used in manufacturing war-appliances and meeting the expenses of war that have occurred or are to come!

John Brisben Walker is a great economist. And if he can show the nations how to eliminate the white man's burden, he will build himself a monument the equal of which no conqueror ever constructed.

The International Congress

ALEXANDER, Cæsar, Napoleon, represent for us destruction, violence, dissipation, death.

They fought, so they said, for a world's peace. But the peace they brought about was the silence of death.

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When their peace had been achieved, there was no one left to build, and the discovery was made that while the pick and flower of the manhood of the world had been fighting for peace, the unfit had been reproducing their kind. And the soldiers that came back, sick and sore and lame and tired and whipped out and defeated, and, worst of all, honeycombed with disease—these men contributed their weakness to the general fund.

War is one thing that has made calamity of so long life.

Commissioners are now being sent to every civilized country, with the intent of carefully selecting, after advising with many of the strong and influential people, delegates who possess the World-Vision.

These delegates will meet in San Francisco in Nineteen Hundred Fifteen. They will form an International Congress, and will also provide for its perpetuity. ¶ The members will be of so distinguished a personnel that no man who is invited to participate will refuse.

The expense of maintaining such a Congress, wherein world-questions will be debated and decisions given from time to time, would be infinitesimal as compared with the expense of war. ¶ Enough encouragement has already been received from the Powers to insure the convening of the Congress. Its meeting will create an epoch.

Be at peace with yourself, and you will be at peace with the world.

About Pensions



THE old-time plan of pensioning people had a double purpose

The idea of pensioning writing men in England was because these writing men, at any time, might use their abilities to injure you.

They had influence, power, ability. Big lawyers are often retained, just to keep the other side from using them. ¶ And so in America we used to give railroad-passes to writers, politicians and would-be politicians.

Any man of influence who had the ability to sway and mold public opinion, or who thought he had, or pretended he had, rode on railroad-trains free.

It was a sort of hold-up game, and the business of railroading, then being conducted on more or less questionable policies, required a certificate of character.

And this the writers supplied—for a consideration. This meant that the pass-us' mouth was closed and his pen chained so far as this particular railroad was concerned.

Equality of Opportunity

THE Hepburn Bill has changed our point of view. Writing men used to hold the good old annual so close to their eyes that they never saw anything beyond it.

Now that we all pay our fare we feel better. ¶ We are free to say what we want, and in the main are desirous of saying what is right and proper and truthful.

And it is worth while to note that the Hepburn Bill was passed on the initiative of the railroads. Railroadmen, being wise, know that anything which they openly suggest will be openly combated.

For instance, if you want to get anything done in a shop, store or factory, and you are the manager, you must never openly issue the order. Simply fling the hint off into space, in gaseous form, and let somebody pick it up, and he will give it back to you, thinking the suggestion is his own.

Open initiative repels, and personality is more or less of an affront.

But in the Hepburn Bill, which puts us all on a parity, we now see a great move in the direction of progress. It is the one-price system, and the one-price system has worked a greater evolution for good than anything ever put forth by the poets, the preachers and the reformers. The one-price system means truth. ¶ When we make a sale we make a friend. To sell any man anything he does not want is a tragedy, and to sell him a thing at a price beyond what it is worth is a calamity. We want to pay for everything we get. Also, we do not want to get anything that we do not pay for.

All that we demand is equality of opportunity.

Something for Nothing

THE idea of the pension should have been incorporated in the Emancipation Proclamation. It is the opposite pole of slavery. In slavery you make the man work for you without pay. In the pension idea you give him

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money for doing nothing. All parties concerned in paying pensions or getting them are more or less enslaved. Emerson says that chains have two ends: one is fastened to the wrist of the slave, and the other is fastened to the owner.

All endowments to colleges are a sort of pension system; and as long as we have endowed institutions, there will be men who will also want to be endowed, that is, pensioned. College professors take kindly to the pension idea.

The tendency of the times is in the direction of freedom, and pensions, except for the absolutely helpless, will some day be a thing of the past.

We will then frankly put the whole matter on the basis of charity, for even the Hepburn Bill provides that railroads can give passes to paupers.

In way of personal endowments, Mr. Carnegie has favored, so far as I know, but two individuals—Booker T. Washington and Luther Burbank.

And I believe that Mr. Burbank's pension had a string tied to it, and that it has recently been recalled. Happy Luther Burbank! You are too big for a pension. You can fight your battles alone!

Even the closest search, as well as a careful scrutiny in the mirror, fails to find any one else whom it would be wise or safe to make immune from the struggle.

To make a man secure against the exigencies of life is to kill his ambition and destroy his incentive. To transform a man into a jellyfish, give him a fixed allowance, regardless of what he does. This recipe also applies to women. Women will never be free until they are economically free. Give woman a square deal—when she does a man's work she should have a man's pay.

But do not relieve folks from responsibility and expect them to work out an ideal.

The only people who have ideals are those in the fight.

The Failure of the Pension Idea

MR. CARNEGIE'S beneficent pension-fund for teachers turned out to grass requires the most delicate and skilful handling to prevent abuse. Several instances have already arisen where colleges retired men well able to work, in order that these men might secure pensions and the college could put in younger men at half the pay. There has been a suspicion that the pensioner "divvied" with the college.

To supply an incentive or a temptation for a man in middle life to quit work in order that he may secure a pension is a great danger.

What is "middle life"? Ah, it depends upon the man. Some men are young at seventy, and Professor Mommsen at eighty was at the very height of his power. Some teachers want to "retire"—others don't.

Nature knows nothing of pensions. Let each man be paid for his labor, and let him understand that economy of expenditure is the true and only insurance against want in old age.

¶ The pensioning of the youth is really more dangerous than to pension age. The youth should ask for nothing but opportunity. To make him immune from work and economy is to supply him a ticket—one way—to Matteawan.

In order to educate a boy for life, we should not lift him out of life. The training for life should slide into life at an unknown and unrecognizable point. The boy born into poverty, who fetches in wood for his mother and goes after the cows, has already entered upon a career. His brown, bare feet are carrying messages, and his hands are taking on the habit of helpfulness.

He is getting under the burden, and such a one will never be a parasite on society.

PASSING through to the West over the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, President Taft was awakened in the middle of the night with the statement that there was a crowd surrounding the station where the train had stopped, and that he must get out and say a few words. So he tumbled out, half-asleep, and passed out the political bromide as to the wonderful prairies and the fertile soil that produced not only great crops of corn, but big politicians as well. Then followed a few pointed slams and gentle biffs at Bryan, but still the audience did not exactly warm up, when a tug came at the President's coat-tails, and a white, anxious face peered around and announced, in a stage whisper, "Mr. President, for God's sake! We are not in Nebraska—this is Wyoming!" Then did Big Bill lift his Stetson, and explain the joke on himself to the people, and get on good terms with them instantly and well.

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Chicago Echoes



SO here, then, are the facts: The forces of a King and those of a Pretender were encamped over against each other—each waiting for a chance to use the unerring, death-dealing, sharp-nosed Mauser ballot.

In the meantime, they were making use of the immanent deadly literary and oratorical lyddite.

In the history of the United States, there has been nothing just like the political conditions that then prevailed.

And so far as I know, a like condition has never occurred in the history of any other republic, even in those Tropic of Capricorn near-republics where revolution is the normal condition ❧ ❧

In the days agone, it was no unusual thing for two claimants to contest for the throne. ¶ According to the precedents established by George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, two terms of the Kingship are accorded to the King who does his work faithfully and well, the second term being a recognition of his worth and a mark of gratitude or confidence on the part of the people.

In the minds of a vast number of citizens, not to allow two terms to the man who has served his country is to intimate that he has come tardy off and fallen short in well-doing. ¶ The accusations against the King all took a gaseous form, none forming into nebulæ or concrete form. The man has made mistakes. Also, it is beyond dispute that he is fat ❧ If pushed for an answer, yes or no, it might also be admitted that he is fat-witted.

The honesty, simplicity and directness of the man, however, have never been successfully assailed. There is no tatty degeneration in his right intent.

The dictionary was thoroughly exploited in order to find terms of contempt applicable to the case of our King. And the most damning count seems to have been expressed in the word, " Impossible."

And then, the word " tafty " has been coined, the meaning of which is slow, vacillating, uncertain, softly smiling, smirkingly beatific, with nothin' doin' as a climax.

To fire this man from his kingly seat and deny that he had any claim on the reservation for the next four years, was the work of the Pretender, who had put him in.

And so we had the struggle between the King and only living ex-King who made the King, for it is He that hath made us and not we ourselves ❧ ❧

And the ex-King came back claiming the seat which the King pro tem. had kindly kept warm during a period when the ex-King was taking a much-needed vacation and killing fauna in Africa for a demnition museum that refuses to be grateful for hides, pelts and furs, consigning all to the moth and rust and any crazy thief that might break into the basement of the Smithsonian Institution and steal that which he could have for the asking. ¶ It was universally admitted that the King had lost much of his old power. And what he lost was the gain of the Pretender.

Emerson says that no man is great save through the stupidity of the many.

Greatness and power are comparative terms. ¶ And also it was said that while our King is large, he is not great.

Ex-King Kazooks was much more powerful than he had been, simply through the weakness our King had shown in fighting the Pretender with the Kazook weapons.

The ability to fling the oratorical stinkpot with accuracy is not within the becoming province of a King.

The King is essentially a judge by nature. He becomes the woolsack; and some of the wool has been foregathered into his think-tank. The aloofness of the judiciary is his through practise, study, by nature, and through prenatal influence.

The magnetism that the many demand is not in his kit of sky tools. And when he replied to the accusations of the Pretender, in kind, he put himself in a greenish-purple light.

Heavy men of good avoirdupois intentions, carrying excess baggage, have no business to go into the ring with fight-loving scrappers, who get Egypt by the ears while yet in the Congo, and who bear-bait the Pope and a Methodist dominie by long distance when a thousand miles from Rome. Kazooks straightened up the leaning Tower of Pisa, and now he would do as much for our taftian King—mebbe ❧ ❧

Our King should have kept the whole con-

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troversy on the high judicial plane, and thus proved the dicta of Governor Dix that a King can do no wrong—perhaps.

And so no one in Chicago, except certain rash and reckless persons, prophesied exactly what would happen when the time for a show of hands occurred.

In point of influence the men seemed very evenly matched. The count showed the King in the lead; but there were signs of wavering on the part of the kingly delegates.

This was symboled in the action of a worthy colored man who, with a good deal of dramatic flourish, turned in a certain sum of money, said to be $27.50 by one side and $7.50 by the other

This Pullman-car person laid the money on the desk of Director McKinley of the King's Bureau with the statement, to wit, "*Sic semper tyrannis*—here's your dough, my conscience will not allow me to keep it."

¶ On being further interrogated, he explained that some one had stated that he was Uncle Tom and the personal property of Simon Legree. Hence, he had turned in the mazuma which had been loaned him by some unknown party, less $3.00, to cover expenses for fried chicken and watermelon.

Mr. McKinley stated that he had never before seen this colored person, save when the colored person, in his official capacity, had dusted him with the butt end of a whisk-broom, to remind him that the Pullman has no payroll and that his family were in want.

¶ And the colored person acknowledged that it was not McKinley who had loaned him the money

However, some one else had loaned him good kale, and the kingly forces were crying "frame-up!!"

In the meantime, the colored contingent seemed to have plenty of funds and was enjoying his day in court, banking on the chances of sending his name clattering down the corridors of Kronos.

All of the crimes committed by the King have been done on a bigger scale by ex-King Kazooks, at least that is the claim of those who wear a little ermine by proxy.

So here we got an atmosphere that was taut, tense, full of hate, fear, jealousy and doubt. Suspicion, like toxin-laden house-flies, filled the Cook County air.

The different forces sort of divided the hotels up between them, and each respecting the other's strength, kept out of range of the wordy shrapnel.

Skirmishes, however, were to be seen and heard in the buffets of the Blackstone, the Congress, the La Salle and the Hotel Sherman. Here Greek met Greek, and under Peoria inspiration feelings broke through language and escaped, and the pus cavities of hate were temporarily relieved by the Illinois drainage-tube

One eminent leader of the Kazook Klan, who was very positive that serious trouble would occur, gave me a little good personal advice, to the effect as follows:

"If you think a man has got a gun, stand right up close to him. Don't back off from trouble. Never put your hands behind you or in your pockets as if you were going to pull. Keep your hands free, and if you see his hand moving for his shooting-iron, baste him on the nose. You can hit quicker than the man can pull. Make a note of this."

And I promised.

So we shook hands and parted, perhaps never to meet again in this life, alas!

At a distance, the whole thing would have been extremely funny And certainly the King and the ex-King, or the King pro tem., added to the gayety of nations.

But the laughs in Chicago were hysteric, dry, throaty, unnatural, somewhat like Mephisto's sneers and Iago's jeers.

One saw pictures of the King here and there, but the expansive smile seemed to have taken on a look of sickly anxiety.

The Kazook dental display was in evidence as never before.

The crowds that surrounded the Lake Shore Station when the ex-King arrived were purely oro vocifero. The King sympathizers were not in evidence; and any man whose waist-line exceeded his chest measurement was regarded as a suspicious character and hustled out of the way.

I wore an expansive five-dollar Stetson, and this let me through the lines.

It would not do to say that the vast throng which met the ex-King with its brazen bally-hoo was a mob; but it was a gathering which might take on the mob qualities with a very little fanning of the embers.

Human nature does not change much. Fortunately, there is no army at the command

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of any magnetic person who would be a rescuer of the people.

Tyranny, in the past, has always come masked and under the guise of protecting the people's right to rule.

Oliver Cromwell's self-appointed title, "Protector of the People," was modesty incarnate as compared with the statements of the Kazook that he is ready to fight until Limbus freezes and then scrap it out on the ice.

¶ Worming my way through the mass of humanity at the La Salle Street Station, waiting for the Lake Shore Limited, I saw two individuals standing suspiciously close to each other and talking needlessly loud.

One boldly stated that our King had flirted with the friars in the Philippines, and the other came back with the statement that Kazooks had danced the turkey-trot with Dear Maria, and wigwagged over her shoulder for a red hat for a man in Saint Paul.

A plain-clothes man, with a derby viciously tipped over one eye and an unlit cigar pointed to the Northwest, here pushed in between the two individuals, and trouble, for the time, was averted.

Thus do we see revolution in the making. If we were a little nearer the Equator, the scenes enacted in South American republics from time to time would have been repeated ❧ However, the tools of war were not within handy reach.

Plain-clothes men bumped against you at inopportune times and placed their hands where your hip-pocket should be.

In an endeavor to purchase a revolver at a hardware-store on State Street, I was asked to show my official permit to carry a gun.

¶ Outside of Chicago, where the pulse of good citizenship was at norm, one heard statements to the effect that this whole catch-as-catch-can was un-American, being London rules to govern. It was not representative, any more than the camps at Las Vegas are representative of the things that make America supremely great.

But in Chicago, we were playing a sort of continuous vaudeville for the world. And in the meantime, the plain people went about their labors until the evening.

Our Falstaffian King is a judge by habit, and the judicial ermine becomes him.

A man with too much personality is not desired for a kingship. The King has been a very good king, although not what you might call a fancy king. However, we do not need much governing, and under his reign we have all prospered.

On the other hand, the Kazooks was born with a silver-plated spoon in his ample oral cavity. He knows nothing about economics and industrialism. He is a soldier by nature, and the word soldier is here used as descriptive and not as an epithet.

Kazooks has been an officeholder since his twenty-first year.

Please note that I am writing with great restraint, and not at all in the prevailing Chicago style.

And in the meantime, if you do not know your man, and you fear that he has got a gun, stand close to him. If he backs up, follow him. That 's my advice.

Every moment may be our next.

In the midst of life we are in debt.

Don't borrow money of any man, or you may be accused of taking a bribe. Above all things, don't loan money to colored men. They will accuse you of buying them up and selling them in the market-place to Simon Legree. If you in pity give gratuities to Pullman porters, take a receipt, or Sam Langford may come back.

❧

No disappointment is quite so bitter as the disappointment that comes when you are disappointed with yourself.

❧

No Discrimination



THERE are a certain number of men in Washington who deal in peanut politics, who propose to exclude certain ships from using the Panama Canal ❧ ❧

They would bar from the Canal all vessels owned and operated or controlled by American railways.

That is to say, they would use the Panama Canal as a method of punishing so-called monopolists ❧ ❧

Thus would they strike our transcontinental railroads in the fifth rib. Of necessity they would leave the Canal open to ships owned by the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk

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railroads, because outside of American ships they would have no business to pry into the matter of ownership.

The Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk railways are competing lines with railroads in the United States.

Both of these railroads receive subsidies from the British and the Canadian governments ❧ Any railroads in the United States that own ships certainly have no subsidies.

There should be no monopoly on the ocean. It is possible that transatlantic lines may come to an understanding about rates, but the tramp steamer plies in and out of every port and carries a large part of the cargoes of the commerce of the world.

When the Panama Canal is finished, the tramp steamer will be very much in evidence. This means a healthful state of competition. There is no danger that the railroads of the United States will own the Canal.

It is not sensible that the District of Columbia should think of setting up any morality tests on the owners of the various ships that may use the Canal.

Then why discriminate against the United States? The more ships that go through the Canal, the greater the competition; and certain it is that the Canal will accommodate steamships owned by railroads in Canada and Europe.

In America, the railroads own a large number of ships that ply up and down the coast. Some of them carry coal, others lumber, and others produce of various kinds.

The Great Northern and the Northern Pacific railroads have boats on the Great Lakes; the New York Central system as well. The Southern Pacific owns a large fleet of vessels on both the Atlantic and the Pacific coast. The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad operates twenty steamers on Long Island Sound. The Central Railroad of Georgia has a dozen steamers that ply between Savannah, New York and Boston.

The Canadian Pacific Railroad owns lines of boats on the Great Lakes and on the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Certainly, the people of Canada are not afraid of their transcontinental railroads taking them captive. On the other hand, Canada is proud of her railroads, and she should be.

The only ships that the United States owns, practically, are owned by the railroads. And if we close the Ditch to them, we will have a canal with the Stars and Stripes floating over government offices ashore, but none on the mastheads of the vessels going through.

Certainly, Congress should not use the Canal as a club to penalize any particular species of economics that its members do not admire.

¶ Above all things, the Canal should be free for the use of every ship, regardless of ownership. Let the one-price system and none other prevail! ❧ ❧

❧

Making men live in three worlds at once—past, present and future—has been the chief harm organized religion has done.

❧

Railroad Facilities



REPORTS come from Austin, Texas, to the effect that the cessation of railroad-building in Texas is a matter of deep concern to the Legislature and to the Governor.

Not a mile of railroad is under construction now in Texas, and no new mileage is reported in sight for the year Nineteen Hundred Twelve.

Yet the one thing that Texas needs most is railroads.

Texas has a vast expanse of territory very rich in possibilities. Next to agriculture, the most important thing in the world is transportation ❧ ❧

All railroad business involves a tremendous risk. It takes great initiative and great courage to build a railroad. Rails once laid can not be taken up, except to replace them with better rails. And no railroad can be sold save as it is making money.

Texas has legislated against the railroads as no other State in the Union has. She has recently brought suit against various railroads under a law that makes it a misdemeanor not to run trains on time.

The one thing that a good railroadman desires is to run on schedule. But there is a part of the time every year when tracks are soft, and high speed is out of the question, save at a great risk. And this means damage-suits and damnation.

The proposition then comes in, shall a railroad-manager keep on schedule, or protect

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the lives of passengers and property by running at a safe rate of speed?

The schedules are laid out for good weather, when the track is reasonably solid.

But after heavy rains, and where there is danger of a washout, great caution must be observed

Very probably, if trains did not make a certain rate of speed, the good people in Texas would be more or less incensed. And yet they have allowed laws to go on their statute-books that make it a crime for a railroad-manager not to run these trains on schedule.

This is simply one of a great number of very harassing and distressing laws made by the genus buckwheat crossed with the demagogue —men who are out of sympathy with big business and who are incapable of understanding the burdens that a railroad-manager carries

Very naturally, people with money to invest will not put it in railroads where there is a chance of profits being eaten up in disturbing suits and where a reasonable return on the investment is very uncertain.

The Hadley Commission

THE recent report of the Hadley Railroad Securities Commission at Washington says, "The necessary development of railroad facilities is now endangered by the reluctance of the investors to purchase new issues of railroad securities in the amount required."

¶ Railroad-building in the United States is absolutely at a standstill.

And while the Interstate Commerce Commission fixes the rates that a railroad shall charge for its services, yet it does not supervise the amount that it shall pay out in wages The increased operating expenses of railroads have not been balanced by a like increase in rates.

The result is that there has been a marked decrease in the upkeep.

Every other expense of living has been increased except this one thing of transportation

Transportation now is cheaper than ever before in history, and operating expenses are higher

And this is the reason why railroad securities are going a-begging.

Mrs. Harriman recently put about two hundred million dollars' worth of railroad stocks on the market and invested the proceeds in old bonds, not in new mileage. Doubtless, she acted on the advice of competent counsel.

¶ Her action only mirrors the spirit of the times, which is totally opposed to investments in new mileage.

Several railroads in Texas have recently gone into the hand of receivers.

Along this same line, as throwing light on the situation, comes the Honorable Champ Clark and makes a speech in Congress deploring the emigration of American citizens to the Dominion of Canada.

This is especially interesting in view of the fact that Mr. Clark had a good deal to say, not long ago, on the subject of annexation.

¶ What he has to say now is not in the line of humorous suggestion or criticism. The man is in deadly earnest.

Says Mr. Clark: "In my own county, in Missouri, forty-three families loaded up an entire train and started out for Alberta, all in one day. There was not a man among them who was not well-to-do. They were intelligent, energetic, industrious, economical American citizens, and we lost them. These families carried with them assets to the value of three thousand dollars each. These are exactly the kind of citizens that this country can not afford to lose."

Said Mr. Clark in conclusion, "I am in favor of fixing things in this country so that no American citizen will want to go to a foreign land in search of a home."

Why do people want to leave the United States and go to Canada?

Simply because Canada affords a better opportunity than does the United States.

In Canada they are building railroads; in the year Nineteen Hundred Fleven more miles of railroad were built in Canada than were built in the United States, by five to one.

Canada believes in big business.

Individuals can not build railroads.

But this hookworm talk of the politician who has nothing to lose has killed initiative, to a great degree, in the United States.

There are always restless citizens who are going on to a point where land is cheap.

Land is just as cheap in Texas as it is in Canada, and in many respects Texas has more to offer than Canada has, in the way of natural resources, for the man who is an American citizen

But Texas has the genus demagogue, the man

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filled with the fallacy that railroads just naturally grow; that factories sprout of themselves; that banks, electric-light systems, good roads, spring into being on the passing of resolutions by political parties and labor-unions. ¶ The United States must learn to respect these men of power and of courage who have the ability to evolve big financial projects. ¶ It is economics that changes the face of the world.

Civilization is a matter now of business.

What this country must do is to elect businessmen as lawmakers and eliminate the blatherskite reformer.

To repeat an unkind truth is just as bad as to invent a lie.

Edgar Allan Poe



DAINE tells us that all genius can be explained by environment. As a certain soil only will produce lemon-trees, so a certain social and racial soil only will produce a certain type of poet, musician or painter. ¶ But Poe upset this interesting theory. His work is exotic in America. He came from Mars, where people do not have to work, economize and keep sober.

Terror and beauty were the twin goddesses that baptized the soul of this strange genius, Poe. His life was an excursion into the weird. And the weird is the beautiful, plus the strange. He dwelt on the borderland that divides sanity from insanity ❧ He caught gleams of a remoter, super-lunar world that blasted him when he looked or listened. He fumbled with the keys to strange doors; he haunted the corridors of white temples set in dreams; he held conference with strange creatures of air and light that no one else could see; he saw behind the veils of matter into the ghost-world.

Poe is unanalyzable. He was the victim of an obscure mood that lies beyond the experience of ordinary men. In reading his tales or poems we are shot into a terra incognita ❧ We feel an Atmosphere, but we see nothing plainly. We verge on the lunacy that legends say lurks in mountain moonshine. We have the sense of being haunted. We feel lost in a giant Nightmare that fascinates like the beautiful, sinister eye of a snake. We lay down *The Fall of the House of Usher*, *Elegia*, or *The Raven* to touch the furniture or listen to the ticking of the clock and thank God that we are still real and sane.

The victim of an obscure mood, his soul was stroked by subtle fingers on ghostly bodies. His heart pumped into his brain the most pathetic figures that ever haunted the cells of a brain—those brain-cells that entombed a million prenatal despairs that were the catacombs of his Lenores and Helens.

Poe's World

WHAT were those "sheeted memories of the past" that squeaked and gibbered at his heels all his life? His face as depicted by Valloton is the ghastly face of a man who has seen the forbidden. Whence these gnawed and upturned dead faces that drifted past on shoreless seas of sinister green? And those cunning, black eyes that flashed on him from their sunken sockets? ❧ Hallucinated! Hallucinated! we say—but all great art is the product of hallucination, of a vivid, violent, inner vision that passes before the mind's eye like a bolt of lightning over the mountain-tops.

Like Hecla's torch that flames in an imperial solitude did this strange visitor to earth, Edgar Poe, live and die among men.

One night, many years ago, in Philadelphia, the celebrated painter, John Sartain, was sitting in his library, when Poe, wild, disheveled, bruised, ran into his room and declared he had seen on the walls of the prison, where he had spent the previous night, a host of angels clad in moonlight, that blew from wreathed trumpets wild blasts toward the heavens. Has not the poet, too, his Via Dolorosa?

His poems take us to one region only—"bottomless vales" and "boundless floods" and "chasms and caves and titan woods." They are excursions in No-Man's Land. Had he discovered the El Dorado of the spirit? Had he forced the Northwest Passage from matter to the supermaterial?

We wonder in what ethereal sphere his soul had been molded, and why it got itself flesh and came here to this prison-house to chant and get buried after forty-four pitiless years of life ❧ The glamour of another world hung over his

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soul. He seemed out of place in the flesh. A strange brotherhood are these hallucinated beings ❧ They come into life laden with inextinguishable griefs, and stand at but one remove from death. They are gray of heart and ashen-hued of brain; they are tethered to the unseen, and you shall sooner dissever the sun from its fires than see them walk the ways of men.

Poe's Brooding Pessimism

POE'S soul was cradled in a filmy ecstasy. All reality was a blasphemy. He preferred half-lights, doors ajar, curtains that swung in what he believed to be a mystic unison with the breeze, flames that flickered in ebon censers, waters dyed in shadows ❧ The mystery of man! And the mystery of the world! They are hieroglyphs, and no one will ever decipher them.

The dark tarn of Auber, in the *Misty Mid-Region of Wier*, was to Poe a real place. Stagnant pools and fetid heaths were the places where his spirit delighted to linger. He could see in darkness better than in light. ¶ His poem, *Silence*, tells of a region where he kept tryst with "corporate silence." Corporate silence! What a thought! Is not the universe itself silence that has found a body? And is not silence the ghost of noise? Somber, sinister, brooding silence! Silence that can never be silent, murmuring its drowsy secrets in the ear, forging the minutes into the eternal, forever-recurring hours, weaving its arras of dreams! ¶ Poe trod strange Jungfraus of silence. There are deep lethean lapses, lustral silences in which the soul seems to rest from its Sisyphean labors.

Ulalume is his most remarkable and characteristic poem. It haunts like an unremembered thought. Here at last are the Blessed Isles, here the lotos-land of the distraught—star-dials and the alley titanic, and the realms of the boreal pole. *Ulalume* is the last word in poetic mysticism. It is the soul of Poe cadenced ❧ ❧

The bitter pessimism of the man! To him the universe was an epic scrawled by a bug ❧ *The Conqueror Worm* is a vision of the world and all the nothingness of it. There is the same philosophy at the bottom of it that penetrates *El Magico Prodigioso* of Calderon. It is life viewed from the trenches of despair. Men build their houses of dreams, and the worm gnaws at the foundation. As life grows longer it grows shorter. We travel from mother to mother-earth; and the flesh that we love so well is spun into dust. Man has his banquet, and is banqueted upon in turn.

Mystic, pessimist, poet, mathematician, a man drunk with beauty and love, a bringer of strange tidings—Edgar Allan Poe signals and beckons from his tomb.

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HAPPINESS LIES IN EQUALITY ❧

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An Honorary Ad-Man



THE Chicago Ad-Club has elected to honorary membership Doctor William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska, who recently addressed that honorable body on the subject of political publicity. ¶ Doctor Bryan stated that he knew nothing about the subject, but this—barring his modesty—was probably because he is so thoroughly immersed in the theme that he is unable to get a perspective on it.

Certainly, Doctor Bryan is only surpassed as an advertiser by two individuals in America. There is no use of naming these two persons, for those who do not know who they are would not believe it anyway.

One of Bryan's latest advertising exploits was to get shipwrecked in the Bahama Islands, and the wireless sent the news all over the world that our candidate was safe.

We remember the story of the man at the late Presidential election who said he was going to vote for Taft because he could vote for Bryan any time.

The remark sounds like a superfluity when we consider the fact that Doctor Bryan has been in four railroad wrecks, and five times has been cast upon the rocks, besides the political ditching that has been his on several occasions. Yet out of every scrimmage he emerges, smiling expansively, unharmed.

The next best thing to getting in a railroad or steamship wreck is to lose your diamonds, which certainly is not as bad as to lose one's reputation, in which case the Yellow Journals place their columns, I am told, at the unfortunate one's disposal, tendering what is called the "courtesies of the press."

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Home-Makers

By Alice Hubbard



ALL business, schools, churches and governments are operated for the home. Did you know that?

It does not look that way when you ride through the country and see big barns, great herds of cattle in pastures, the finest agricultural machinery, and a little bit of a house not well kept.

The philosopher says, however, that the home is the object of interest for which all work is done. Although philosophers may not state facts, they tell truth.

The home-makers do not realize how very important their position is in the world. They once knew, but have forgotten. The trend of the times has been such that we have honored every profession above that of housewife. How we have come to live in such a topsy-turvy land of thought as this I really can not say.

But the fact still remains that without the home-makers it would be useless to have big barns, great herds of cattle, agricultural implements, and acres of land. There would be no homes, no schools, no churches, no government

Neither would it be of any use to have great smokestacks attached to monstrous factories, nor great drygoods-stores. Places of amusement would be superfluous. All works of art would be valueless. All books, all inventions, all discoveries, all business, would be without excuse and could not exist if there were no home-makers.

The All-Important Thing

YET, at the last census, when mothers gave their occupation as that of home-keepers, some members of the Census Committee said: "That is foolishness. There is no such occupation. We shall not make ourselves ridiculous by recording home-keepers as having occupations."

And home-makers and mothers were not recorded as having occupations.

There was a righteous protest from mothers and wives. But editors of magazines and papers smiled at the mental picture of women being indignant that they received no public recognition. The thought seemed to be that it was either wrong or silly for women to want to be recognized as an integral part of the world. But the truth and the fact are: women as women—mothers and housekeepers—are the fundamental necessity for the work of the world to go on.

Even the women, themselves the home-makers, have considered their occupation of small value, and the result is that, when you do not value yourself or your time, you retrograde

You waste much time and you fall into idle ways of thought and action. The great woman, like the great man, believes in her own divinity—that she has work to do of inestimable value

Business, we have heard, is the all-important thing. Everything in the household must be subservient to the one thing of most importance—the earning of money.

The master of the house might rise late, but his breakfast must be served promptly

I have seen the operations of a whole household stand at attention, and attendant upon the master who has to go forth into the hard, cruel world, as he called it, and battle with it to earn money—and for what?

There was quite a definite impression made upon the entire family that he was earning this money as a great beneficiary, and that part of it he was to give as charity to his wife and children. Coal-bill, gas-bill, water-bill, meat-bill, grocery-bill—and oh, help us! dressmaker's bill and milliner's bill—any or all were cause enough for storms, unhappiness, and looks that said more plainly even than his language that he was a martyr, and that when he paid these bills he was doing unstinted charity.

I have known a farmer who was cross to his wife and children because the feed-bills for cattle were higher than he had expected and he must pay them. Of course, the man who was earning the money did not mean to be ill-tempered or unhappy. His only reason for acting in this way was because he had not looked at the situation. He did not realize that the only reason he had business, or that business was of any value, was that he might do his part in taking care of the family, helping to give to the world citizens, and being happy.

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Nature's First Desire

NATURE'S first desire is to perpetuate the race. She loves the mother, and while the mother is living in harmony with Her, will give her all she works for.

The first home-maker was a mother who sought shelter from the storm to save her children. The first home was a cave, and the mother brought food to her children there. She beautified her home to please her children. She was the first weaver—hence the name *wife*. A permanent home was better for the children, so the mother brought edible plants near her home and transplanted them there, making the first garden. The mother is a natural gardener, for the mother does not limit her protection and care to her children, but extends it to all who need food, shelter and care. Some women there are with hearts so great that, like Zenobia, they would mother and benefit the world.

When the mother's family could care for itself, she still worked on in the industries which her love had caused her to evolve. She became a farmer and domesticated animals. It is only since man ceased to hunt, fish and fight as a business that man has taken from the home all industries and placed them in factories ❧ ❧

Solomon's ideal woman supplied all that her household needed, even to fine linens, silks and scarlet. In Solomon's time she had world interests. She brought things from afar, and her husband was known in the gates as he sat among the elders. " She seeketh a piece of land and buyeth it. With her own hands she planteth a vineyard. She teacheth her handmaidens the distaff and spindle." She openeth her mouth with wisdom—this woman, Solomon's ideal. She was economically free. She was richly dressed, for she, out of her own earnings, could well afford it. Solomon speaks of this woman who earned her own living, and more, as a virtuous woman.

The Mother's Home

IS the place for the mother in the home? John Patterson says it is, but that the home is the wide world; that the mother's interests should be home interests; but the home interests are every and all interests of the world.

The home is the nucleus, the center. The municipality is simply a collective home. All municipal governments are expanded home governments. The State is the extension of municipal interests. The Nation is the home of all the people. The World is all the homes of all people, irrespective of race or creed. There is no interest that is not a home interest, that mothers, home-makers, should not be a part of ❧ ❧

The mother once taught the children without help from any but her own family. The school and the church were organized and maintained to complement and supplement the work of the home. Government and law were once limited to the home. Town, county, city, state, national government, are for the home, to supplement the work of the home, and are, at the last, patriarchal.

Once the mother was able to earn her own living and that of her children. She built her own house, and her needs were limited by her capability. When most of the industries were taken from the home and civilization demanded much, the mother needed help in giving to the State citizens. Then it became the province of business to provide the financial support for the home and its supplementary support, the school, church and government.

The Home a Sanctuary

DURING the Dark Ages, and until recently, woman's sphere of activity was limited to a house with four walls, particularly that room in this building located at the back, known as a kitchen. Why this particular room should have been chosen to stupefy women in is not explainable. It is hinted, however, that she could be useful there and do little harm. Sometimes her energies have been consumed there, and sometimes she has stolen out and away. Many who beat out their lives in the cage, transmitted no ambitions and aspirations to their children.

And there are idle women in the world—also, idle men.

But the business world, the government, the church, the school, and, yes, the home, are controlled and ruled by men. And many men have forgotten the one purpose for which business, government, church, school and the home exist—namely, to evolve citizens.

When, of all positions of the world, the office of home-maker is most important, the dignity of this position should make all mothers work to make the home a sanctuary where citizens may evolve.

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A Criticism

A YOUNG man picked up a recent cartoon in which were pictures of a quartette singing monotonously, "Why women should not be recognized as citizens on equal terms with men." He is a workingman himself, and has a sane and wholesome view of life, with few prejudices and no whims.

He made a few comments on the cartoon and then said:

"My criticism on women and their agitation for suffrage is this: They do not want citizenship bad enough to rouse us men to action. Now suppose I were to go home this noon and found no dinner, and my mother sitting with her hands folded, and I said to her: 'Why, what 's the meaning of this? Why is n't dinner ready?'

"If she answered me by saying, 'I will never cook or prepare another meal for you or any one but myself until I am recognized as a citizen,' I should certainly get up and do something

"You women do not make us feel that non-citizenship is anything vital. You are appealing to our sense of justice, our reason, our intelligence. The fact is, men have not any too great a stock of brain equipments.

"If you would make your appeal to our stomachs, our physical comfort, our ease, and what we consider our rights, we would act, and do it quick."

The George Junior Republic

THAT he said reminded me of what happened in one of the George Junior Republics. There was a majority of boys and they took it for granted that the girls of the Republic were not of much importance. It was within the province of the boys to make the laws which should govern the boys and the girls. The girls, being in the minority, had submitted.

A stranger boy came and took up his residence among them.

Now, the policy of the George Junior Republic is, as every one knows, to teach the fundamental principles of government and civilization, and that the laws are made to benefit, to be of assistance in developing the race, and not to injure the citizen. This George Junior Republic is democratic in its government—under the subtle guidance of wise people, it makes its own laws. The wise people in charge are a Providence not much in evidence, but they see to it that the citizens get quick results from their actions. The purpose is to have cause and effect come before the minds of the girls and boys in a way that they must learn their lesson, and quickly, too.

The Tables Turned

THIS stranger who came among them told them that they were working too many hours, that they should have a law by which all should stop work at two o'clock in the afternoon, and have the rest of the day for fun and frolic, not for earning daily bread, clothing and shelter. He told them that learned men had figured out that a few hours of work were enough to make a man earn his living, and that figures can not lie.

The boys were interested. On the second day after the stranger came among them, they ran to the Townhouse, rang their bell, and called a Town-Meeting at noon.

They had quick action. The law was passed by a male unanimity that all work should be stopped at two o'clock, and the rest of the day would be theirs for play.

So at two o'clock that day the horses were brought in from the fields.

The boys had planned a ball-game, and they were off.

All went merry as wedding-bells.

At six o'clock the boys came home, enthusiastically proclaiming that they had been wise beyond their years in voting out a long day of work, and voting in a good, big recreation for the afternoon.

They came back to the dining-room, hungry as only boys can be. But there was no fragrance of supper in the air. The dining-room was desolate

They wondered.

They went out for a little more play.

They came back at seven. No sign of food. ¶ The hunger had increased. Finally, they said the joke had been carried far enough, and asserted their rights for food—among themselves

At length, the woman in charge of the kitchen was found. They put this question in concert: "Where is our supper?"

"Your supper!" said the woman. "You did not legislate any provision for supper, did you?

"You said the work should stop at two o'clock, so it has stopped. This is your own affair

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"I saw the girls and women going across the fields at three o'clock with baskets on their arms. It looked to me very much like a picnic.

"You had your meeting. You made your laws without asking the advice or the co-operation of these women. They have taken you at your word. There was to be no work after two o'clock, and so there is no supper."

¶ The boys were crestfallen—also hungry, starving, they were sure. But they waited until the next morning for food.

At the first opportunity they rang the Town-Bell again, and invited all the girls and women to join them in all their meetings. In fact, they enfranchised the women and girls, and asked them to be a part of the Republic. Then, whenever they legislated, they took two weeks to deliberate on any law they passed.

A Lesson Quickly Learned

THE George Junior Republics are schools of correction. They teach that certain acts are forbidden, not because they are sin, but because the results of the acts are not good for those who do them. It is made very plain to the girls and boys that a consequence is sure from everything they do, and as a result they look at the consequence and learn caution and wisdom.

The George Junior Boys learned the lesson quickly that women are a necessary, very necessary, part of the world; that they can not legislate successfully and leave women out. They also learned that laws and acts are good or bad only as their results benefit men and women or do harm to them.

And the boys in the George Junior Republic found, too, that when they had a law on their statute-books which did not serve all the people, it must be changed, and they did change it.

IT is as impossible for a human being to be happy who is habitually idle as it is for a fine chronometer to be normal when not running. The highest happiness is the feeling of well-being which comes to one who is actively employed doing what he was made to do, carrying out the great life-purpose patterned in his individual bent. The practical fulfilling of the life-purpose is to man what the actual running and keeping time are to the watch. Without action both are meaningless.—*Orison Marden.*

Big Business

By Mike Kinney, Teamster



IN the smallest possible business one man runs it all. He is the buyer, the seller, the bookkeeper, the collector, the credit man, the porter and everything else. If this man is a good merchant, his business, no matter how small, may be a great success. When a man gets out of the business all there is in it, or out of himself all there is in him, then the business or the man is a success. ¶ Now, the main difference between the smallest business in the country and the largest is that in the small business the proprietor does everything himself, while in the great business the man in charge must see to it that everything is properly done by other people.

When a man has the power to get his work well done by others, we call it "executive ability." Many a merchant is successful as long as he does the work himself or as long as it is done immediately under his eye; but when the business grows to a point where it is necessary for him to employ many men, then he falls down—he has n't that kind of ability. His business stands still or shrinks, while others in the same line of business who have executive ability grow all around him and after awhile absorb even his business. "Unto every man that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him who hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." This seems a cruel law, but in the industrial world we see it at work all the time.

Some men never seem to grasp the principles that underlie the handling of a large business. We see men at the head of enormous institutions; they direct the work of thousands of employees. Still these men never seem worried. They are always calm and collected. They have all the time that is necessary. There are only a few papers on their desks. We see other men with just little businesses hopping around like a chicken with its head cut off. They are always "up in the air." Their desks are stacked up with papers. They are always behind in their work. They are always

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in trouble. They do not understand the principles of the big game.

The Big Things of the World

EVERY big thing in this world is simple. The biggest thing, industrially, in this country is the United States Steel Corporation. Judge Gary or James Farrell does not worry nearly as much running the Steel Corporation as some jobbers I know who occasionally sell goods as far as fifty miles away from home. When a salesman calls on one of these jobbers they make him stand around and wait. They are never ready to do business. But when you have business with Judge Gary or James Farrell, when the appointment is made you do not have to wait a minute. You are given the time you need and there are no interruptions.

The actual amount of work that the head of a great business himself does is infinitesimal. In the mass of work done in the business, the number of letters he would write or the number of interviews he may grant, in volume, as compared with the number of letters written altogether or the number of interviews given altogether, would amount to practically nothing. A great executive recognizes right in the start that he must work through other men. His entire success depends upon his ability to inspire these other men to put forth their very best and most effective efforts. There never was a great leader without this power of inspiration.

Enthusiasm

NOW, the executive must not only have the ability to start men working, but he must know how to keep them working. He himself must have a passion for the success of the business, and he must understand how to inspire a similar passion in all of the men under him. This is what we call enthusiasm. Some houses have it from the president clear down to the office-boy. Such houses succeed. Their enthusiasm overcomes their errors. They learn by their mistakes.

It must be a fact, and it must be known, that the head of a business will make any personal sacrifice for that business. It must be known from cellar to garret that he would not ask an employee to do anything that he himself was not willing to do. When the head of the house starts in to take life easy himself, and at the same time requires his department men to work overtime, he is in the same class with a general who would send his soldiers into battle while he himself was always careful to keep out of range. Such men can not command loyalty.

Then, no man can be a successful executive unless he has almost absolute power. When he has such power, then he can afford to be quiet and gentle, because all under him will know all the time that there is no appeal beyond his orders. So you see in the large business that the executive must have exactly the same authority as the man who is running his own store and doing everything with his own hands. Don't you see how simple it is? Don't you see that the best organization is that which most nearly approaches the example of the one merchant doing all of his work in his one-room store? The heads of the various departments are nothing but the hands of the great executive. If these hands are skilful, if they are rapid, if they are accurate, then when they are intelligently directed it spells success. But suppose there are two or three heads in the big corporation. Suppose several men have the same authority. Then there is trouble for sure. Instead of action you have consultation, and, as Napoleon well said, "A council of war never fights."

¶ How simple is the principle that every business must have one absolute, all-powerful head! But all over the country there are big and little businesses doing their best to fail by ignoring this fundamental principle.

Then, as long as the junior officers and the heads of departments understand their positions, and are willing to give the executive their hearty co-operation and to subordinate their particular work to the welfare of the whole, everything is lovely. But after a while you will see in some businesses that the heads of departments become swelled up with their own importance. They become inflamed with ambition. Instead of being loyal to the executive they plot against him; they form coteries among themselves. When a business reaches this condition it is nearing the finish.

The Best Government

WE see the same principle working in the governments of cities. When a councilman is elected to represent a ward, he goes to the city hall and works for his ward. The welfare of the ward, to him, is of more importance than the general welfare of the city. Then there are deadlocks, fights, scraps,

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and the whole machinery of the city government comes to a standstill. The cure for this is being sought in a commission form of government. The commissioners, elected by the city at large, represent the entire city, not a part of it. The government is simplified. As nearly as possible, the commission form of government approaches the ideal of one man ruling and running the whole city.

Now, the simple duty of the great executive, with his pleasant smile and his quiet manners, is to keep all of his heads of departments doing their best work. In order to do this, the first requisite on his part is a sense of justice. Above all things he must be fair and just. He must be able to see the proposition through the other fellow's glasses. He must be able to put himself in the other fellow's place. He must have infinite patience and sympathy plus. He must have the rare ability of forgetting his own importance.

Once I was in the office of the president of a large company. An employee with red face and swelling veins burst into the room and loudly talked in a manner which led me to expect the president to push an electric button and have the fellow thrown out. But instead of that he sat quietly and suffered his employee's abuse. Then he reasoned with him. He patiently explained the matter. Finally the man saw that he had been mistaken. He burst into tears, apologized and left the room. With a weary smile the president turned to me and remarked, "I guess I draw part of my salary for accepting unmerited abuse."

All of us know that the best government for getting results is an absolute monarchy, when there is a good monarch. The only trouble with absolute monarchies is in the fact that most of the time the monarchs are on the bum. That 's why we have republics.

The Ideal Business

SO the ideal business—the one that gets the largest, quickest and most satisfactory results—is the business of one-man power, as long as you have a good man. But the trouble is that good men are scarce. Then, unfortunately, they die; and when the head of a one-man business dies, that business generally collapses. So we have evolved boards of directors, and these boards, through the executive, are supposed to govern the business. Boards of directors are of two kinds —good and bad. A good board of directors is more suggestive than critical, more constructive than destructive. A good director always puts the welfare of the business ahead of his personal interests. In a good board there is truth, loyalty and co-operation. A bad board of directors is full of criticism and ill-will. A bad board is full of personal ambition, and the individual members have itching fingers for their own interests at the expense of the interests of the corporation.

There are two kinds of particularly bad directors—one is just as bad as the other. The qualities of these directors are opposite. One prides himself upon his frankness, and is always brutally criticizing and attempting to break down the administration. He takes all the heart out of those who are earnestly trying to accomplish results. The other director is a smooth, diplomatic fellow, who openly compliments and cajoles, but who cares nothing for the general welfare of the business as long as he can advance his own personal interests. This latter kind of director is the most dangerous of all to the corporation.

Personality

SO about ends my little essay on how simple it is to handle a large business. All you have to do is to preserve the harmony of your organization. In bad times, if the business happens to be losing money, you are liable to find some of your best men, like rats, leaving the sinking ship. In good times, when the corporation is making money, you are liable to find some of your best men so swelled up with their own importance that they can hardly squeeze through the front door. But to the man who has executive ability the problem of handling all of these elements is perfectly simple. Don't you see that some men draw enormous salaries as presidents of railroads, as heads of great manufacturing concerns, as executives of jobbing houses—not on account of the number of letters they write every day, not because of the long hours they may or may not work—but because they have that peculiar personality that you have seen in a lion-tamer when he enters the cage and when the kings of beasts growl, but lie down in their proper corners, and jump through the hoop, lie down and roll over when they hear their master's voice?

If you would be happy, let not happiness be your aim.

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Hanging Mark Wilkins

(An Execution at San Quentin Prison)

By John D. Barry



WE expect to find a vehicle at the railroad-station. But we are disappointed. So we decide to walk along the muddy road. We have plenty of time. It is only a little past nine, and, according to announcement, the hanging will not take place till ten. Over the bay hangs a thick mist. Mount Tamalpais has disappeared. One of our group speaks of the fitness of the weather for the occasion. He mentions other hangings. He has seen several. "Your first experience?" he asks me. I nod my head and I say, "I hope it will be my last."

"It will be the last hanging in California," he prophesies.

We have a bright spirit among us. He tells stories. He makes jokes. But our talk goes back to hanging. That line of Kipling's comes into my mind, "For they 're hanging Danny Deever in the morning." Presently we march in single file, over a dry path. For a long time no one speaks. That cheerful voice calls out, "Say, we have n't had the funeral yet." We make another effort to talk.

Meanwhile we are nearing the boundaries of San Quentin. A heavy wagon comes along, drawn by two horses. On it sit four striped figures. One of them is slouching in the front seat, with the reins dangling from his hands. He looks at us with sleepy interest.

We glance up at the graveyard on the hillside. "There 's where he 's going today," says a voice. But we see no signs of a new-made grave. A stage comes along the road. It passes us and then turns and follows. The driver invites us to step in. We climb the steps in the rear and presently we are going up the gradual ascent through the prison-grounds to the Warden's office. Striped figures are passing by the road that runs along the wall. In front of the entrance to the prison-yard there is a small group of men, most of them in overcoats and slouch hats. As we descend we see Warden Hoyle coming up the road from the direction of his house. He looks very tall and erect. His smooth-shaven face is ruddy with health. He smiles pleasantly. "Is there any chance of a reprieve?" some one asks. He says, "No."

The Spectators

WE stroll down to the crowd in front of the entrance. They are the invited guests, sheriffs, politicians, newspaper-writers and a few curiosity-seekers. They are talking and laughing and making introductions. "These people act as if they were going to a vaudeville-show," I hear some one say. I wonder how they really feel. Some of them look troubled. One has sunk into a seat, apparently resting for the ordeal.

Soon a line of men draws out of the crowd. We fall into the procession. The men are holding up their white cards of invitation. As we pass the guard he greets us genially. We walk through the tunnel leading to the yard. There are few people about. Three guards stand on the porch of the office, and across the yard there is a group of striped men. I glance at the row of condemned cells. I can see only one face peering through the lattice. Many of the cells seem to be empty. I recall hearing that when a man is hanged at San Quentin the other prisoners are locked up. I wonder if such can be the case today. Some one explains that only the outside men are in their cells, the construction-gang mainly. The men in the jute-mill are working. In that lower tier of cells under the condemned corridor I see many eyes and shadowy striped figures. And over there to the right, in a big room where hundreds of men sleep, there are groups of striped figures at each window, looking over one another's shoulders.

I notice the prison smell, pungent, disagreeable, the smell of disinfectants.

We wa k down a flight of steps and find ourselves between two tall buildings. Then we mount a long iron stairway. We enter a big bare-looking room, and pass into another big room, where several thick ropes are holding great iron weights. I look quickly around in search of the scaffold. But I see none. Directly in front of me stand two large iron doors. Through the narrow slit between them I can see figures moving. It is beyond those doors that the scaffold stands. A young man near me, with a round, pink face, seems to be turning blue. About me there are several faces that look like cream. I hear one man ask another how he feels. The reply comes quick and short, "All right."

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I glance at my watch. It is seven minutes of ten ❧ ❧

I take a long breath and I feel easier. I begin to talk with a man beside me. Some one says that, after all, the hanging will not take place till half-past ten. The Warden, it is suggested, may have put it off in the hope of a reprieve at the last moment. I notice that all the windows in the room are closed. I go out for fresh air, and with several others I stand at the head of the iron staircase.

Beyond stretch the prison-buildings of rough brick, with frail-looking iron balconies and staircases. I catch a curiously mingled suggestion of antique grandeur, of rough construction, and of whitewash. The whole prison seems to be at peace. A guard far below is leaning against the wall, seemingly without care ❧ ❧

The Hanging

WE grow used to the situation. For a few minutes we talk about Wilkins. One of the guards begins to describe hangings that have taken place here in his time. I wish that he would speak of something else. That line is coming back, "For they 're hanging Danny Deever in the morning." I wonder what Wilkins is doing at this moment and how he is feeling. Some one is telling a funny story. We all listen and laugh. We are a very friendly group. That young man whose pink face was turning blue is leaning against the railing. His face is less blue now. But I can see that he wishes it were over.

At last the word comes that we are to go in. When we reach the room where those thick ropes are hanging we find that the iron doors have been opened. Slowly we follow the guard. Just behind one of the doors we see a coffin, covered with a black cloth. We group ourselves around the slim green scaffold. That pink-faced young man is becoming blue again. From the narrow door behind the scaffold Warden Hoyle appears. He is less erect and less ruddy. He starts to walk up the steps of the scaffold. Behind him come two priests, one in middle life, the other young, in long black cassocks and white lace surplices. Each carries a prayer-book in his hand. One is reading aloud. Now the other reads aloud. Behind them walks a dignified old man, with a deep-lined, smooth face and white hair, wearing a gray suit. He is supporting a thin little man, with a spare figure, dressed in black, without necktie or collar, and with a face like yellow wax. The old man is not the next friend, he is a professional hangman. The little man is moving his lips. As he mounts the scaffold I see that his arms are pinioned. He looks meek. He reminds me of a frightened canary. He is responding to the prayers of the priests. They are reciting names of saints. "Pray for me," the little man keeps repeating. As he steps on the scaffold he looks at the dangling rope, at the face of the Warden, at the crowd. The white-haired man remains at his side. The older of the two priests stands in the center, with the other priest at his right. Each priest clutches the railing with one hand, holding his book in the other.

"Holy Mary—"

"Pray for me."

"Holy Mother of God—"

"Pray for me."

The old man binds a narrow black belt across the little man's ankles. He puts the noose over the head. He draws it around the neck into a thick knot at the base of the skull.

"Saint Gabriel—"

"Pray for me."

The old man starts to press a black hood over the head. It catches at the nose. He pulls it down firmly. It hangs loose about the neck.

¶ "All ye holy angels and archangels—"

The response comes from under the hood, "Pray for me."

The old man is raising his hand. The trap falls, swings out and catches. The little black figure is frantically dangling, with the hood leaning to one side. The old man seizes the rope and holds it tightly. The figure does not stir.

And Afterwards

TWO young men run forward. One quickly opens the vest and tears the white shirt over the heart. The ends of two rubber tubes he puts into his ears. He listens for the heart-beat. The other young man snatches a pencil from his vest-pocket. He sees that it has a broken point. Impatiently he throws it on the ground. He snatches another pencil and begins to write.

"Saint Peter—"

"Pray for him."

"Saint Paul—"

"Pray for him."

The men on the scaffold, with the exception of the priests, are coming down the narrow steps ❧ ❧

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The doctors keep busy, one listening, one writing ❧ ❧

For a few moments we watch in silence.

The crowd breaks into groups. I see Warden Hoyle standing near by. I walk over to him.

¶ "The worst of all," he says, "is a few days before and a few days after."

Beyond the scaffold stands the white-haired old man. His kindly face is haggard. He looks forlorn. Near him is a tall, striped figure, motionless ❧ ❧

Warden Hoyle is saying: "He kept his nerve to the last. Just before we came out he was making jokes."

Some one speaks of a "confession." The Warden shakes his head. "Up to the end he said that he was innocent. He used to tell me that if he had anything to confess he would confess it in my presence."

"Was he a Catholic before he came here?"

¶ The Warden bows his head. "He was born a Catholic. He had the last rites of the Church." ❧ ❧

I look at the little body. It reminds me of a chicken hanging on a hook in a market-window. The feet are small, like a woman's. They are covered with black felt slippers. Through the torn shirt I can see the white skin.

The people about me are talking rapidly.

"Saint Mary Magdalen—"

"Pray for him."

Quietly the priests go on with their litany. No one seems to pay attention. It is the little body that is interesting. The two doctors are still absorbed over it. Though it seems a lifeless thing, there is still life. One of the doctors keeps writing.

Near me there is a slight confusion. Something has happened. The crowd parts and I see a young man held by his arms and legs, his face gray, his brown eyes open. Quietly they carry him out.

For a quarter of an hour we stand watching and talking. The priests finish their litany and, crossing themselves, come down the steps ❧ One of the doctors turns away. It is over.

❧

THE secret of the reality and the power of art lies in the fact that it is the culmination and summing up of the processes of observation, experience and feeling; it is the deposit of whatever is richest and most enduring in the life of a man or a race.—*Mabie.*

For Ninety Years

To Doctor Silas Hubbard on his Ninety-first Birthday, May Ninth, Nineteen Hundred Twelve

FOR ninety years 'mid hopes and fears,
You 've stood a monument to God,
An honest man since life began,
Sunshine has blazed the trail you trod,
When you prescribed, all who imbibed
Cared less for medicine than you.
The nectar'd wine of God's sunshine,
Went to the bull's-eye straight and true.

The lessons taught, the smile you brought,
Your individuality,
Did much I 'm sure to help and cure
With charming personality.
The best of all when came the call
From those in very lowly station,
You helped the poor and the obscure,
And that without remuneration.

With wondrous mind and soul combined,
With marvelous strength of will and grit,
There still appears near hundred years,
Unclouded mind and ready wit.
And from the start your mother heart,
God's greatest gift to men like you,
Was near each day to watch and pray,
The faithful wife and mother too.

And so, dear friend, today I send
These heartfelt throbs to her and you,
This simple lay, this crude bouquet
With love unselfish, pure and true.
And when at last you two have passed
Beyond the bright Celestial sea,
Oh! May you stand at God's right hand,
Lovers through all eternity.

Your broncho friend,
in clouds or sunshine,
Capt. Jack Crawford

❧

CONVICTION, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into Conduct. Most true it is that Doubt of any sort can not be removed except by action. On which ground too, let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart: Do the Duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a Duty! Thy second Duty will already have become clearer.—*Carlyle.*

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Our Export Trade

By Roger W. Babson



WHAT are the principal articles forming the large increase in exports of manufacturers, the largest ever recorded in the history of the export trade of the United States? The figures of the Bureau of Statistics, Department of Commerce and Labor, show that manufactures ready for consumption increased 101 1-2 million dollars in the export trade of 1911, and manufactures for further use in manufacturing increased 41 1-2 million dollars over the preceding year ☙ This increase is larger, in both classes, than that of any earlier year, making the total exports of manufactures ready for consumption 601 million dollars, and manufactures for further use in manufacturing, 309 million, or a total of 910 million, against a total of 767 million in 1910 and 671 million in 1909.

The Growth in Manufactures

MACHINERY, in the various forms to which this term may properly be applied, supplies a larger share of this total of increasing exports of manufactures than any other single great class of products of the factory. The group of articles which the Bureau of Statistics classes as "machinery" under the general head of iron and steel manufactures shows a growth from 80 million dollars in 1910 to 105 million in 1911; but to this could properly be added automobiles, and parts of, which alone show a growth of 4 1-2 million dollars; agricultural implements, a growth of nearly 8 million; and scientific instruments, including telephone and telegraph instruments, a growth of 2 1-4 million dollars. To be sure, no single one of the numerous classes of articles designated under the general head of "manufactures" shows as large an increase as pig copper, classed as a manufacture for further use in manufacturing, which shows a gain of 15 million dollars, or approximately 20 per cent over the exports of the preceding year; while that class of lumber designated as "boards, deals and planks" shows an increase of about 7 million dollars, or 20 per cent over 1910 ☙ Glazed kid, another article for use in manufacturing, shows an increase of over 6 million dollars, a gain of more than 50 per cent over 1910; but this is probably more apparent than real, in view of the fact that considerable quantities of kid-leather exported in former years went out of the country under the general title of "leather," but is now, as a result of insistency by the Bureau of Statistics upon greater care in classification, being properly described by the exporters. Glazed kid alone shows a total exportation in 1911 of 17 million dollars, as against 11 million in 1910 and less than 4 million in 1909.

Finished Products

OF the finished manufactures ready for consumption exported, automobiles and parts of show a growth from 11 million dollars in 1910 to 15 1-2 million in 1911; cotton goods, from 33 1-3 million to practically 41 million; builders' hardware and tools from 14 million to 17 million; boots and shoes of leather, from 12 1-2 million to 13 3-4 million; lubricating-oils, from 20 3-4 million to 22 million; naphthas, from 6 1-3 million to 9 1-2 million; photographic goods, composed largely of motion-picture films, from 4 3-4 million to over 7 million; typewriters, from 8 1-4 million to 9 3-4 million; sewing-machines, from 7 1-2 million to over 9 million; structural iron and steel, from less than 6 million to 8 1-2 million; scientific instruments, from 10 to 12 1-2 million; cars and carriages, from 3 3-4 million to 8 3-4 million; agricultural implements, from 28 million to practically 36 million; metal-working machinery, from 6 million to 9 1-2 million; wire, from 8 1-3 million to over 10 million; locomotives, from 2 1-2 million to practically 4 million; stationary engines from 3 million to 4 million; traction-engines, from 2 1-3 million to 3 1-2 million; and books, maps, etc., from 7 million to 8 3-4 million; while in numerous other articles of less value corresponding increases occur.

All parts of the world shared in the increased takings of American manufactures. In agricultural implements, for example, the exports to Russia in Europe grew from less than 5 1-2 million dollars in 1910 to 7 1-2 millions in 1911; those to Canada, from 3 1-3 million to 4 3-4 million; Argentina, from 6 1-4 million to 7 1-2 million; Australia and New Zealand, from 1 million to 1 3-4 million; and Africa from a little over 1 million to 1 1-2 million

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Of copper, Europe is, of course, the chief consumer. To France the exports increased from 12 1-2 million in 1910 to 16 1-2 million in 1911; to Germany, from 18 3-4 million to 24 million; and Netherlands, from 24 million to 30 million.

Man's greatest blunder has been in trying to make peace with the skies instead of making peace with his neighbor.

Letter From an Organist



EAR FRA: I have just finished reading your article on *Revivals* in *THE FRA*. I can not express too strongly the approbation that is your due. But you must also recognize that, besides the love of gold and the power of hypnotism, there is another factor in the evangelistic make-up—I refer to that of sex.

Some one has said that religion is but a form of sexual emotion, and I 'm inclined to think that he was either an organist by necessity or a reformed revivalist who knew whereof he spoke

Perhaps my position is unique. For several years I have played the organ in our ultra-orthodox church, and that very position has brought me to see the folly of my ways. It is a long story and is not pertinent except as it concerns revivals. May I relate my experience?

¶ During the month of January, we had with us an evangelist of some renown—no, two evangelists, for the Reverend Mr. L—— and his wife were ardent co-workers. Never shall I forget the vision of these two as they mounted the rostrum and opened the soul-auction. Mrs. L—— was, as a friend of mine aptly remarked, to all appearance a reclaimed burlesque queen, portly as to form, frowzy as to hair, rubicund as to face, and garish as to dress. The Reverend Mr. L—— had a rather pleasing personality. He was well-built, energetic—oh, such energy!—and he wielded his hypnotic eye with wondrous effect.

I can not treat this subject in a manner different from yours; you know all about the melodramatic features. Can I ever forget the tense, rapid-fire discourses; the prayers that brought God down to the feet of the petitioner; the funereal hymns of invitation! The choir, led by Mrs. L——, used to drone *Come, Sinner, Come!* until even *I* was tempted to dash down to the chancel, not only to have a try at that supposedly ecstatic state of mind which is the concomitant of Salvation, but also to escape the frightful monotony of my role. By the way, just what is Salvation?

¶ Then the pleadings—ah, how unctuous the tones of these godly grafters! The laying on of hands—and now I have come to the point that impressed me so strongly. Who can deny that physical magnetism played a great part when the Reverend Mr. L—— patted the backs of his feminine converts; when Mrs. L—— knelt by the side of her masculine recalcitrants, and essayed to lead them to heavenly plains of peace by prayers and pomatum! As I beheld these things I was amazed at the obtuseness of Sunday and Chapman. I have never seen them, but have heard that they "go it alone." Bad business, I should say.

¶ At times my contempt gave way to uncontrollable mirth. Frequently did a spasm of coughing give the lie to my heaving shoulders. Worse still—because I 'm a woman—I had to keep my emotions to myself. In large cities I imagine it is different. There, the organist makes the music, and his life and morals are probably a closed book to three-fourths of the congregation. Here, where the entire town has cognizance of my behavior, where many respect me because of the post I hold, what would it profit me were I to make public confession of faith and lose my remunerative vocation?

Of one thing I am sure, however. If there are to be revival services *this* year, I can do naught but demand double pay. The strain on body and mind is too severe to allow of my accepting a paltry stipend. Besides, why send all that perfectly good money to ports unknown?

Some day I shall fling aside my false colors. Meanwhile, I listen and learn and marvel that churches built on the sands are as stable as they are. Not seven maids with seven mops, but ministers with musty lore, are driving back the tides of independent thought.

Have at them again! And to you be the glory and fame, world without end, Amen.

Sincerely yours,

"Promethea."

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Doctor Maria Montessori

By Alice Hubbard



IRT 'round with rugged mountains, re-enforced by the great countries of France, Germany, Austria and Italy, is Switzerland. She lies placid as her beautiful lakes, a federation of free cantons, within arm's reach of ambitious nations. She has an area of fewer than sixteen thousand square miles.

Since before the time of John Calvin, Switzerland has been a refuge for thinkers. They have gone there, not only for freedom and protection, but also for inspiration. Its mountains and lakes have a lure.

Swiss literature is full of legend and poetry, telling of the romantic struggles these people have had to obtain the freedom in government they now enjoy.

From the time of William Tell, who, it is said, founded the confederation of cantons, up to Eighteen Hundred Fifty-seven, when Neuchatel was freed from the Russian claim, the history of Switzerland is the history of the cosmopolitan confederation of German, French, Italian and Romanic people who, like William Tell, had rushed to those crags and peaks for the freedom which the natural fortifications gave them.

Here was born Ulrich Zuinglius, the Swiss reformer. Farel and John Calvin, though Frenchmen, came to Switzerland to say their say freely and unafraid.

Here was born Pestalozzi, who dared to think that not only might the old religion not be true, but the old forms of education as well. ¶ Here he established a school where he evolved his theories concerning the development of the child.

To him came Friedrich Froebel from Germany to study his methods. Friedrich Froebel had also dared to think that the methods of education of his time were wrong. To think this in Germany in the beginning of the Nineteenth Century was heresy, and heresy was crime which deserved, and usually received, punishment.

For Froebel, as well as for us all, adversity was his best friend.

Blessed are the poor—we can do with them what we will and nobody shall say us nay. Sweet charity takes possession, and for her to possess is to own.

The poor go to the charity hospital. Nobody knows or cares what happens to the poor in the hospital. There is no one to whom an accounting must be made.

But out of all the abuse, misuse and crime of our ownership of the poor has come some good

Pestalozzi was not allowed to experiment on the children of the rich, but he was allowed to teach the children of the poor, also defectives and abnormal children.

It was with the poor that Friedrich Froebel had his opportunity to demonstrate that Nature's methods are best for Nature's offspring

Froebel could not have a model schoolhouse, so he gave his children the opportunity of making what they did not have. They had the blessed privilege of bridging the unsightly chasm between the real and the ideal with the images of their own creation.

They could not have servants to wait on them. So they learned the first lesson which the mother of every wild animal teaches her young: to take care of itself, to learn to protect itself, to learn to think for itself.

Friedrich Froebel's school was not recognized by the State as a legitimate institution. It received no financial support from the government. Therefore, the children learned to farm, to work in the garden, and raise the food which they needed. They learned prudence and economy when they prepared their food in the Summer and in the harvest for the Winter.

The necessities of their position compelled them to invent, to make things, to do without things

Necessity was very kind to Friedrich Froebel and his pupils.

Froebel was a child of the forest, so he looked upon conventionalities with the eye of a primitive man. He measured the truth of things by the practical plummet of his own experience. He was a philosopher, and he questioned all theories with this one test, "Does it serve?" ¶ Froebel said the purpose of education is to develop what is in the child, and he believed that the child heart is right.

He studied the methods of Socrates.

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To think to a purpose was the Socratic method

The mind might have vagrant ideas that were good, and yet there would be no consecution in the thought, no result from the mental activity

Plato, Aristotle, Crito, Zeno, Parmenides, all used their leisure to school their minds. They put their minds into training, so that they could become schooled in thinking. One so schooled was a scholar.

Froebel saw that the child naturally uses the Socratic method—used it before Socrates saw that it was the natural method.

The natural tendency of the child is to think to a purpose. He becomes so absorbed in his purpose that he does but one thing at a time, does not know that anything else exists for that time.

Such absorption is concentration. The child is attracted to something at a distance. His one desire is to reach this point of interest, so all of his thinking is for this one purpose of reaching the goal. If he can not walk he creeps there. If there is an obstacle that he can not creep over, he climbs.

He is thinking to a purpose.

Clara Barton at ninety-one was asked what was her favorite recreation. She replied, "Work."

"Yes, I know; but what do you do for rest?"

¶ "I work," answered Clara Barton.

There is no recreation or exercise that rests as work—activity to a good purpose.

Froebel knew this, so his poor children with their little "other mothers," the older sisters who were left to take care of the younger, all worked to a purpose and did useful things

Friedrich Froebel's plan of education taught economy of effort and activity. It taught the value of labor and its representative, money. It gave to the world happy, skilful, economical, healthy, intelligent citizens, who thought to a purpose

The mothers of the children loved the work that Friedrich Froebel did. He was a friend to the children, consequently he was a friend to the mothers.

Women studied with Froebel, women carried into the civilized world the Socratic methods, put into practise by Froebel.

It is the fate of a system that survives its creator, to deteriorate in the hands of disciples. And it is well. This gives another creator an opportunity to build for himself on the truth, and adapt it to the needs of the changed conditions of an evolving people. Our needs are not identical with those of people who lived twenty years ago. Our surroundings are changed. We need methods that are adapted to our conditions of living and the demands that the times make upon us.

What Is the Montessori Method?

EDUCATORS throughout the world are now discussing what is termed the Montessori Method. Doctor Maria Montessori lives in Rome. She is a physician, a scientist, a philosopher, a teacher. She has made the most of her experiments in the Eternal City. She has studied the methods of Socrates, of Pestalozzi, of Friedrich Froebel, and of modern educators.

She does not claim, so far as I have seen, that she has a monopoly on the natural methods she uses. She freely and most generously acknowledges her indebtedness to the great teachers

Especially does she mention obligation to Itard and his pupil, Doctor Edouard Seguin, who was once head of the schools at Waverly; also, to Doctor Walter S. Fernald, formerly of Waverly, Massachusetts. Their methods with defective children were identical with her ideas, and these men were successful. They had also said, "If this treatment of imbeciles can produce such good results, what must its results be when given to normal children!"

Which is the argument a woman made with regard to sleeping out of doors: "If sleeping out of doors can cure sick people, what vigor and power may it not give to the well!" Hence, out-of-door sleeping-rooms, and out-of-door sleeping for humanity.

Doctor Montessori's methods are similar to Doctor Fernald's. Ella Flagg Young has used the same in Chicago, in her ungraded schools.

¶ The poor ye have always with you! A blessed provision! For what would Doctor Montessori have done without these poor children to work with!

In America there are not what Europeans call poor people, but in Rome there are poor and poverty.

Doctor Montessori has much material. She could not use the public schools for her work, but she could use children of women who

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must be working away from home all day ❧ She has little money, but she has rented houses in a part of the city where mothers can leave their babies in the morning as they go to their work, and get them at night ❧ ❧ She has secured the co-operation of the mothers. She has demonstrated to them that their children are well cared for, and well nourished, and are made clean.

There are in the poor districts of all growing cities palaces reduced to tenement uses.

Doctor Montessori is using some of these old houses for her children. The houses are cleaned, made sanitary, and open into the garden and court, so that children may have schoolrooms that are real homes, not schoolhouses ❧ ❧

She makes one condition for entrance: the children can not be received unless the mother has done her share in making the child clean when it is brought to the "Children's House."

The children are bathed during the day. They are taught the first principles of sanitation, the first lessons in citizenship—how to take care of themselves—and a few of their obligations to their neighbors.

Her greatest task, of course, is to teach her teachers that a child can not be helped. It can only be guided in helping itself.

The natural tendency of the child brain is to think to a purpose. When he is thinking to a purpose, he must not be interrupted. The assistance given him must be confined to helping him to help himself, and even then not to interfere with the mental or muscular activities ❧ ❧

The scientist observes, and his purpose is to find facts.

The philosopher takes these facts which the scientist has and uses them.

Doctor Montessori is a natural scientist and a philosopher. All the patience, persistence and perseverance required by the naturalist to become acquainted with the object of his interest are required for a teacher. The ability to apprehend what the child is thinking, and what the result of his thinking will be, is necessary for the teacher. The teacher must think to a purpose, and have prescience—the ability to know the effects which follow causes ❧ ❧

The person who has these qualifications is rare, but Doctor Montessori is finding a few such women. ¶ The function of a mother is common. Almost all women have it. There are very few women who could not be the mother of children ❧

There are very, very few women who know how to be teachers, trainers, of children ❧

The Child and His Environment

THE evolution of the child mirrors the evolution of the race. Every child's name is Marco Polo. He is a discoverer, a traveler. He is also a child of Pandora.

The child's business is to explore his environment. He has infinite curiosity. "I want to know," "Show me," "I will," "I must," are his active expressions.

The teacher's business is to encourage the natural tendencies. But she must direct these activities to a purpose.

Doctor Montessori's ingenuity in bringing practical lessons to the children is her genius. She teaches them self-control, command of their bodies, all of their muscles, how to take advantage of their surroundings.

Doctor Montessori does not believe in rewards, any more than she believes in punishment ❧ She believes in cause and effect. She teaches children that such a cause will produce such an effect. Such an effect they find is not good for them—abstain from the cause. Such effects are good for them—repeat the cause. ¶ She does not make the child conscious of himself, but keeps his mind upon the thing he is working to accomplish, leading him step by step ❧ ❧

This great teacher knows this truth, that as soon as a great deed, a beautiful act, a work, has been accomplished which receives applause from people, the exquisite joy within has gone. There are inspiring times in every person's life when he must feel that he is one of the very great—Me and Jove. This consciousness can be preserved only while it is within ❧ ❧

The first requisite in using Doctor Montessori's methods is the teacher. As has been suggested, the teacher must be a scientist. She must also be a philosopher. She must have prescience ❧ ❧

She must be for the child what the old legend taught that the heavens provided for each individual: a guardian angel. The teacher has a greater vision, a wider experience than children. She knows people, their surroundings, and is interested in the adaptation of the child to

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his surroundings. ¶ Doctor Montessori accepts the proposition, as did Froebel, that the child's heart is right. The child receives his impressions through the senses of hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting and feeling.

The child is a little animal. His creation is complete. That is to say, no matter how great the teacher may be, she can not add one thing to the child's equipment—she can only assist in his evolution.

The work of the teacher is to give the right stimuli. Train the senses, and through them lead the child to moral and intellectual development

Doctor Montessori's method, in brief, is to stimulate the senses to take impressions.

Doctor Louis Prang benefited and added to the joy of humanity in the work that he gave first to the school-children of Boston, then to the children of the world, in training their eyes to see and note the beauty of colors and forms and to live with this beauty.

The children who have been so instructed are sensitive and intelligent.

We do not appreciate how great a part color plays in our lives. There is color in everything

Prang children know the standard colors. They know that everything more delicate than standard is a tint; everything deeper in color than the standard is a shade.

Doctor Alexander Melville Bell has done for children, in developing the sense of hearing, what Doctor Louis Prang has for their sense of sight in color and form. He gave to the world a system of "visible speech," the training of the ear to hear tints and shades in sound. The fineness of perception in sound gives ability to enjoy sweet sounds. The speaking voice of children and adults will become gentle, refined and beautiful, if they apprehend the teachings of Doctor Bell

Doctor Montessori gives similar training to the ear. She would accustom the child to hearing gentle, refined tones, and to acquiring a fine discrimination in tones.

Doctor Montessori gives exercises for stimulating and intelligently discriminating through the sense of smell. She accustoms the child to the smell of wholesome things, to the things that tend to health, that are good to eat. Then she teaches him to love these, and to avoid or displace those objects that send forth an odor not wholesome to mankind

Were the sense of taste educated rightly, and a finer and more delicate perception of taste developed in the child, he would not tolerate highly spiced or excessively tasty foods or drinks, and his taste and appetite could be relied upon absolutely as guides in selecting his food.

The sense of touch is also educated, starting with the simplest concrete example the children touch. This is named "rough." The children touch another object. This is named "smooth." Then the sense of thick, thin, thicker, thinner, high, low, narrow, wide, hot, cold, all these things are connected in the child's mind through his sense of touch

Doctor Montessori does not try to combine and make deductions for the child from the sensations, but insists upon his making his own discoveries. She equips the child with his tools, gets him accustomed to handling tools. ¶ She tells of a little boy who knew the color "blue." He toddled out into the court, looked up into the sky and shouted with that unsurpassable joy of discovery, "The sky is blue!"

Doctor Montessori knows that all the child needs is acute senses and his guardian angel to give him opportunity for discovering and combining

The child's surroundings at first are his "undiscovered country," the great unknown. From the time the child is born he begins to become acquainted with his surroundings He also finds how to use them and adapt himself to their use.

The purpose of our entire school system still is to develop thinkers; that is to say, the purpose of school seems to be that the pupil study what his ancient ancestors wrote about. ¶ Doctor Montessori insists that the child must not only study the past, but that he must also act for himself and discover new truth and fact.

Doctor Montessori's methods are practical. She would not consider doing anything unless there were a purpose in the doing.

When we have combined intelligence and beautiful knowledge with use for a definite and good purpose, we have nearly accomlished what Socrates saw in his method of education, what Pestalozzi worked for, what Froebel found, what Doctor Montessori is giving to the world, and what is the greatest need of the children of the world.

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Our blunders as teachers have been made largely because we did not know children. Teachers have not been scientists.

The teacher's attitude toward her pupil is the key, says Doctor Montessori. She must reverence and love the divine spirit that is being manifested by the child, and she must understand the child machine.

Doctor Montessori's first lesson is to make the child independent. This removes his sense of dependence, his sense of bondage. A healthy, normal person resents being dependent, being helped mentally or morally by another. So the child is taught to wash his face and hands, to comb his hair, to clean his teeth and his nails, to dress himself.

In order to aid the natural development of the senses, Doctor Montessori has devised games as clever and effective as Froebel's. ¶ To sense little is to be poor. To sense much and many things is to be resourceful and therefore rich.

Has a child gross tastes? Doctor Montessori would not mention these in any way, but work to develop a fine taste and fine perceptions

Wrong or "bad" traits are cured by developing right or "good" ones.

How is this to be done? Doctor Montessori has one cure for all ills—work.

She says that the first dawning of real discipline comes through work.

Work is the discipliner, the trainer.

The basis of fretfulness, perverseness, "badness," in infants, children and adults is lack of harmony and rhythm in the body. It is muscular

Work is a result of co-ordinated muscular activity—activity to a purpose. Work done satisfies, rests muscles and brain. The psychic effect of having accomplished something is health and satisfaction.

Disorder on the part of the child comes from lack of co-ordinated activities of his body, and is unhappiness of muscle and spirit

Have all the activities of the child result in work, useful work, if you would have children happy

Dicipline is mental and moral training under one's own or another's guidance. Doctor Montessori would have all discipline come from the child's own guidance, and all her teaching is to that end.

An undisciplined teacher would be an anomaly to Doctor Montessori. She must be trained and her own mentor, capable of obedience to her highest thought and the law of natural living. She must know the natural laws that are controlling the child to which he is obedient

True discipline is based on liberty, and liberty is possible only to those who are obedient to the great laws.

Reprimand does not discipline children, and only restrains adults—it does not train or cure. To command a child, to give orders, is not to train or benefit. He pays little attention to what the teacher says, but only to what the teacher causes him to do.

If the teacher is an expression of the laws which the child understands, then the child is obedient, but not otherwise.

The work of Doctor Montessori then is to teach the child how to know himself; it is to make the child intelligent. Obedience implies knowing how.

Self-discipline is the only discipline of value. The only equipment that can make a man is to be in and of himself sufficient to meet the demands of life.

The demand of the Twentieth Century is for individuals, not soldiers who do not think, but who act in masses. Doctor Montessori's methods develop individuals, not classes. The Montessori method has come out of the need of our time.

Doctor Montessori knows that there is no goal toward which we are traveling. All there is, is the journey, the exercise, the development. The pot of gold at the end of the rainbow is not for use—it is only to lure us to travel

The only joy and satisfaction that can come to any person is the satisfaction of doing, which is man's function.

"The true success is to labor."

WHEN the Republicans nominate a bad man and the Democrats a good one, the Republican women do not hesitate a moment to "scratch" the bad and substitute the good. It is just so with the Democrats; hence we almost always have a mixture of officeholders. I have seen the effects of female suffrage, and instead of encouraging fraud and corruption, it tends greatly to purify elections and give better government.

—Ex-Chief Justice Fisher of Wyoming.

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A Business Appraisal of Political Values

By the Honorable W. V. Hensel



THERE has been manifested, for some years past, an increasing tendency to put a political appraisal upon business values; to assail wealth as an evil and capital as a menace, organization as a despot, and combination as a tyrant; to reverse and restrain the natural operation of economic and trade laws which are as sure as gravitation; to destroy the individual initiative and to extend the paternalism of the State; to shatter the mass into classes and then set them at conflict; to treat labor as an evil and recreation as an end in itself; to break down the distinctions between the local, State and Federal powers; to disavow individual and municipal responsibility, and to erase the distinction between the three co-ordinate functions of government—the legislative, the executive and the judicial. The aim and purpose is to remove, as far as possible, the responsibility for government from those who are nearest to a direct accountability to their constituents.

It behooves and befits men who are aiming at the promotion of business interests, to occasionally take pause and challenge the relations which our commercial and manufacturing activities bear to the political functions of the people.

A very distinguished citizen of this republic recently announced, in a series of public discussions, that his new nationalism demands an absolute and entire separation of business and politics. Over against this proclamation is the doctrine enunciated by some distinguished statesmen of the past, and some progressive political masters of the present, that "the higher morals of public life and of citizenship can be as well asserted through business methods and the application of them to the great affairs of the State as by preaching or by statutes passed to exemplify or enforce the moral law"; and that "conscience, morals, civic integrity, may be as well developed through such administration as would carry business honesty into every expenditure and every source of income represented by State authority as by any moralizing upon the platform or by statutes upon abstract moral law."

The downfall of nations has not been wrought by the accumulation and protection of wealth. In his philosophic treatment of the *Unseen Foundations of Society,* the Duke of Argyll points out that every one of the great monarchies of the ancient world which left nothing behind them but desolation tended to make possession insecure in the hands both of individual societies and of individual men. The prevailing tendency of the partisan who would make capital for his political organization platform or candidate by yielding to the clamor against property, wealth or capital is a political value that needs a business re-appraisal.

Protection of Property

THE result of this new and popular tendency is, that at a time when, by every natural law and ordinary rule, our politics should be steady, and our business animated by confidence, we witness an unprecedented period of political ferment, of social unrest and of business uncertainty. The concordance of these phenomena is not accidental. It is high time for a business appraisal of political values. Party conventions may glibly decry and flippantly denounce wealth and capital, and legislative bodies selected by such partisan agencies may readily yield to the idle clamor of a passing hour; but deliberate commercial bodies and individual men of business affairs may well take heed before they even indirectly promote or permit the agitation that wealth and property, their acquisition and possession, their free exercise and unfettered transmission, lack moral quality and are at variance with patriotic purposes.

¶ In our own State government, a commission goes forth roaring for new subjects of taxation to devour. A business appraisal of our system of revenue and expenditures will show alarming increases in both in an incredibly short period. I attach no blame to any party. The redundant revenue of our imperial wealth is a temptation to profligacy and to ill-considered lavish grants of State moneys to purely local purposes. What is really needed is a retrenchment of expenditures and a reduction of both subjects and rates of taxation

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Much of the unbusinesslike and unscientific methods that have too long prevailed are due to the tendency to confuse and break down the fundamental distinctions of our institutions by transferring from the local government to the State, and from the State to the National concerns, responsibilities and obligations that do not belong to the transferee. The citizens and businessmen of nearly every community have over-appraised this delusive political notion.

A once eminent statesman, almost forgotten and recently borne to an honored grave, commanded popular attention when he pointed out in the American Senate on a critical occasion that the chief concerns of every community of people should be their local governments

They protect property and personal rights, supply us with fire and police protection, with sewer privileges, with pure and wholesome water, with gas and electricity for our streets, maintain our pavements and roads, arrest and punish offenders, support our public schools and sustain our countless charitable institutions and charter our public conveyances, protect our suffrages and maintain public order everywhere, and make life worth living. The obligation of ourselves and our accumulated property is to the State and local governments, and not to the general government, except in the remotest degree.

Not National Affairs

THE prevailing popular notion that these concerns should be settled, and that the officials to administer them should be selected on the lines of national party differences, is a political value that needs business re-appraisal. That will happen when Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce constitute themselves advisory commissions untrammeled by political, official, religious or social relations, holding themselves in constant readiness for the consideration of every serious problem of government, and exerting such a power in public opinion that their advice must be sought and must be respected.

A very sagacious leader of the Federal Senate, himself conspicuous for business sense and business success, is credited with the declaration that if the general Government's business was conducted on business methods, the annual appropriation could be reduced two hundred millions; and the very able Chairman of the Appropriations Committee in the House has called attention to the fact that whereas a billion-dollar Congress a few years ago shocked the business world, it has come to be treated lightly and taken as a matter of course. The same eminent authority points out that, despite the conspicuous leadership of our nation in the movement for the peace of the world, the enormous proportion of seventy-one per cent of our national revenues is appropriated to the expenses of past or the preparation for future wars.

Wealth Makes Progress

IT is time the business world served notice on the political forces that the acquisition of wealth, wrested by genius and by toil from Nature, has been the common experience of every age. The protection of property has been the aspiration of every abiding nation. Nor has there ever been a time in the history of civilization when the spirit of commerce, of business, of trade, the organization of industry and the employment of labor, prompted by the hope of gain and the desire to accumulate wealth, have not tended to promote the higher life of man.

The earth and sea, the sky and sun, the wind and tide, gravity and electrical energy, are man's capital; his brain and arm are the machinery which he applies to the raw material thus freely furnished to all. The resultant is his product, and what remains permanently to him after life is sustained—after his nakedness is clothed, his hunger is satisfied, and his feet are warmed—is his wealth. In his savage state he need only go to the ant—a "people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the Summer"—to the beaver or the bee, to learn from the most perfect animal economy and organization that to him who, out of today's work, stores for the morrow, there will be in the future comfort and leisure. The plant teaches that wealth breeds income and capital profit, as the tree yields fruit or the shrub its flower. "Increase and multiply" was the primal law of God; the old earth with its teeming millions, its wealth of soil and stores of mineral, the gracious sky which has scattered rain, the winds which have driven man's sails, the flood that has turned his wheel, the sea which has borne countless fleets on the highways of commerce, all stand steadfast, richer, each of them, for the treasures it has yielded and the

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energies it has exerted. No force of Nature is spent; no atom is obliterated; matter is indestructible; the falling oak scatters a thousand acorns; even the dead shall live again

The shapeless lump of dull ore or molten iron is poverty; the brain and arm of the artisan fashion it into a device of use and beauty, and it becomes wealth. The block of stone is poverty; the genius of the sculptor sees lurking in its his ideal, and he cuts away the surroundings; lo! the immortal, breathing statue, which has endured for a thousand years and shall live ten thousand more. The formless timbers and plaster and stone and brick are caught in the hand of such a one as groined the aisles of ancient Rome, and suddenly there arises from the formless mass the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, and they are wealth.

Vacation and Recreation

VACATION and recreation are—at least they ought to be—a means and not an end. It is doubtful whether much has been accomplished for the real interests of what is popularly called the cause of labor by the rapid and artificial shortening of the hours of toil and the establishment of too frequent periods of cessation from work. No nation has grown rich or powerful by ceasing to work; and individuals show better results from continued application than from too frequent recreation. Undue relaxation from work tends rather to dissipation than to improvement

The principles that animate and regulate sound administration of private business, in my opinion, are the same as should govern the discharge of public business. A very general disregard of this idea and the substitution of a principle that public office is a private snap, and the public treasury a fertile field for party cultivation, has bred a recklessness and extravagance of expenditures in municipal and federal government that creates an issue transcending any other now before the business world of these United States

The Jack Cades of modern society, however, will continue to promise that the quart-pot shall hold three pints. Subject only to the exercise of the State's police power to protect health and life, employer and employed must be left free to contract within the exercise of their own mutual will and advantage, and the State is bound to protect at any cost and to the limit of its power the right of every man to work for whom he pleases, at what hire he is willing and as long as he sees fit. His right to quit is no higher than the employer's right to discharge him, and any political device intended to give the one advantage over the other is a time-honored notion that should have no countenance in a fair business appraisal of political values.

Child-Labor Problem

A VAST quantity of sentimental energy expended in suppressing child-labor ought to be more profitably employed in teaching children how to work. There is more promise and truthful manhood in a youth accustomed to honest toil than from one that rests in idleness and rots in vice.

I venture these suggestions at this time, because of all times in the later history of the Republic old party fetters rest loosely and old party lines are well-nigh obliterated; and yet there never was a time when more illusive bids were made for popular approval of all political doctrine that would unsettle business, society and government by centralizing power and breaking down that safeguard of our institutions—the judiciary. To that bulwark of order and security every interest of a stable system of government must look for protection, whether from the timidity of legislative or the temerity of executive power; and to the patriotic impulses of the business world, the bench can always turn with confidence, when, deaf to popular clamor, it makes the voice of justice under the law ring clear, though passion beat upon its brow and revolution surge about its feet.

Speaking individually—and for myself only—if I were appointed a business appraiser of political values, I would rely upon the judgment of J. Pierpont Morgan and James J. Hill rather than upon that of John Mitchell or Samuel Gompers.

I believe the country needs peace rather than passion; rest more than rant; less cant and more conscience; more work and less whistling; and more men without party. It is time to mark down the shelf-worn goods and to put the job-lots on the bargain-counter.

Astuteness is only valuable in protecting us from the astute people. It adds nothing of value to the community.

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other occupation, is certain of success on the farm in proportion to his ability and industry. ¶ I do not think of any other occupation of which these sweeping assertions can be made. I do not know of any in which it is more possible to continue, in connection with the main business of earning a living, that enrichment and enlargement of the mind which is the best gift of university life and its proper, though seldom realized, continuation after the university has been left behind. ¶ Except for those who have made the acquisition of wealth and power their definite aim in life, I think the farm offers advantages that are superior to those of business or the professions.—*James J. Hill.*

IT seems probable to me that there are a good many hundred university graduates in this country every year who would be better off if they had shaped their studies with a view to agricultural industry and taken their diploma straight to the farm.

There is not and never will be any oversupply of educated farmers.

At the same time, the man with a university education, supplemented by just such practical instruction as he would feel essential to any

FORSOOTH, brothers, fellowship is heaven, and the lack of fellowship is hell; fellowship is life and the lack of fellowship is death; and the deeds that ye do upon the earth, it is for fellowship's sake that ye do them. Therefore, I bid you not dwell in hell, but in heaven—upon earth, which is a part of heaven and forsooth no foul part.

—*William Morris.*

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THE increase of ignorance is the surest mark of civilization ❧ Time was when we knew all about the origin of man—that he was manufactured deliberately and set down in a vale of tears euphemistically called the Garden of Eden. But this knowledge was merely a part of barbarism. With civilization comes the confession that we know nothing at all about it—that even our best guess contains a missing link.

So, also, knowledge about the other world was formerly common property. Almost any draftsman could give us a rough sketch of it, showing the character of the hinge on the Gates Ajar and the patentee's name on the timelock of eternity ❧ The pavements of Paradise, the antics of angels and the purpose of Purgatory were once known to an infinitesimal nicety. But all that knowledge is gone. Civilization is the cause. Civilization is but another name for darkness and ignorance.—*"Life."*

❧

Take time to deliberate; but when the time for action arrives, stop thinking and go in ❧ —*Jackson.*



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THE Man With a Message is a Lost Voice Crying in the Wilderness unless his Advertising is Well Planned. Virtue is its Own Reward, but to realize on it you must Publicize Wisely and Well. ¶ All of which is preliminary to saying that if you write me, I will give you some Reasons for Advertising in the Elbert Hubbard Magazines—*The Fra* and *The Philistine*—which are Undebatable.

JAMES WALLEN, Advertising Manager
The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

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HALF the joy of life is in little things taken on the run. Let us run if we must—even the sands do that—but let us keep our hearts young and our eyes open that nothing worth our while shall escape us. And everything is worth its while if we only grasp it and its significance.

—*Victor Cherbuliez.*

❧

There is nothing at all in life except what we put there.—*Madame Swetchine.*

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as follows:

PEORIA
Shriners' Temple, Friday Evening, April 19th.

CHICAGO
Studebaker Theater, Sunday Afternoon
at three o'clock, April 21st.

The following dates are all under the kindly care and guidance of the Ad-Men:

FARGO, N. D.
Tuesday Evening, April 23d.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA
Wednesday Evening, April 24th.

SEATTLE
Odd Fellows Temple, Monday, April 29th.

PORTLAND, OREGON
Bungalow Theater, Tuesday Evening, April 30th.

SAN FRANCISCO
Thursday Evening, May 2d.

LOS ANGELES
Auditorium Theater, Saturday Evening, May 4th.

DENVER
New Tramway Theater, Wednesday, May 8th.

IN observing conditions as they reach me in my efforts to serve my fellow-man, I have concluded that any man can succeed provided he gets into his head that he is a manufacturer of the greatest commodity in all the world—and that that commodity is Service that Serves.

Let any man sell the Service that Serves, and he is a success already ❧ He is a creator, because the world is looking for the manufacturing establishment which offers and furnishes this rare commodity. ¶ There is always room for folks who are willing to serve. Greatness is often found in simplicity—the simplicity of service.

Apply all the strength with which you are endowed to useful ends and you will be led step by step, degree by degree, plane by plane into the sunny atmosphere of this life. ¶ Believe in yourself and you will get others to believe in you. —*C. F. Johnson.*

❧

WE are suffering from a plethora of laws and regulations aimed at the conduct of business. What with the new interpretations of existing laws, additions without number to the statute-books and attempts to regulate and supervise every effort of human endeavor, business enterprise is discouraged and checked, the field of employment diminished, the rewards of labor decreased, and the financial and industrial future rendered unstable and insecure. Is it not time to stop and consider?—*Governor Dix.*

❧

The aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think than what to think.

— [illegible]

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BANISH the future; live only for the hour and its allotted work ❧ Think not of the amount to be accomplished, the difficulties to be overcome, but set earnestly at the little task at your elbow, letting that be sufficient for the day; for surely our plain duty is "not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand."—*Osler.*

❧

THE true function of the dramatist is to create men and women who think, speak and act, not as we would have them, but as they must, and always with the accent of their individual life. When the creation is a personality that conquers us by its intrinsic grace and charm, so that we feel that we would rather far be such a one in any misery or distress than to forego such excellence, then literature and ethics have met, righteousness and art have kissed each other.—*John W. Chadwick.*

❧

THROUGH zeal knowledge is gotten; through lack of zeal knowledge is lost: let a man who knows this double path of gain and loss thus place himself that knowledge may grow.—*Buddha.*

GOTHAM SHIRTS



GOTHAM

THE IDENTIFICATION MARK OF "THE SHIRT OF A GENTLEMAN"

Reminder:—

If your dealer can't furnish you, tell us at once. We'll forward immediately your *Signed* and *Dated* ***Personal Copy*** of "*The Gotham Book de Luxe.*" Only a ***very Limited Edition*** of this ***valuable Style Book*** is printed. **Send for your copy now. It awaits your address.**

A sage quotes Emerson as saying, "A shirt that fits lends a peace and poise which pedigree can not give."

Whether the gentleman of Concord said this or not, all men will recognize it as *undebatable* truth. As we *dress better*, we meet better people. As we meet better people, it is needful that our clothing meet the requirements.

The Gotham Manufacturing Company is producing shirts at a *reasonable price* which will help you measure up to the standard. ¶ Good shops everywhere sell GOTHAM SHIRTS. Every GOTHAM SHIRT has the dignity that only art and the love of labor lend.

Excellence of *material*, perfection of *workmanship*, and an earnest desire to please are factors in producing GOTHAM SHIRTS. GOTHAM SILK SHIRTS are the masterpieces of the shirtmaker's craft. The silk is the very finest obtainable; *durable*, *washable*, full of lustre. Gotham Madras, Mercerized Linen, Silk and other good fabrics retail at $1.00 to $7.50.

GOTHAM MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DEPT. K
Fifth Avenue Building, Madison Square West, New York City

Also makers of Gotham Summer Underwear, Pajamas and Soft Collars

THE soul is a fire that darts its rays through all the senses; it is in this fire that existence consists; all the observations and all the efforts of philosophers ought to turn towards this me, the center and moving power of our sentiments and our ideas.—*Madame De Stael.*

❧

Some men are like pyramids, which are very broad where they touch the ground, but grow narrow as they reach the sky.—*Beecher.*

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Marmalade of Merited Fame

WHEN manufacturers do the public a great service, they find the people in a receptive mood and in a kindly spirit of co-operation. James Robertson and Sons have been supplying the world with Jams, Jellies and Marmalades for more than forty years.

Robertson's Golden Shred Marmalade has the unique distinction of being recognized as the best marmalade for Breakfast and Tea use the world over. Golden Shred has passed into the current coin of language, and discriminating buyers of food-products the world over recognize the fact that Golden Shred Marmalade is a perfect product. It is made from selected bitter oranges and the finest sugar only. It is an exquisite, dainty food, palatable and nourishing. Package, contents—color, arrangement and taste—all appeal to the refined imagination and the generous mood of the buyer.

All of the Robertson products are noted for purity and merit. And the same conscientious care that is given Golden Shred Marmalade is devoted to the making of the numerous other Robertson Preserves.

Silver Shred Lemon Marmalade is the first palatable lemon marmalade ever made. All the tonic properties of the lemon are preserved. Robertson's Silver Shred Lemon Marmalade as an appetizer is both delicious and effective. Only the prize-grade oranges and lemons are used in Golden Shred and Silver Shred Marmalade.

Some one has said that the English Schoolboy is a sturdy chap full of play, study and Robertson's Marmalade. The American Branch of the James Robertson Preserve Company is fast making the same thing true of the American Schoolboy. For the children and grown-ups alike, Robertson's Marmalades will add to health and pleasure. And to the dealer who sells it, it will bring success and the gratitude of his customers.

The James Robertson Preserve Company, *West Somerville, Boston, Mass.*

James Robertson and Sons, Preserve Manufacturers, Ltd. Factories: Paisley, Manchester and London

ART AND SERVICE

"Applied Art" is fine art made practical. The School of Applied Art enables you to develop your natural talent, applying it in ways both profitable and interesting.
¶ There is no joy like the joy of creating things of real worth and artistic excellence. The Applied Art Courses give you this opportunity. ¶ There is a demand everywhere for the well-trained illustrator and designer. The School of Applied Art furnishes the best preparation.
Courses are given in Commercial, Fashion, Magazine, Book and Advertising Illustrating, Newspaper Cartooning, Lettering, Designing, Show Card, Architectural Perspective, Photo-retouching, Normal, Color and General Drawing. Each subject is clearly set forth and so easily understood.
¶ Artists' instruments and supplies furnished free. Take a course in the work you love and cash in your ability. Write for particulars today.

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART
696 FINE ARTS BUILDING : : BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

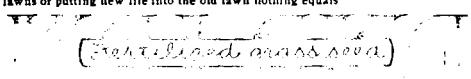
Incentive Thought Will Answer *Your* Call

THOUSANDS and thousands of mentally talented and ambitious souls are groping in the gloom of thought-fog—waning concentrative power—and flickering incentive.
I was in this state myself for years, until my discovery and practice of INCENTIVE THOUGHT proved to me that thought-science is the positive power-path to mental ease, obedience and achievement.
¶ If you are groping in the gloom of mental fog, my INCENTIVE THOUGHT MESSAGE will answer YOUR call, just as it answered mine. It tells a fascinating story of how I regained mastery by thought—discloses incentive thought-laws and forces wrested from years of bitter experience—explains how you can employ and enjoy this system of thought-training yourself.
The price of the "Message" is $2. Think of possessing this power-thought endowment—this incentive force—and send for it today.

ROBERT STEVENS, AUTHOR
INCENTIVE THOUGHT MESSAGE
833 East Forty-seventh Street Chicago, Illinois

GROW A FINE LAWN

Kalaka, the FERTILIZED GRASS SEED, will do it. It is specially selected, specially tested grass seed, and pulverized manure — the ideal combination to grow quick, hardy, lasting turf. Expert testing and careful blending insure against the failures that come when ordinary seeds are sown. For making new lawns or putting new life into the old lawn nothing equals



Packed in 5-pound boxes, express prepaid, at $1.00 per box, or $1.25 west of Omaha. Write and ask for prices on special mixtures for special locations and purposes. Order today and have the best seed money can buy. Write us for our free booklet, "How to Make a Lawn."

THE KALAKA COMPANY
31 Union Stock Yards, Chicago

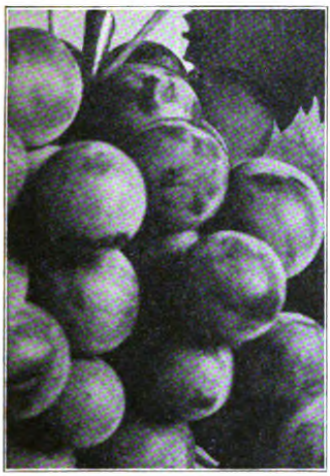
A Man Worth While

¶ A man of ability plus character offers you his services. He is twenty-eight years of age, a college man, has selling experience and can write letters which will do the business. ¶ This man can sell your goods and create a favorable impression for your concern. The president of a great corporation considers one as important as the other. ¶ The man who here suggests his services will act as traveling or resident representative of any concern whose product and commercial standing are on par with his ability, energy and personality.
¶ Correspondence will be given exacting attention. Perhaps your business would profit by this man right now. Address him, Box 529, Y. M. C. A. Bldg., Washington, D. C.

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Nature's Best Aid to Good Health

THERE are pleasanter ways to keep well than by taking medicines, dieting, or observing rigorous hygienic routine. ¶ And one of the pleasantest and easiest is to eat quantities of fresh grapes, or to drink pure grape juice. ¶ For Nature has stored away in the grape wonderful tonic and blood-building qualities — all of which are preserved for you in ARMOUR'S GRAPE JUICE. ¶ Only Concord Grapes — big, luscious, purple Concords — are used for ARMOUR'S GRAPE JUICE. ¶ Our two splendid plants, located in the hearts of the New York and Michigan famous grape-growing districts, command the cream of each season's crop. Each day's picking goes to press *that day*. Fruit is never held over to wilt or wither. ¶ Absolutely pure, unsweetened and undiluted.



Full, plump Grapes only in Armour's Grape Juice

Armour's Grape Juice

Bottled Where Best Grapes Grow

¶ Aids digestion, increases appetite, yields vitality and energy. ¶ And is, besides, the most truly delicious of beverages — the great family, social and gala drink, as well as the drink for health. ¶ ARMOUR'S GRAPE JUICE is sold by grocers and druggists, at fountains, buffets and clubs. ¶ If your dealer cannot supply you with Armour's, we will send you a trial dozen pints for $3, express prepaid east of Omaha. Address Armour and Company, Dept. 113, Chicago

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

SPEEDWAY!

SPEED-BOATING is the coming American Sport. Businessmen especially are more and more becoming interested in getting out on the Briny. There is something akin to business in Speed-Boating which the businessman recognizes and likes.

To steer a boat at sea, even in an approximately straight line, requires constant manipulation to manage; and successful business requires a constant readiness to change your course. A constant search for better things, better tools and better methods is the rule. The tug of inertia is everywhere — what some one has called the eternal cussedness in inanimate things. To overcome and circumvent the difficulties is the work of the man of enterprise.

And so the businessman is getting more and more interested in taking his rest in the life with which he is most at home. A fast boat that glides along on her keel, instead of sliding on her transom through a shower of spray — that will bring you through the fresh sea-air safely and quickly — is the sort of boat to spend your vacation with.

"Speedway" is a name which symbols efficiency, economy, luxury, speed and beauty in the Boat World. Speedway Gasoline Engines and Launches made by The Gas Engine and Power Company and Charles L. Seabury and Company, Consolidated, are of especial interest to businessmen who want dependable and speedy craft.

These expert boat-makers have studied all of the problems which heretofore have confronted motor-boat owners, and today they offer a boat which will give you a maximum of service with no mechanical defects to mar your pleasure. The boat they will build for you will be your companion for many moons.

An illustrated booklet is issued by these makers of boats de luxe, which will give you detailed information about their splendid launches and the unexcelled Speedway Engine. Ten cents in stamps will bring it to you.

Gas Engine and Power Company and Charles L. Seabury and Company, Con.
Morris Heights, New York City

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Who's Who In Rural America

YOU can judge the efficiency of a product by its users. Nothing can permanently succeed unless it is endorsed by the discriminating. The unresting, tireless, ambitious American farm-owner who wants everything "right" uses and recommends in highest terms of praise **United States Cream Separators.**

¶ The list of people who employ this aid to successful Dairying forms the Who 's Who in Rural America. The very strength of successful farming is efficient dairying. If your dairy is Class B, your farm is sure to be. The output of your dairy is directly dependent on the methods and machinery in vogue.

¶ Professor Erf, of the Ohio State University, offers this tribute to the United States Separator:

We have operated your U. S. Separator for a great many years, and have always found it a very satisfactory machine. The U. S. Separators placed in the Dairy Department of the Ohio State University have given excellent results in increased capacity, efficiency of skimming and ease of operation.

¶ Professor Erf refers to the Interlocking Style Number 17, which has a capacity of 450 pounds of milk an hour.

¶ For close skimming, ease of operation, cleanliness and lasting service, this Separator is unrivaled. You may be able to buy a cheaper separator than the **United States,** but the saving in cream, the length of service, and the freedom from repairs makes the first cost of the **United States Separator** a matter of economy.

¶ Join the Who 's Who in Rural America for no other reason than **it pays** to have the "right" Separator — the **U. S.** Send for booklet, "Prominent Users of U. S. Separators." All claims are proved. Write today.



Vermont Farm Machine Co.

Bellows Falls, Vermont

THIS hogging of the savings by the masters of the machinery is only a natural incident of unregulated private ownership of the machines. We believe that under rigid governmental regulation of the privately owned monopolies they can be made to give the people the benefit of the savings they have made. We believe they can pay their shareholders reasonable commercial dividends on actual cash investment and at the same time give the people the necessaries of life more plentifully and cheaply than these have been or can be supplied under a competitive system of production and distribution.

We believe the greatest blessing conferred upon society by the trust organization of industry has been the elimination of hundreds of thousands of superfluous middlemen, who have been released from nonproductive labor to join the ranks of the producers in factories and on farms ❧ We believe that the process of elimination ought not to be checked by a forced restoration of the old competitive system, but should be continued until the last superfluous middleman has been taken off the backs of the producers and his energy turned into productive toil.

If, on making a thorough test, it shall be found that the government can not so regulate privately owned monopolies, then we want public ownership of these monopolies, because we regard it as criminal folly to propose to destroy the vast labor, time and money saving machines which business genius has created. We want those machines preserved—under private ownership if possible, under public ownership if necessary.—***Frank Putnam.***

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WHAT Texas needs is capital to develop her resources, and transportation capital at that. She needs a billion dollars to build railroad lines so demanded by the commercial clubs of the State.

The following resolution was passed by the Texas Commercial Secretaries Association at their Waco meeting, setting forth the views of the organization on this important subject: "Ample and convenient means of transportation being necessary to successful agriculture, and as large sections of the State are but meagerly supplied with such means, we favor such legislation as will encourage the investment of capital in the construction of new lines of railroad and the extension and improvement of existing lines, so that all parts of the State may be furnished the necessary and convenient means of transportation."—"*Texas Horse Sense.*"

IT was stated that the value of architecture depended on two distinct characters: the one, the impression it receives from human power; the other, the image it bears of the natural creation.—*Ruskin.*

Efficiency Education And "Big Business"

By Arthur Frederick Sheldon

Business ideas in the abstract have their place, but the business man of today who is seeking a better understanding of business efficiency wants "his" in the concrete.

Mere theoretical education has practically run its course in the world of business and a new epoch is being ushered in.

"What I want," says the Twentieth Century live wire, "is something in the way of efficiency training that I can apply right here in my own business *today.*"

The new order of things evolves a fundamental business law or idea, and, then, in the same breath, so to speak, shows you how to put that law or that idea to work on your present day business problems.

Education and Business

Ten years ago a business man was all through with school when he entered business. Today he is coming to realize the insistent demand for efficiency training which he and his men can acquire and use during business hours in order to meet the higher developments of business organization.

I believe that the bigger a business man is the more he feels the need for a broader knowledge of business laws. I have found this to be the case with big men who have come in contact with The Sheldon School.

Anyway, I have a proposition to put to that kind of men which will instantly appeal to their business sense as one well worth the knowing.

A "Concrete" Example

We can show you letters from the Presidents, General Managers, Sales and Advertising Directors of some of the world's largest corporations, who have been students of The Sheldon School and who highly endorse its practical value.

The following excerpt from a letter sent us by Mr. E. Ray Speare, Treasurer and General Manager of the great machinery house of Alden Speares Sons Co., Boston, strikes the keynote of this advertisement:

"For the first three months this year our sales show an increase of over $187,000.00—this being a larger increase than we have scored for an entire year in some instances. *We cannot but attribute a large part of this gain to the scientific methods which the Sheldon Course has brought about in our selling force.* I have personally taken the course with a great deal of interest and have had countless instances come up where I know it has proved of direct practical benefit to me in handling various transactions."

The ablest lawyers, the most efficient doctors, and the foremost engineers are the ones most closely identified with the educational development of their respective professions, and this is coming to be more true of big business men every day. The big men everywhere are the most enthusiastic students of the "higher efficiency."

Get Our Literature

If you will mail the accompanying coupon or merely send us your business card, we will explain, without expense or obligation to you, how YOU can profit immensely through the big work we are doing.

We want to send you a number of booklets which in themselves are instructive and entertaining. Some of the biggest business men of this country and Europe have said that our literature has completely revolutionized their opinions of the study of business laws as an asset in their own business.

Will you render us an opportunity to send you free copies?

Fill Out and Mail Today—
MR. A. F. SHELDON
President The Sheldon School, 1340 Republic Bldg., Chicago

You may send me your booklets without cost or obligation to me.

Name .....

Address .....

Business and Position .....

BIGOTRY has no head and can not think, no heart and can not feel. When she moves it is in wrath; when she pauses it is amid ruin. Her prayers are curses, her God is a demon, her communion is death, her vengeance is eternity, her decalogue written in the blood of her victims, and if she stops for a moment in her infernal flight it is upon a kindred rock to whet her vulture fang for a more sanguinary desolation.

—*Daniel O'Connell.*

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For The Easter Bride's New Home

THE HAMMERED-COPPER articles shown on this page are suggestions for the dining-room in the new home.

¶ They will add a dainty, modern art touch, and give service as well as lend beauty to the room.

¶ Any one of these pieces or a pair of the Candlesticks will make an acceptable wedding-gift for the April Bride.



Copper Vase
with glass
flower-holder, for single flower
Price, $2.00



Table Fernery
To hold 6-inch flowerpot
Price, $9.00



Copper Tulip Taper
For sideboard or buffet decoration
Price, $2.00



Crumb-Tray and Table-Scraper
Price, $3.00

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie County, New York

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SHOES OF QUALITY

AN APPRECIATION BY ELBERT HUBBARD



THE man who makes anything in patience, in honesty and according to his highest ideals is a success, whether the world knows him or not. But the East Aurora Emersonian orphic about the world wearing a path to your door in the woods, for that better mouse-trap, is true with a chemical trace of exaggeration. ¶ In order to make it literally true, you must meet all trains with an automobile, operate an Inn and give Lectures—all for the benefit of visitors to the Mouse-Trap Factory. Also, you must publish at least two magazines to publicize widely and wisely. ¶ James S. Coward makes Shoes of Quality better than most, but Mr. Coward advertises simply to tell what he has to offer in the way of shoes that fit a foot-weary world which is making a path to his door in old New York. ¶ The more people know about Coward Shoes, in just that proportion are more people able to walk naturally and comfortably. In shape and in fit, in quality of materials and in finish, Coward Shoes appeal to people who know what good footgear should be. ¶ Mr. Coward's idea of a Shoe amounts to an Ideal, and to sell you anything else he would consider a calamity to himself. Mr. Coward would rather have it said of him that "he makes good shoes" than any other compliment you might extend him. ¶ It is a duty to wear shoes that fit, and to investigate Coward Shoes is a matter of importance. Mr. Coward has only one store, but his Mail Service is a Service in the strict sense of the word. Consult him now

THE COWARD SHOE

FOR MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN

¶ You Folks who have never been quite foot-suited should write to Mr. Coward for His Little Book, picturing the Coward Family.

Some Coward "SPECIAL" Shoes

The Coward Good-Sense Shoe - - - (made especially for tender feet)
The Coward Straight-Last Shoe - - - (for slim, straight, slender feet)
The Coward Bunion Shoe - - - - - The Coward Arch-Support Shoe
The Coward Combination Shoe - - - The Coward Orthopedic Shoe

JAMES S. COWARD

264-274 GREENWICH ST., NEW YORK

(MAIL ORDERS FILLED) *(SOLD NOWHERE ELSE)*

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The Evolution *of* a Piano

Unlike the violin, which was almost a perfect instrument from its first appearance, the piano has gone through nearly two hundred years of evolution.

Piano-builders have been spurred to their highest effort by master players, whose technique and individuality have made such tremendous demands on piano strength and pliability of action.

When Hugo Sohmer, in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-two, at the age of twenty-four, began to build pianos, he brought to his work the traditions, the training and the talent that were to develop the Master Builder and to evolve the "Soulful Sohmer."

Mr. Edmund Neupert declares that the Sohmer Piano possesses "all the essentials of a perfect pianoforte." The Sohmer satisfies the critic and the connoisseur, and is an inspiration to the amateur.

In touch, tone and scale this piano has been made to meet the demand of Hugo Sohmer's ideal, and as these qualities were perfected, the artistic beauty of the piano body was developed and made substantial.

¶ Forty years of piano-building have made the Sohmer Piano an instrument of merit, recognized and used by music-master and music-lover.

Piano value was the first consideration of the Sohmer Company. When that was achieved a just price was set, and that this price is commensurate with Sohmer value is recognized by piano-buyers of all classes—the men who buy for the trade and the men and women who buy for their homes.

The story of the Sohmer Piano will interest you. Write for it. The makers will send it to you gladly.

SOHMER AND COMPANY
Sohmer Building, 315 5th Avenue, Corner 32d Street
NEW YORK CITY

THE difference between a precious stone and a common stone is not an essential difference—not a difference of substance, but of arrangement of the particles—the crystallization. In substance, the charcoal and the diamond are one, but in form and effect, how widely they differ! The pearl contains nothing that is not found in the coarsest oyster-shell.

Two men have the same thoughts; they use about the same words in expressing them; yet with one the product is real literature, with the other it is platitude.

The difference is all in presentation; a finer and more compendious process has gone on in the one case than in the other. The elements are better fused and knitted together; they are in some way heightened and intensified ❧ Is not here a clue to what we mean by style?

Style transforms common quartz into an Egyptian pebble. We are apt to think of style as something external, that can be put on, something in and of itself ❧ But it is not; it is in the inmost texture of the substance itself. ¶ Polish, choice words, faultless rhetoric, are only the accidents of style ❧ Indeed, perfect workmanship is one thing; style, as the great writers have it, is quite another ❧ It may, and often does, go with faulty workmanship. It is the choice of words in a fresh and vital way, so as to give us a vivid sense of a new spiritual force and personality. In the best work the style is found and hidden in the matter.

I heard a reader observe, after finishing one of Robert Louis Stevenson's books, "How well it is written!" I thought it a doubtful com-

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pliment. It should have been so well written that the reader would not have been conscious of the writing at all. If we could only get the writing, the craft, out of our stories and essays and poems, and make the reader feel he was face to face with the real thing! The complete indentification of the style with the thought; the complete absorption of the man with his matter, so that the reader shall say, "How good, how real, how true!"—that is the great success. Seek ye the kingdom of truth first, and all things shall be added.

I think we do feel, with regard to some of Stevenson's books, like *An Inland Voyage*, *Travels With a Donkey*, etc., how well they are written. Certainly one would not have the literary skill any less, but would have one's attention kept from it by the richness of the matter. Hence I think a British critic hits the mark when he says Stevenson lacks homeliness.

Doctor Holmes wrote fine and eloquent poems, yet I think one does not feel that he is essentially a poet. His work has not the inevitableness of Nature; it is a skilful literary feat; we admire it, but seldom return to it. His poetry is a stream in an artificial channel; his natural channel is his prose; here we get his freest and most spontaneous activity.

One fault I find with our younger and more promising school of novelists is that their aim is too literary; we feel they are striving mainly for artistic effects. Do we feel this at all in Scott, Dickens, Hawthorne or Tolstoy? These men are not thinking about art, but about life—how to produce life.

In essayists like Pater, Wilde, Lang, the same



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A SERMONETTE ON HAM

HUGH S. FULLERTON, author of "EATING, a Study in the Preparation, Location and Mastication of Food and a Directory of the Principal Good Things to Eat in America," makes but one error in his most remarkable and comprehensive work. He says:

¶ "If one wants the perfect dinner, one must eat in one spot, fast thousands of miles and the next course to cover the entire country. Good food will not bear transplanting and retain flavor, and above that, a perfect dish must have the individuality of the cook stamped upon it."

¶ Forest Home Farm Old-Fashioned Virginia Ham is shipped and received in superexcellent condition everywhere, and by following a few simple directions it can be served as deliciously in Northern Wisconsin as in Virginia. Of course, no Wisconsin farmer could ever prepare Ham the Virginia Way. The initial preparation must be done by Virginians according to the Century Old Recipe.

¶ And then the hogs from which this Ham comes are Virginia Hogs and that is a difference with a big D. These hogs have the run of the woods and the choice of natural, fresh, clean, sweet food. Necessity gives them plenty of exercise.

¶ The people who make Forest Home Hams believe in utilizing sanitary and modern science in following the old ideas. And so the Virginia Hams prepared today are even finer than those of former years. The Hams are aged for one year.

¶ The price of Forest Home Farm Superior Country Cured Hams is Thirty Cents per pound, F. O. B., Purcellville, Va., unless you buy one hundred pounds. On one-hundred-pound orders, the Farm pays the freight. The Hams average ten to sixteen pounds each. Cooking-recipes are sent with each shipment.

FOREST HOME FARM, Purcellville, Va.

A Question to Employers

It is an admitted fact that good helpers are few. But do you get the maximum amount of efficiency out of the help you now have? Are the tools which are used in your business a defeat or an aid to the development of efficiency?

Use only tools of proven merit—tools which are conducive to the best quality of work. We commend Utica Pliers to your consideration.

Utica Pliers fit the human hand. They give comfort plus utility. They are strong, and because of their durability are especially economical. They reduce waste of time, annoyance and spoiled work. They are the only pliers built along scientific and commonsense lines.

Ask your Hardware Dealer for Utica Pliers. If you do not find them in stock, write to the makers for information.

Utica Drop Forge & Tool Co. 800 Whitesboro Street UTICA, NEW YORK

and then stop. I see it is only deft handicraft, and that the heart and soul are not in it ❧ One day my boy killed what an old hunter told him was a mock duck. It looked like a duck, it acted like a duck, but when it came upon the table—it mocked us ❧ These mock poems of the magazines remind me of it ❧ Is it not unfair to take any book, certainly any great piece of literature, and deliberately sit down to pass judgment upon it? Great books are not addressed to the critical judgment, but to the life, the soul ❧ They need to slide into one's life earnestly, and find him with his guard down, his doors open, his attitude disinterested. The reader is to give himself to them, as they give themselves to him; there must be self-sacrifice.

thing occurs; we are constantly aware of the literary artist; they are not in love with life, reality, so much as they are with words, style, literary effects. Their seriousness is mainly an artistic seriousness. It is not so much that they have something to say, as that they are filled with a desire to say something.

Nearly all our magazine poets seem filled with the same desire; what labor, what art and technique; but what a dearth of feeling and spontaneity! I read a few lines or stanzas

We find the great books when we are young, eager, receptive. After we grow hard and critical we find few great books. A recent French critic says: "It seems to me, works of art are not made to be judged, but to be loved, to please, to dissipate the cares of real life. It is precisely by wishing to judge them that one loses sight of their true significance."

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"How can a man learn to know himself?" inquires Goethe. "Never by reflection, only by action." Is not this a half-truth? One can only learn his powers of action by action, and his powers of thought by thinking ❧ He can only learn whether or not he has power to command, to lead, to be an orator or legislator, by actual trial ❧ Has he courage, self-control, self-denial, fortitude, etc.? ❧ In life alone can he find out. Action tests his moral virtues, reflection his intellectual. If he would define himself to himself he must think.

"We are weak in action," says Renan, "by our best qualities; we are strong in action by will and a certain one-sidedness." "The moment Byron reflects," says Goethe, "he is a child." Byron had no self-knowledge. We have all known people who were ready and sure in action, who did not know themselves at all ❧ Your weakness or strength as a person comes out in action; your weakness or strength as an intellectual force comes out in reflection.—*John Burroughs.*

❧

Say not that this or that thing came to thwart you: it came only to test you.—*Muriel Strode.*



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❧

It is not enough to be industrious; so are the ants. What are you industrious about?
—*Thoreau.*

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THE Fifth Annual Saint Paul Products Dinner, under the auspices of the Town Criers Club, will be held at the Hotel Ryan at Saint Paul, Wednesday evening, April Seventeenth. The members have taken hold of the work with their usual enthusiasm, and a banquet even more elaborate and with greater attendance than last year's is planned.

The dinner, like its predecessors, will have nothing on the menu not made in Saint Paul. Everything—from the linen and dishes on the table to the coffee and cigars—will bear a Saint Paul brand.

Among the list of prominent speakers are Governor Eberhart of Minnesota, President Vincent of the University of Minnesota, Mayor Keller, and officers of the various business and commercial organizations of Saint Paul.

President M. J. Osborne, of the Town Criers, and the Executive Committee have appointed a Chairman of Arrangements, who will look after all details, and active work is already in progress.

Attractive souvenirs will be presented to each guest, provided by wholesalers, manufacturers and merchants of Saint Paul.

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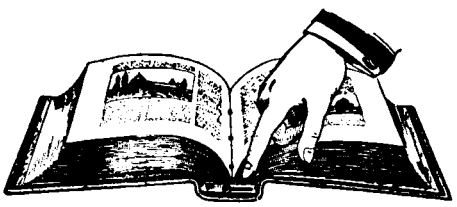
—*George J. Holyoake.*

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WHAT a royal plant cotton is! The world waits in attendance on its growth. The shower that falls whispering on its leaves is heard around the earth. The sun that shines upon it is tempered by the prayers of all people. The frost that chills it, and the dew that descends from the stars are noted, and the trespass of a little worm on its green leaf is more to England than the advance of the Russian army on her Asian outposts ❧ It is gold from the instant it puts forth its tiny shoot. Its fiber is current in every bank; and when, loosing its fleeces to the sun, it floats a sunny banner that glorifies the field of the humble farmer, that man is marshaled under a flag that will compel the allegiance of the world and wring a subsidy from every nation of the earth ❧ It is the heritage that God gave to this people forever as their own when He arched our skies, established our mountains, girt us about with the ocean, loosed the breezes, tempered the sunshine, and measured the rain: ours and our children's forever—as princely a talent as ever came from His hand to mortal stewardship.—*Henry W. Grady.*

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MEN'S minds are as variant as their faces. Where the motives of their actions are pure, the operation of the former is no more to be imputed to them as a crime, than the appearance of the latter. For both, being the work of Nature, are alike unavoidable.—*George Washington.*

❧

Nothing is impossible to the man who can will. Is that necessary? That shall be. This is the only law of success.—*Mirabeau.*

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I THANK Heaven, every Summer's day of my life, that my lot was humbly cast within the hearing of romping brooks, and beneath the shadow of oaks. And from all the tramp and bustle of the world, into which fortune has led me in these latter years of my life, I delight to steal away for days and for weeks together, and bathe my spirit in the freedom of the old woods, and to grow young again, lying upon the brookside and counting the white clouds that sail along the sky, softly and tranquilly, even as holy memories go stealing over the vault of life. I like to steep my soul in a sea of quiet, with nothing floating past me, as I lie moored to my thought, but the perfume of flowers, and soaring birds, and shadows of clouds. Two days ago I was sweltering in the heat of the city, jostled by the thousand eager workers, and panting under the shadow of the walls. But I have stolen away, and for two hours of healthful regrowth into the darkling past, I have been this blessed Summer's morning lying upon the grassy bank of a stream that babbled me to sleep in boyhood. Dear, old stream, unchanging, unfaltering—never growing old—smiling in your silver rustle, and calming yourself in the broad, placid pools—I love you, as I love a friend!

—Donald G. Mitchell.

THINK not thy time short in this world, since the world itself is not long. The created world is but a small parenthesis in eternity, and a short interposition, for a time, between such a state of duration as was before it and may be after it.—*Browne.*

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BEFORE we can bring happiness to others, we must first be happy ourselves; nor will happiness abide within us unless we confer it to others. If there be a smile upon our lips, those around us will soon smile, too, and our happiness will become the truer and deeper as we see others happy.

—*Maeterlinck.*

MAN has not yet reached his best. He never will reach his best until he walks the upward way side by side with woman ❧ Plato was right in his fancy that man and woman are merely halves of humanity, each requiring the qualities of the other in order to attain the highest character ❧ Shakespeare understood it when he made his noblest women strong as men, and his best men tender as women. The hands and breasts that nursed all men to life are scorned as the forgetful brute proclaims his superior strength and plumes himself that he can subjugate the one who made him what he is.—*Eugene V. Debs.*

❧

Science is bound by the everlasting law of honor to face fearlessly every problem which can be fairly presented to it.—*Thomson.*



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—*Frederick W. Taylor.*

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FROM the fact that more than twenty-five per cent of college graduates go into law, it will be evident to every one that this must cause a tremendous overcrowding of that profession.

A reputable lawyer has stated to me that, in his opinion, the average yearly income of country lawyers is not over six hundred dollars, and of city lawyers one thousand two hundred dollars. This would be an objectionable state of things even if honor and education always went together; but, unfortunately, educated men are quite as likely to use their education for evil purposes as those who are uneducated, and this is particularly true of lawyers and public speakers. ¶ It is only necessary to go into our courts of justice almost any day in the week in order to see how lawyers use the education they have received to assist them in defeating the ends of justice and in robbing people of their rights and money. In like manner a well-educated speaker is often able to overthrow the arguments and thwart all the efforts of a less brilliant man who is advocating a noble cause. If a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, how much worse is a great deal of knowledge in unscrupulous hands.

I fail to see, therefore, why the people who support colleges should feel that they are doing any good by furnishing the facilities for producing so many lawyers. For myself, I should as soon think of putting money into a scheme for spreading smallpox as into any institution for turning out lawyers. Even the educators, some of them, have begun to wake up to the suspicion that they have been making a big

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mistake somewhere, and I have seen it admitted in some of their public addresses that it has been a great waste of college work to produce such a quantity of lawyers and doctors for whom there is no demand or necessity.
—*R. T. Crane.*

ALL Nature speaks the voice of dissolution. The highway of history and of life is strewn with the wrecks that Time, the great despoiler, has made. We listen sorrowfully to the Autumn winds as they sigh through dismantled forests, but we know their breath will be soft and vernal in the Spring, and the dead flowers and withered foliage will blossom and bloom again And if a man die, shall he, too, not live again? Is earth the end of all, and death an eternal sleep? Not so, but beyond the grave in the distant Aiden, hope provides an Elysium of the soul where the mortal shall assume immortality, and life become an endless splendor.
—*D. W. Voorhees.*

See that your children be taught, not only the labors of the earth, but the loveliness of it.
—*John Ruskin.*

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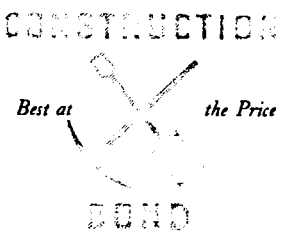
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Search thy own heart; what paineth thee in others in thyself may be. —*Whittier.*

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GRENVILLE KLEISER, America's champ oratorical heavyweight, says we should cut these out: I rise with diffidence. Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking ☙ By a happy stroke of Fate. I did not expect to make a speech ☙ It becomes my painful duty. In the last analysis. I am encouraged to go on. I point with pride. On the other hand (with gestures). I hold. The vox populi. Be that as it may. I shall not detain you. As the hour is growing late. Believe me. We view with alarm. As I was about to tell you ☙ The happiest day of my life. It falls to my lot. I can say no more. I can only hint. I can say nothing. I need say nothing. I can not find words. The fact is. To my mind. I can not sufficiently do justice ☙ I fear. All I can say is. I shall not inflict a speech on you. Far be it from me. It behooves me. But alas! Rise phoenix-like from his ashes ☙ What more can I say? At this late period of the evening ☙ It is hardly necessary to say. I can not allow the opportunity to pass ☙ For, mark you. I have already taken up too much time ☙ I might talk to you for hours. Looking back upon my childhood ☙ We can imagine the scene. I have n't the time nor ability. Ah, no, dear friends. One word more and I have done. I will now conclude. I really must stop. I have done.

☙

I HAVE lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate! The old adage of "too many irons in the fire" contains an untruth—you can not have too many—poker, tongs and all, keep them going.—*Adam Clark.*

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I BELIEVE in boys and girls, the men and women of a great tomorrow, that whatsoever the boy soweth, the man shall reap. I believe in the curse of ignorance, in the efficacy of schools, in the dignity of teaching, and the joy of serving another. I believe in wisdom as revealed in human lives as well as in the pages of a printed book; in lessons taught not so much by precept as by example; in ability to work with the hands as well as to think with the head; in everything that makes life large and lovely ❧ I believe in beauty in the schoolroom, in the home, in the daily life and out of doors. I believe in laughter, in all ideals and distant hopes that lure us on. I believe that every hour of every day we receive a just reward for all we do ❧ I believe in the present and its opportunities, in the future and its promises, and in the divine joy of living.—*Edwin Osgood Grover.*

❧

IF you can earn your own living and also produce a surplus, adding to the wealth and happiness of the world, you are fit to be called an educated person.—*Charles W. Eliot.*



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—*Charles Sumner.*

❧

Confidence imparts a wonderful inspiration to its possessor.—*Milton.*

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Oriental Stone Lanterns

For American Gardens



JAPANESE GARDENS IN AMERICA is the name of a Vantine Book that is well illustrated and daintily printed—"Plans and treatment and why this form of Garden should be given a preference."

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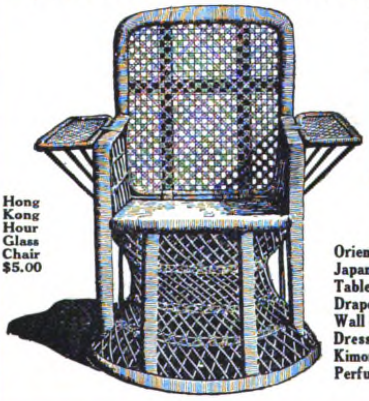
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❧

SO it has ever been to me, by day or by night, Summer or Winter, beneath the trees the heart feels nearer to that depth of life the far sky means. The rest of spirit found only in beauty, ideal and pure, comes there, because the distance seems within touch of thought ❧ To the heaven thought can reach lifted by the strong arms of the oak, carried up by the ascent of the flame-shaped fir.—*Richard Jefferies.*

❧

The world is blessed most by men who do the things, and not by those who merely talk about them.—*James Oliver.*

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AS we sailed under this canopy of leaves, we saw the sky through its chinks, and as it were, the meaning and idea of the tree stamped in a thousand hieroglyphics on the heavens ❧ The universe is so aptly fitted to our organization that the eye wanders and reposes at the same time ❧ On every side there is something to soothe and refresh this sense. Look up at the tree-tops, and see how finely Nature finishes off her work there. See how the pines spire without end higher and higher, and make a graceful fringe to the earth. And who shall count the finer cobwebs that soar and float away from their utmost tops, and the myriad insects that dodge between them! ❧ Leaves are of more various forms than the alphabets of all languages put together; of the oaks alone there are hardly two alike, and each expresses its own character.—*Henry D. Thoreau.*



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You can not be brave in a crisis, if you are habitually a coward.—*F. B. Meyer.*

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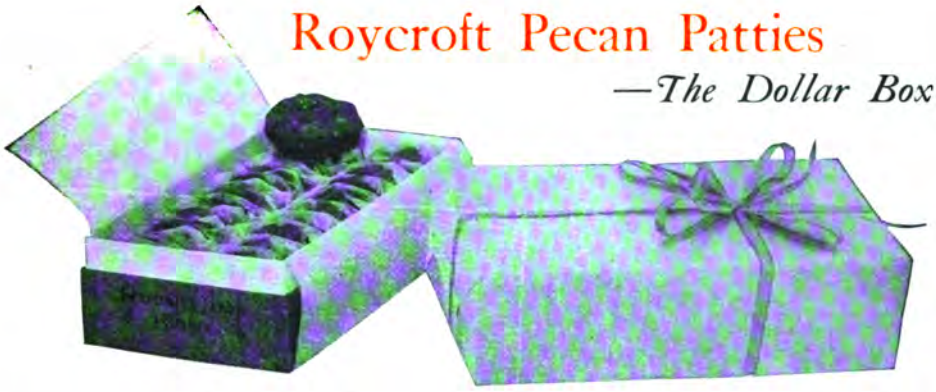
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—*J. M. Chapple.*

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The work habit is a sieve that separates the dreamer from the doer.—*Harry Lahr.*

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A BOY who is coddled by his parents, who sits behind the stove in Winter when others are playing in the snow, who lies abed late and has his pockets full of candy, who must not go into the water until he has learned to swim, and whose precious life and breath are the objects of his own and his parents' incessant solicitude, may look with pity upon his neighbor who runs about barefooted, gets up early to feed the cows, has few clothes and no candy, and must work for his food; but all human experience and all history show that the hardier boy has by far the best chance of becoming a useful man and making an honorable figure in the world. Nature curses inaction, whether among rich or poor.—*Charles Nordhoff.*

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CAMDEN. N.J. U.S.A. Mar. 2, 1912.

SUBJECT: THE MESSAGE TO GARCIA.

Mr. Elbert Hubbard,

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Eldridge R Johnson

President.

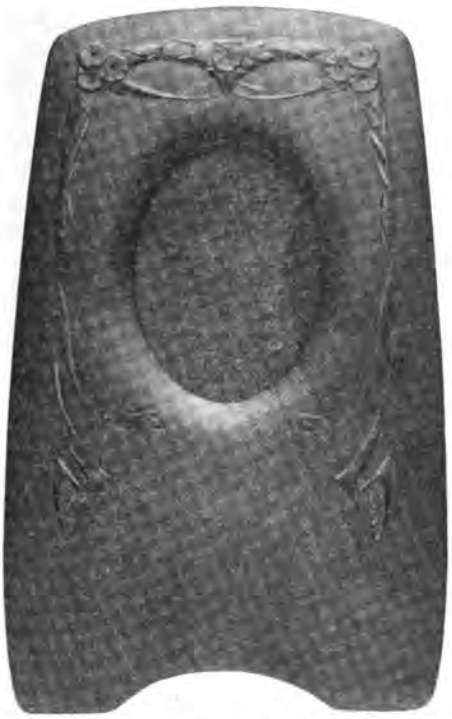
Single copies of *A Message to Garcia*—paper covers—are supplied to subscribers of *The Fra*, free, on application. In quantities, one dollar a dozen. Prices on larger quantities gladly quoted.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

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Wedding-Gifts



These two pieces, modeled in original designs by Mr. Kranz on the finest quality of English Leather, will add their part in beauty and charm to the new home. They are perfect examples of art modeled leather and have that individuality which is possible only in those things made entirely by hand. The leather has been given an unusual art distinction by the exquisite coloring which Mr. Kranz gets into all his work.

Price, $7.50

Modeled-Leather Frame

The portrait-frame will give the bride a thrill, for she will know at once just what will look well in it. The frame is nine inches high and five inches wide at the bottom; it is modeled in Empire design and is made with standard.

The oval opening is 2 3-8 x 3 1-2 inches. Price, $7.50.

Modeled-Leather Wastebasket

This modeled-leather wastebasket has all the practical qualities of the best wastebaskets ever made. It is capacious, steady, will not sift its contents, and it is beautiful.

This basket can be used to advantage in the library, den, office or living-room.

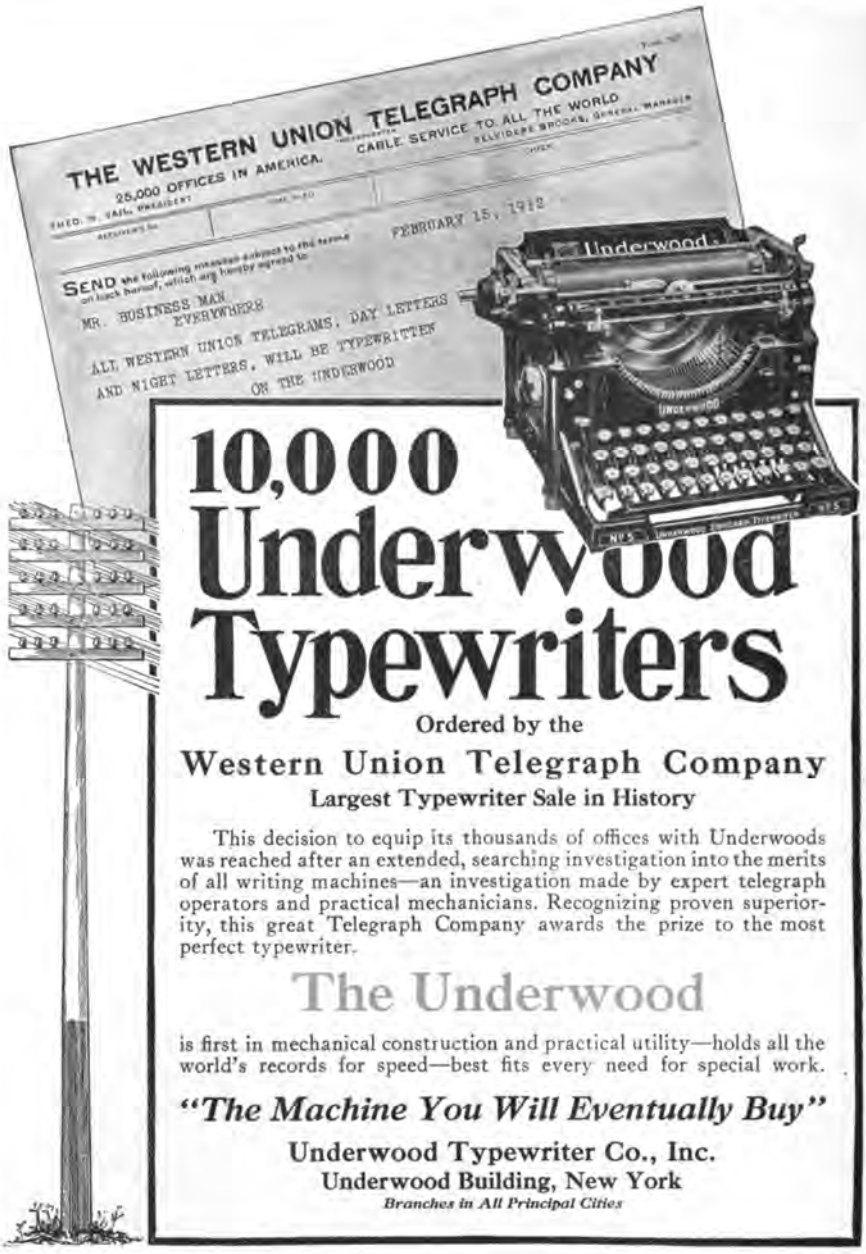
The diameter is 9 inches, depth 15 inches. Price, $10.00.



Price, $10.00

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie County, New York

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his life that as soon as he gets out of debt he intends to pay cash for everything.

When a man is going the downward path, the relative who intercedes is always told, "Well, I 'll never ask you for anything."

Don't be jealous of any one who works in the same shop with you; jump out and do so much work that he will be jealous of you.

A boy likes to smoke in the presence of his mother, and have her say, "Goodness knows I did everything I could to keep him from it." ❧

Whenever we do a thing we should n't do, we feel sneaking about it; and a sneaking feeling is the most uncomfortable feeling in the world. ¶ Did you ever notice how joyously men and women rush out of the shops and stores when the whistle sounds at noon, and how they lay back at one o'clock?—*Ed Howe.*

❧

THE invisible makes the nation. The nation is not made great, it is not made rich, it is not made at all, by mines and forests and prairies and water-powers. Great men make a nation great, and the qualities that make men great are invisible.—*Lyman Abbott.*

YOU have noticed, probably, that your grievances attract almost no attention. ¶ Baseball is becoming so popular it would not surprise us to see Roosevelt don a suit ❧

Every married man has said this to his wife, "I 'll never tell you another thing as long as I live."

A man who is bothered with sleeplessness talks as much about it as a woman who has had an operation performed.

We know a man who has been saying all of

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I HAVE just been out for a little lecture-tour through the State of Kansas. I gave two addresses at Manhattan State College, the greatest agricultural school in America. I also spoke half a dozen times in various other towns and cities.

¶ Kansas owns more automobiles than any other State in the Union ❧ Also, these automobiles are mostly owned by farmers, and very seldom is there a mortgage on an automobile in Kansas.

The things that have made Kansas passing rich are hogs, hens and cattle.

¶ You do not hear the people in Kansas kicking on the packers ❧ ❧

In Wichita, the Jacob Dold Company, the "opposition" or "independent," holds forth in a big way. The S. & S. Co. are in Kansas City. They belong to the opposition, too. And yet most of the Kansas product goes to Chicago. The Chicago packers have opened an immense market for Kansas products, and as far as I can see, Kansas is grateful.

Chicago packers represent a little less than forty per cent of the packing industries of America. They have taught us a lot of things, but they are not the whole thing in the meat business. ¶ Ask Jacob Dold of Buffalo and Wichita!

❧

THE armed fleets of an enemy approaching our harbors would be no more alarming than the relentless advance of a day when we shall have neither sufficient food nor the means to purchase it for our population. The farmers of the nation must save it in the future, just as they built its greatness in the past.—*James J. Hill.*



Nitrate Is Necessary To Beautiful Lawns

Enough Nitrate quickens and thickens the growth of grass and gives to it that deep, cool green which makes some lawns inviting. A rapid growth of trees and shrubs and a foliage, almost tropical in density, follow close upon an application of Nitrate in the form of

Nitrate of Soda

Nitrate of Soda is the cheapest form of nitrogen because it is immediately and entirely available. Its effect is seen sooner than that of any other fertilizer. It is clean, odorless and easy to handle. Use it now and have a finer lawn and more beautiful trees next summer than ever before. *Write for literature.*

DR. WILLIAM S. MYERS, Director, Chilean Nitrate Propaganda, 17 Madison Avenue New York
No Branch Offices

The Tool For Intensive Cultivation

The prime elements in this machine are efficiency, strength and durability. Efficiency is its excuse for existing. There has long been a need of a tool that could stand the strain and effectively chop up bushes, bunch grass, hardhack, sunflower and the like. That work is just the mission of CLARK'S REVERSIBLE CUTAWAY BUSH AND BOG PLOW. It fairly revels in the cultivation of newly cleared timber land. As an instrument for intensive cultivation it has no equal. It is the one tool that goes down and fines soil as it has never before been done where other implements are used. It prepares the ground to take moisture and air—the two agents necessary to big crop yields, for they dissolve the plant food so the rootlets can take them up. The finer you get the soil and the deeper, the more plant food you will make available. And that is the secret of raising big crops. The BUSH AND BOG PLOW is the crop getter.



NO COMPROMISE

There is no compromise in the material used to make this machine. Twenty-five years have taught us how, not only how to make a tool that will do good work, but how to build one that will last. It is reversible, so that it will move the soil to or from the center. It cuts a strip 5 feet wide, 9 inches deep. It has eight 24-inch cutaway cutlery steel disks, made and shaped in our own factory, the home of the original cutaway tool. The object of this machine creation was intensive cultivation, which is really thorough or scientific cultivation. Scientific cultivation is a Clark hobby, and it is reflected in all the Clark tools.

INTENSIVE CULTIVATION

Send for our new booklet, "Intensive Cultivation." It will tell you things every farmer should know, but too many do not. There are also things in it about our other implements. We make a special one for every special use.

THE CUTAWAY HARROW CO.
979 MAIN STREET : : HIGGANUM, CONN.

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Hand-Hammered Desk Accessories and Fittings for the Library as Wedding and Easter Gifts



Stationery-Rack and Letter-Holder

Modeled Copper, hand-hammered. Poppy design. Price, $6.00.



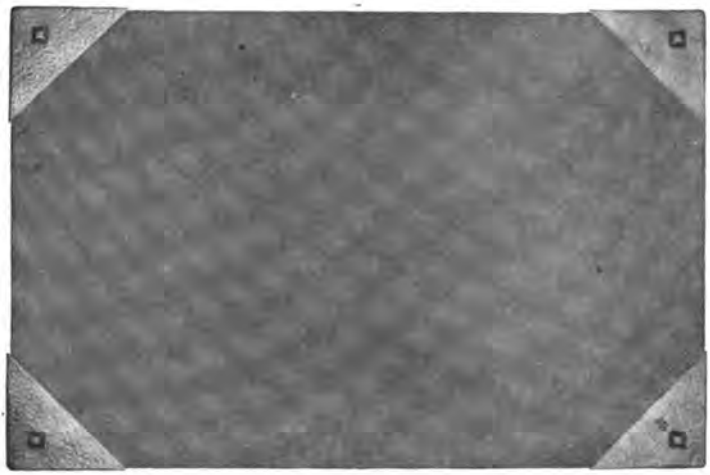
Hammered-Copper Pen-Box

A good size for general usefulness. Price, $2.00.

The Scimitar Paper-Knife

Price, Fifty Cents.





Desk-Pad With Hand-Hammered Copper Corners

Sixteen by twenty-four inches. Price, $5.00.



Combination Inkwell and Pen-Tray

This is especially good for a small desk. Price, $6.00.



Book-Ends

Poppy design. Price, $4.00.

THE ROYCROFTERS

EAST AURORA, ERIE CO., NEW YORK

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Three Roycroft Books in Fine Bindings



Self-Reliance

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON

"Napoleon has conquered; Austerlitz is won!"

There are men who never lose; who win even in defeat. "No matter how often defeated," says Emerson, "you are born to victory."

Bertrand tells that he came upon Napoleon at midnight, chart before him, pencil in hand, "changing the map of Europe!" Nothing can thwart these men; nothing can keep them down. They are the Supermen; the Oversoul fleshed for the nonce. We are all Supermen, or should be. This is the imperious, imperative message that Emerson brings in *Self-Reliance*.

Self-Reliance, an epoch-making book; the greatest philosopher of modern times at his best.

Handmade paper, board binding, fine format. Price, $2.00.

Crimes Against Criminals

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

"Every man knowing that he is useful, admires himself," and working from this proposition Robert Ingersoll would protect all men from the possibility of becoming criminal.

Without self-respect, no man is safe; and unless man is taught to deal with things as they are, with life as it is, he can not have that feeling of independence which Ingersoll says is the firmest foundation of honor and character.

To be self-respecting, human beings must be self-supporting, and no State is safe which takes away a man's means of making a living.

¶ *Crimes Against Criminals* is a book that every man and woman who believes in human rights should own. It is printed on handmade paper and bound in Alicia binding. Price, $5.00.





The Law of Love

By WILLIAM MARION REEDY

Beginning with the Essay, *The Law of Love*, or the "Law of All Life," Reedy follows this law in one phase or another through all the Essays of his book.

So we have among them the story of Ginx's Baby; the Divine Sara; Sappho, the greatest Woman Poet; the lovely description of our own much-American and much-loved Maude Adams; and then he tells about that Gypsy Genius, Sir Richard Burton, and his Kasidah with its luring lines about this Law of Life, which sweeps through all the world, "as swells and swoons across the wold the tinkling of the camel's bell."

The Law of Love is a book of rare, exquisite sentiment.

Reedy has a master's style; this book contains his best.

In flexible leather covers. Price, $2.00.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie County, New York

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Over 300 of our trucks are making money for contractors

Proved by 12 years of real service **Mack *and* Saurer** Proved by 17 years of real service

"Leading gasoline trucks of the world"

The important questions about motor trucks are:

1. Will they last long enough to repay the original investment with profit?
2. Is there a sufficient variety of sizes and styles of body for each individual use?

On these points we give you a complete answer:

1. Mack trucks have made good consistently for 12 years; Saurer for 17 years.
2. Capacities of 1, 1½, 2, 3, 4, 4½, 5, 6½, 7½ and 10 tons. Bodies suitable for each owner are built in our own plant.

We have data on the transportation problems of almost every business. We shall be glad to send you information about the use of motor trucks in your business.

International Motor Company

General Offices: 57th and Broadway, New York. Works: Allentown, Pa., Plainfield, N. J.
Sales and Service Stations:
New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco and other large cities.

KING HEROD was so well pleased with the dancing of Salome that he offered her half his kingdom. One of the saddest tragedies in Christendom followed, and Herod's throne toppled and fell. The people of today are ofttimes so well pleased with the vaudeville performance of politicians and the Salome dances of party leaders that they give them the whole of their kingdom, and as a result industries crash, commerce crumbles and pandemonium reigns supreme, and the land becomes flooded with "isms" and legislative cure-alls, when the trouble lies in weak leadership. No country can become stronger than its leaders, and weak leaders are the pall-bearers of prosperity. Let that people take heed whose leaders are under the grip of impulses and whose characters flicker like a wild flame, lest they become overpowered by the knockout-drops of human weakness; their influence belt the State like a temptation, and their precedent stalk over the land like a pestilence.

FROM the day when there thundered forth into the Cosmos the mighty fiat, "Let there be Light," down the ages in which humanity found amid material activities the Path of Duty, to the present, when the gigantic heart-throb of Manufacture and Commerce pulsates through the veins of the awakened nations of the world—and more especially of this Great Republic—all is Expansion.—*Frederick W. Pettit.*

Agriculture is the safeguard not only of national wealth, but of national character.

—*James J. Hill.*

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THE man or woman who has come to know kinship with a flower or a weed has gone far in wisdom, and it is my belief that all the lessons of faith, hope and love are inwritten in the wordless library of a garden. The idle weed against the wall, the flaming, shameless poppy, the yearning rose, the vagrom bee, the love-bearing butterfly, the hovering humming-birds, succubus of the dusk, the odorous ooze of mold, the worm which is the living process of rejuvenation in decay, the burrowing mole of noisome slander devious and incessant, the ululous rain, the invigorant smile of the sun, the music of the worshipful wind and the work which makes it all beautiful—because the flower-gardening of the neophyte and the adept, the man and the woman, the boy and the girl, is the labor of love that is never unrequited.—*J. H. Raftery.*



MAKE YOUR TALK—*TELL!*

Send for This Free Book and See How GRENVILLE KLEISER Can Make You

A Self-Confident Convincing Speaker

Preside at Public Meetings

What he has done for others he can do for you. Peculiar qualifications, or "being born to it," are wholly unnecessary. You need devote but fifteen minutes of your time daily to this wonderfully practical Course, and you will quickly learn to Make After-Dinner Speeches, Propose and Respond to Toasts, Tell Stories, Make Political Speeches, Sell More Goods, Address Board Meetings, Develop Power and Personality, Improve Your Memory, Increase Your Vocabulary, Acquire Poise and Self-Confidence, Speak and Write English Correctly, Earn More, Achieve More.

Jos. P. Day, New York's foremost auctioneer, a man who annually sells more than $35,000,000 worth of Real Estate, says, "You have put into your Course your own personal magnetism and enthusiasm so that men in all parts of the country now have the opportunity of receiving the benefit of your splendid instruction. Your Course has been of great service to me in my business, and I commend it to others in the highest terms."

Build a Strong Personality

There is Absolutely No Uncertainty

—no guesswork—about Mr. Kleiser's methods. The free book "TALKING TO WIN" will show you how he has achieved definite, beneficial results for others, and the methods by which he proposes to do the same for you.

Congressman J. D. Garber, of Montana, says, "I have found your instruction very helpful in overcoming the errors of previous experience, and during the campaign ending November eighth, I found it much easier to address a large audience than a small one."

Converse Easily and Fluently

Every Live Business and Professional Man

is at times called upon to speak before an audience. The Kleiser Course, as explained in the free book "TALKING TO WIN" will make a man sure of himself on such occasions.

Addressing an Audience

The Ability to Speak Convincingly

—a confident bearing and perfect poise—wields a mighty influence at Business Conferences, Board Meetings, Political and Other Public Gatherings, Lodge and Club Meetings, in Salesmanship, at Banquets and other Social Gatherings—*anywhere and everywhere the man who can talk to the point,—WINS!*

Address Board and Lodge Meetings

The Purpose of the Kleiser Course

is not only to give instruction in public speaking, but to develop a man's personality along wide lines, to fit him to converse confidently and entertainingly in any circle, to broaden his mental vision, and start his mind along new and high channels of thought.

Clubwomen—This Is Your Opportunity, Too

To become a real leader a woman must be able to speak before any audience when occasion requires. The better she can do this the more rapidly she will advance to position and power.

You Can Sell More Goods

A WELL-KNOWN FEMALE PHYSICIAN, whose letter we have just received, says: "I am a practising physician and frequently speak before medical societies, but what I wanted the public speaking training most for was in my work with young women. I find it much easier to prepare my work, and I speak with much greater ease because of the help your lessons have given me."

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 417 NEW YORK

After-Dinner Speaking

"TALKING TO WIN" gives concrete examples of how the Kleiser Course has helped thousands of lawyers, doctors, preachers, politicians, business men—men in every walk of life—to rise into higher positions of power and influence.

The New Book "TALKING TO WIN" is not for children or curiosity seekers. People who want to advance themselves, who are ambitious to share in the really big things in life, will receive and read it with interest and profit. If you are such an individual Grenville Kleiser (formerly Instructor at Yale) has a message for you in this book that is bound to awaken your interest and give you new courage and inspiration to build a bigger future. No matter what your business or profession, if you are "drifting," or "in a rut," and are struggling to release yourself—do not put off for one moment applying for the Free Book "Talking to Win."

No Agent Will Call Upon You

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 417 New York. Send me, without cost or obligation, the free book "Talking to Win" and particulars of the Special Mail Course in Public Speaking.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

SEND THIS FOR THE BOOK *NOW*

WHEN the mineral deposits of the earth were hidden below the surface by the hand of Omnipotence, the first obstruction was thrown in the path of their location and recovery. All other natural resources that affect the life and comfort of mankind were given less concern in the plan of Creation. They were spread out in open view and lie exposed, in forests, streams and fertile areas, over the solid portions of the globe. The inclination of the human species, or of some of them, to grab everything in sight, was evidently anticipated by the Divine Mind; and difficulties in acquiring, at least one natural product, were interposed at the outset by putting it under cover.—*Thomas C. Burke*

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Exquisite Modeled-Leather Wedding-Gifts

Modeled-Leather Table-Mat, Moth Design

This Mat is twenty-two inches in diameter. The design, workmanship and coloring are rare, distinctive and distinguished. This mat is designed and modeled by Mr. Kranz.



Price, $10.00



Price, $15.00

Modeled-Leather Bag

We suggest this new afternoon bag for the Spring Bride. It is a present that will have no duplicate.

The bag is seven and one-half inches by eleven inches, and is made of the best quality Spanish cowhide and lined with ooze-morocco. The frames are artistic, and the graceful handle is made of double leather straps. There is an inside pocket fitted with a coin-purse.

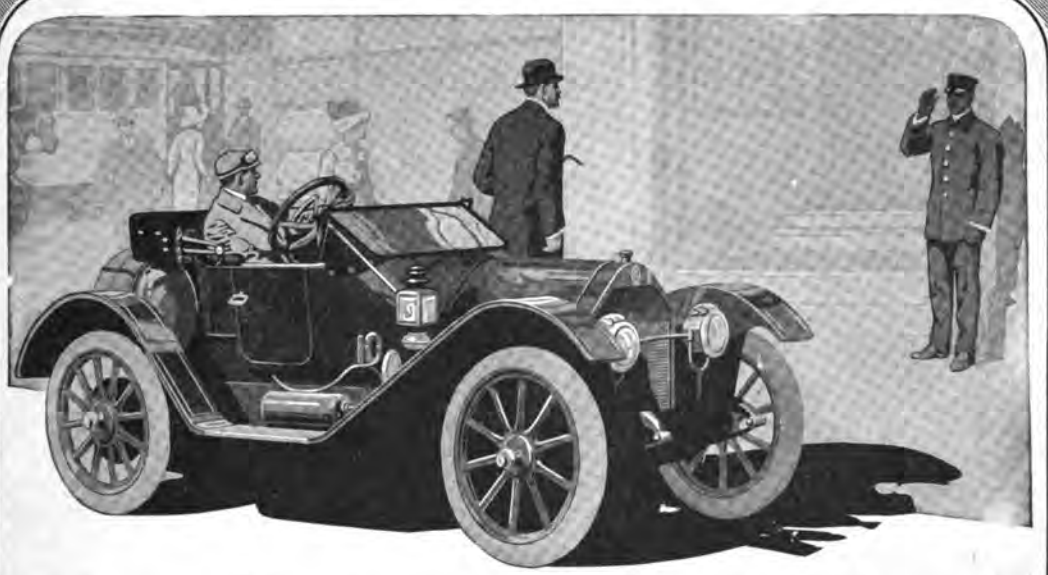
Each bag is modeled and colored separately, and all work in leather is done entirely by hand, so no two pieces are exactly alike. This individuality is part of the beauty and charm of our leather articles.

The price of this bag is $15.00.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie County, New York

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New Chalmers "30" Roadster

$1400.

A stylish, snappy, two-passenger, torpedo roadster, with Chalmers Self-starter, handsome top, windshield, tire irons, quick-detachable 34" x 3½" tires, Prest-O-Lite tank, gas and oil lamps, cellular radiator, nickel trimmings, body finished in blue, hood and chassis black.

THE Chalmers "30" Torpedo Roadster is designed for those who want a graceful, speedy, comfortable, two-passenger car at a low price. It has all the features any one could desire in a car of this type.

¶ This car has the Chalmers self-starter—efficient, reliable and simple. No cranking. No bother. No danger.

¶ The seat is generously wide for two persons and is enclosed with wide torpedo doors. Gear shift and brake levers are inside the low hung body.

¶ The stylish close fitting top is of brown duck, with side curtains and storm front.

¶ Lamps, door handles and metal parts of windshield are black enameled with nickel trimmings. Other bright metal parts of car are nickel plated.

¶ This roadster has beauty of line — perfect symmetry. It is handsomely finished, the body is painted an attractive blue with black mouldings. Hood and chassis, including wheels, are black with blue striping.

¶ The gasoline tank holds 35 gallons, and is enameled black to harmonize with the chassis.

A Car for Men Who Do Things.

¶ There are no limits to the practical uses of the Chalmers "30" Torpedo Roadster. This car meets every demand of the man to whom being in the right place at the right time means everything.

¶ The physician, the contractor, the real estate man, the salesman, the manufacturer—in fact, any one to whom time is money — will find this car a willing, efficient assistant.

¶ The man who lives out of town, or whose business takes him to near-by towns frequently, finds a Chalmers roadster most convenient. He is independent of train schedules.

Buy a Car That Will Last.

¶ The Chalmers "30" Roadster is a real car — not a toy. It is solidly built — the kind of car to stand up under hard usage and bad weather. It has the looks and finish of a high priced car.

¶ It has the same mechanical features which have demonstrated their efficiency in other models of the famous Chalmers "30."

¶ Call and see the "30" Torpedo Roadster at our dealer's. There you can see for yourself how good it is.

¶ Orders for this car should be placed at once to insure delivery this season. Only a limited number of "30" roadsters are being built and the demand is sure to exceed this number.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

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stand upon that farther rock, clinging to it well meanwhile and being very sure of your footing, for your head will swim and grow dizzy, and there opens before you one of the most stupendous scenes of Nature, the Lower Falls of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone.

And now where shall I begin, and how shall I, in any wise, describe this tremendous sight; its overpowering grandeur, and at the same time, its inexpressible beauty?

Look yonder! Those are the Lower Falls of the Yellowstone. They are not the grandest in the world, but there are none more beautiful. There is not the breadth and dash of Niagara, nor is there the enormous depth of leap of some of the waterfalls of the Yosemite.

But there is a majesty of its own kind, and beauty, too. On either side are vast pinnacles of sculptured rock. There, where the rock opens for the river, its waters are compressed from a width of two hundred feet, between the Upper and Lower Falls, to less than one hundred feet where it takes the plunge. The shelf of rock over which it leaps is absolutely level. The water seems to wait a moment on

WE have reached Cascade Creek at last; and a beautiful grove of pine-trees, beneath whose shade a clear stream, whose waters are free from the nauseous taste of alkali, furnishes a delightful place to camp. Now, dismounting and seeing that your horse is well cared for, while the men are unloading the packmules and pitching the tents, walk up that trail winding up the hillside, follow it for a little among the solemn pines, and then pass out from the tree shadows and take your

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its verge, then it passes, with a single bound, three hundred and fifty feet below ☙ It is a sheer, unbroken, compact, shining mass of silver foam. But your eyes are all the while distracted from the fall itself, great and beautiful as it is, to its marvelous setting; to the surprising, overmastering canyon into which the river leaps, and through which it flows, dwindling to but a foamy ribbon there in its appalling depths. As you cling here to this jutting rock, the falls are already many hundred feet below you. The falls unroll their whiteness down amid the canyon gloom ☙ These rocky sides are almost perpendicular; indeed, in many places the boiling springs have gouged them out so as to leave overhanging cliffs and tables at the top. Take a stone and throw it over; you have to wait long before you hear it strike. Nothing more awful have I ever seen than the yawning of that chasm; and the stillness, solemn as midnight, profound as death. The water dashing there as in a kind of agony, against those rocks, you can not hear ☙ The mighty distance lays the finger of silence on its white lips. You are oppressed by a sense of danger. It is as though the vastness would soon force you from the rock to which you cling ☙ The silence, the sheer depth, the gloom, burden you. It is a relief to feel the firm earth beneath your feet again, as you carefully crawl back from your perching-place.

But this is not all, nor is the half yet told. As soon as you can stand it, go out on that jutting rock again and mark the sculpturing of God upon those vast and solemn walls. By dash of wind and wave, by forces of the frost,



The POSTAL Saves Your Money and Safeguards Your Health

THOUGHTFUL people throughout the country arrange policies in the POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY because, *first*, it supplies sound legal-reserve protection at lower net cost than any other company; and, *second*, because it performs an important service in health-conservation for its policyholders.

The Company dispenses with agents; it deals *direct* with the public, and policyholders receive what *other* companies pay out to their *agents*, as follows:

45% **of the premium is the average commission-dividend on a whole-life policy GUARANTEED to Postal policyholders the FIRST year.**

In SUBSEQUENT years, Renewal Commission-Dividends and Office-expense Savings, make up the annual GUARANTEED dividend of **9½%**

Postal Life Building
35 Nassau St., New York

The Company also apportions and pays the usual contingent dividends that other companies pay, ranging in the POSTAL for last year up to 20 per cent of the annual premium.

Furthermore, the Company's Health Bureau performs an important service in *health-preservation* by issuing Health Bulletins for the benefit of its policyholders and by granting to those who desire, one medical examination each year at the expense of the Company, thus detecting incipient disease in time to check or cure it.

Bear in mind, POSTAL LIFE policies are binding on the Company *wherever the insured lives.*

By doing business through the mails — *direct* — it not only effects important savings for policyholders, but also brings the benefits of insurance-protection and health-conservation to the *remotest sections of the country*, thus performing a public service akin to rural free delivery and the proposed parcels post.

STRONG POSTAL POINTS

First: *Old-line, legal-reserve insurance* — not fraternal or assessment.

Second: *Standard policy-reserves* — now more than $10,000,000. *Insurance in force* more than $50,000,000.

Third: *Standard policy provisions* — approved by the State Insurance Department.

Fourth: *High medical standards* in the selection of risks.

Fifth: Operates under the strict *requirements* of New York State and United States postal authorities.

For the reasons here stated and others, the POSTAL LIFE is justly designated "The Company of Conservation" — of *money* and of *health*.

"T will pay you to find out just what *you* can save on any standard form of policy provided you are an acceptable risk.

Simply write and say: "*Mail full insurance particulars as per advertisement in THE FRA for May.*"

And be certain to give *your occupation* and the *exact date of your birth.*

The Company will then promptly send you (by mail only) *exact figures for your age* with the amount of dividends *guaranteed* and otherwise, now being paid.

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

The Only Non-Agency Company in America

WM. R. MALONE, President

35 Nassau Street, New York

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WHICH?

You might as well come right down to rock bottom, first as last. Eventually you will land there somehow. That is the only *terra firma* in underwear. ¶ And when you land there you will find yourself wearing the only genuine and original

COOPER'S
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Spring Needle Knit
UNDERWEAR

We mean Cooper's of Bennington, Vermont. We emphasize BENNINGTON, because only Cooper of Bennington, Vermont, makes the machines that make the Spring-Needle fabric that makes possible Cooper's Underwear. ¶ So, now, when you want underwear that fits —that is elastic—yields on pressure—like a rubber band—and returns to normality, just so soon as pressure is released—you want underwear bearing the Cooper trademark.

Then, and only then, will you realize that you have crossed the underwear Rubicon—you are satisfied—you have underwear that has character; that fits; that feels good and *is* good; that is comfortable to the skin; that does not bunch, nor bind, nor become flabby; that reduces friction to the *minimum*, which means *maximum* wear. This is true economy. ¶ Only those who wear Cooper's know the luxury of it. Suppose you try Cooper's. We 'll risk the verdict. For Cooper's has been tested, tried, and is *now trusted*. ¶ Cooper's (of Bennington, Vermont) Underwear has no genuine competitor. It 's in a class by itself—Cooper's is the underwear de luxe. ¶ The Cooper Booklet and other interesting literature are yours if you ask for them. We can 't send them to you unless you write us. ¶ But you can do better than that—you can ask your dealer for the genuine Cooper's Spring-Needle Underwear bearing Cooper's Trademark, and refuse "similar's," "same as's," "just as good's," et cetera. For there are none. You act wisely in demanding the genuine. And when you select the genuine, those who know will acquiesce in the wisdom of your choice.

Union Suits, $1.50 to $5.00 each Shirts and Drawers, $1.00 to $2.50 each
In all sizes, weights and colors

COOPER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. J. COOPER, President
BENNINGTON, VERMONT

by file of snow-plunge and glacier, and the mountain-torrents, by the hot breath of the balmy Spring, those walls have been cut into the most various and surprising shapes. I have seen the "Middle-Age" castles along the Rhine; there those castles are reproduced exactly. I have seen the soaring summits of the great cathedral-spires in the country beyond the sea; there they stand in prototype, only loftier and more sublime.

And then, of course, and almost beyond all else, you are fascinated by the magnificence and utter opulence of color. Those are not simply gray and heavy depths, and reaches, and domes, and pinnacles of solid rock. The whole gorge flames. It is as though rainbows had fallen out of the sky and hung themselves there like glorious banners ❧ The underlying color is the clearest yellow; this flushes onward into orange ❧ Down at the base the deepest mosses unroll their draperies of the most vivid green; browns, sweet and soft, do their blending; white rocks stand spectral; turrets of rock shoot up as crimson as though they were drenched with blood ❧ It is as if the most glorious sunset you ever saw had been caught and held upon that resplendent, awful gorge.

Throughout nearly all the hours of that afternoon until the sunset shadows came, and afterwards among the moonbeams, I waited there, clinging to that rock, jutting out into that overpowering, gorgeous chasm ❧ I was appalled and fascinated, afraid and yet compelled to cling there. It was an epoch in my life.—***Doctor Wayland Hoyt.***

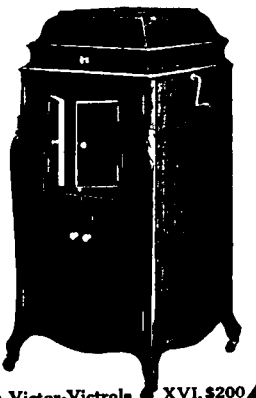
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ONE thing we can all do, and that is, to encourage and exhibit the true spirit of temperate and patriotic consideration, which is the primary requisite to success in working out the problems of self-government. Some of the recent discussions of judicial conduct have been dignified and temperate expressions of reasoned opinion which we must respect, although we may not agree with it. Some other expressions, however, have been rather exhibitions of violent temper and appeals to prejudice, imputations of sinister motive, and incitements to hatred. The appeal to prejudice and passion and hatred finds its natural sequence in appeals to force and in destruction of order. True love of country is not mere blind partisanship. It is regard for the people of one's country and all of them; it is a feeling of fellowship and brotherhood for all of them; it is a desire for the prosperity and happiness of all of them; it is kindly and considerate judgment toward all of them. The first duty of popular self-government is individual self-control. The essential condition of true progress is that it shall be based upon grounds of reason, and not of prejudice. Lincoln's noble sentiment of charity for all and malice toward none was not a specific for the Civil War, but is a living principle of action. These are truisms, but if at any time they should be forgotten (and they seem to be sometimes), we should remember that they are also essentials; and we should recall them, and insist upon them, and preach them, for they are part of the gospel of human freedom.

—Elihu Root.

Victor-Victrola

Every home should have a Victor-Victrola



Victor-Victrola XVI, $200
Mahogany or quartered oak

because
this instrument satisfies the love of music that is born in every one of us; touches the heart strings and develops the emotional part of our nature; freshens the tired mind and lightens the cares and worries of every-day life.

because
the Victor-Victrola brings to you the best music of all the world and gives you a complete understanding of the masterpieces of the great composers such as you can acquire in no other way.

because
the Victor-Victrola places at your command the services of the world's greatest opera stars, who make records exclusively for the Victor, besides a host of famous instrumentalists, celebrated bands and orchestras, and well-known comedians and entertainers.

because
the Victor-Victrola is universally recognized as the world's greatest musical instrument, occupies a place of honor in homes of wealth and culture everywhere, and has awakened millions to a proper appreciation of music.

because
with Victor-Victrolas ranging in prices from $15 to $200 and Victors from $10 to $100 no home can afford to be without one of these wonderful instruments.

because
any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate to you the Victor-Victrola.



Victor-Victrola IV, $15
Oak



Victor-Victrola IX, $50
Mahogany or oak



Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Records played with Victor Needles—there is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

Victor Steel Needles, 6 cents per 100
Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (can be repointed and used eight times)

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

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SHOULD you want to visit the real, sure-enough desert, it is but three days' ride from New York, in the Bad Lands of the Western Dakotas and Montana—the ***Mauvaises Terres*** of old maps ❧ The Bad Lands could n't be worse. "Hell with the fires out" is the way the native describes them ❧ They are the wildest, loneliest, deadest, most extravagant stretch of country on our continent. Conceive a land so full of color that it makes your eyes ache, yet with hardly a shred of that coolest, most comforting of colors—green; for this is all clay, baked by internal fires for thousands of years, scorched in the sun for other thousands, splintered by rains and frosts and winds until the fronts of the immense buttes are sculptured with spires, domes, minars and pagodas that might be the architecture of kobolds. There is such piling and huddling of goblin shapes, such heaping of bomb-like concretions, that confusion comes over a man, and he longs to get away and rest his eyes on any level thing—a pond, a plain, a grassy valley ❧ The Bad Lands do not seem lonely at first, because the architectural likenesses and the bright reds, yellows, browns and grays give an impression of human cause and association; but as you wander through this chaos of buttes, spires, gulches and canyons, descending now into darksome pits and crevices, rising to plateaus whence savage crags and fantastic forms are seen to rock along the indigo distance, with never a break to let a river out or in, awe steals upon you. The place is the abomination of desolation ❧ On the way to the Yellowstone you go through

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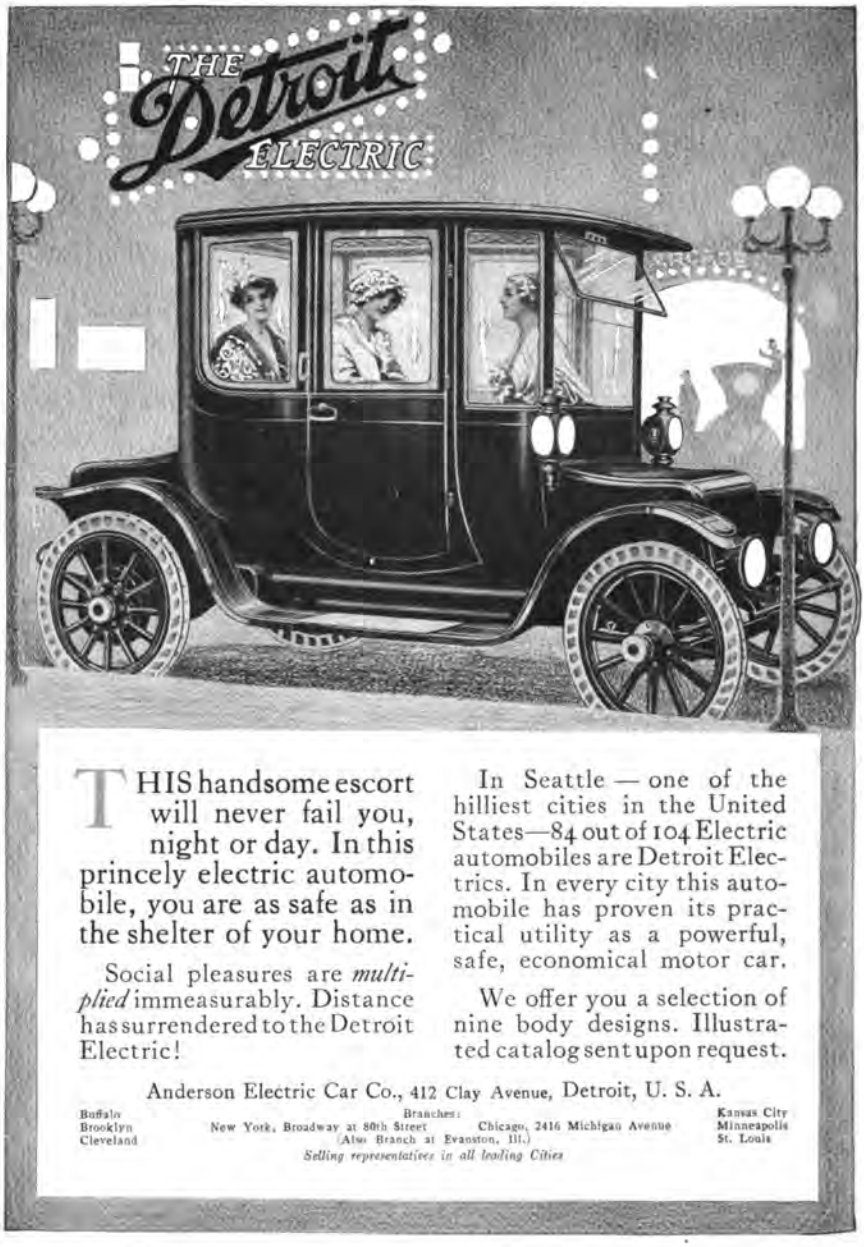
the Bad Lands in a tortuous trough worn by the Little Missouri River; but as there is no point on the railroad whence a comprehensive view of this blighted region can be had, it "pays" to stop over at some one of the few stations and sustain life on fat pork and last year's potatoes for a little, in order to see in its stupendous gruesomeness a landscape that has no parallel, except on the moon ❧ It will live in your memory and afford a new standard when you want to speak or think of something lonesome and uncanny; it will help you to read the "Inferno" with a new appreciation; it will make you glad enough to laugh when you reach the homes, grass, trees, flowers and pure springs of the East again.—***Charles Skinner.***

❧

TO renounce your individuality, to see with another's eyes, to hear with another's ears, to be two and yet but one, to so melt and mingle that you no longer know you are you or another, to constantly absorb and constantly radiate, to reduce earth, sea and sky and all that in them is to a single being, to give yourself to that being so wholly that nothing whatever is withheld, to be prepared at any moment for sacrifice, to double your personality in bestowing it—that is love.—***Gautier.***

❧

FACE your deficiencies and acknowledge them, but do not let them master you. Let them teach you patience, sweetness, insight. When we do the best we can, we never know what miracle is wrought in our own life, or in the life of another.—***Helen Keller.***



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4711

Charm, Cologne and Quality

The woman who is frank and altogether lovely will admit that her charm is aided by the use of toilet helps such as "4711 Eau de Cologne." A woman's color should be fresh and clear, and about her she should carry the delicate odor of Summer air. And the nearest to the breath of the Summer Breeze is "4711 Eau de Cologne."

The makers do not claim nor intend that this Cologne should be an intense perfume, because it would not serve its purpose if it were. It is just a lovely and valued toilet-water. It gives a refreshing sense of cleanliness and well-being.

Since it was first made in Seventeen Hundred Ninety-two, it has been a prime favorite with users of the best toilet preparations. Superior quality, uniformity and the ability of the makers to supply the demand have made this Cologne especially popular through the many years.

"4711 Eau de Cologne" is attractively put up in unique bottles. The blue-and-gold label is a mark of distinguished quality. This Cologne is sold everywhere. Four-ounce bottles Fifty-five Cents; other sizes, plain and wicker, Eighty-five Cents to Three Dollars. If you have never used this most engaging toilet preparation, send Thirty Cents in stamps for a two-ounce sample bottle.

A booklet will be sent you with this sample which will tell you some interesting facts regarding the "4711" products. Every one who wants the Highest Quality toilet products will find the "4711" booklet of much value.

Ask for "Forty-Seven-Eleven" at your dealer's.

Ferd. Mülhens, 4711 Glockengasse, Cologne O/R, Germany
U. S. Branch: Mülhens and Kropff, 298 Broadway, New York

THE Bridal Veil Falls—Wa-ha-hath-peek-ha-ha—is, to my mind, the most exquisitely beautiful waterfall in the world. There is nothing in the Yosemite that, for rich delicacy of beauty and rare combination of charms, can equal it. Sit down in the grass in the magnificent amphitheater built by Nature immediately before it, and drink of its delicate beauty to the full. Nay! you can not do that in one hour's view ❧ You must study it ere you can know all that makes it what it is, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." ❧ To the left and right are towering cliffs two thousand feet high, of red sandstone. At your feet is rich green grass, and a delicate gauzy growth, as fine as asparagus-grass, which covers the ground with fairylike lace and makes a carpet fit for a "Midsummer Night's Dream" dance. Above, just on the edge of the fall, are several trees, rich in their new dress of Spring leaves, with the red mountains and azure sky, as richly blue as that of the Mediterranean, forming a singularly picturesque background for the incomparable fall underneath. The leafy branches overhang the falling water, and drop down so as to mingle their green with the blue and green of the water and the fluffy white spray of the fall, whilst ivy, peculiar vines, climbing clematis, maidenhair and other ferns, columbines, and rich and rare mosses, in a perfect revelry of green shading, cover the rocky setting of the fall with a grace and elegance that would be at once the envy and the despair of any landscape-artist. But even this does not complete the description of the background of the fall. The sediment

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in the water, combined with the small shrubs, etc., which grow profusely, has made a number of caves—some large, others small, as if a number of umbrella-trees, growing upright on the face of the cliff, had been drenched with water, and then, whilst the water was still falling, by some magic art, trees, leaves, branches and water had all become red stone. Now, with such a background, enjoy the fall—Wa-ha-hath-peek-ha-ha. It is not one sheet of water, as Niagara or Vernal or Nevada or Yosemite, but there are at least five hundred different streams, one large, three or four lesser ones, and the remainder mere tiny baby falls, which, flowing over the varied red and green behind, make up this fairylike scene.

Fairylike? Yes, indeed it is! Shut out the world beyond from your thought, let your imagination have free play, and in five minutes Oberon and Titania, and all the hosts of Shakespeare's fairyland, are dancing on the grass, merrily tripping in and out of their own caves behind the falling water, laughing and playing with the dashing spray, while mermaids, tritons and nereids splash and dash in the pools beneath as the water falls upon them. Pan is alive again! His pipes are heard in the singing of melodious waters as they descend, and dash, and babble, and murmur, and gurgle on their way to the far-off sea.

—*George Wharton James.*



**Morning ginger, get it men,
Great business stuff—says Big Ben**

THERE is only one way to beat the time clock, it's to make it tell *of* you instead of letting it tell *on* you.

A Big Ben in the home beats a time clock in the plant. It tells you how late it's safe for you to sleep—it tells you just when you ought to start down town.—It insures you a perfect punching score—it makes the old man nod when pay-raise-time comes around.

There's something about Big Ben that seems to open everybody's eyes.—If you'd rise early, just say when and leave your call with him—Big Ben.

Big Ben stands 7 inches tall, slender, massive, handsome. He is sold by 16,000 watchmakers.—If you can't find him at your jeweler, a money order sent to *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*, will bring him to you express prepaid.

$2.50

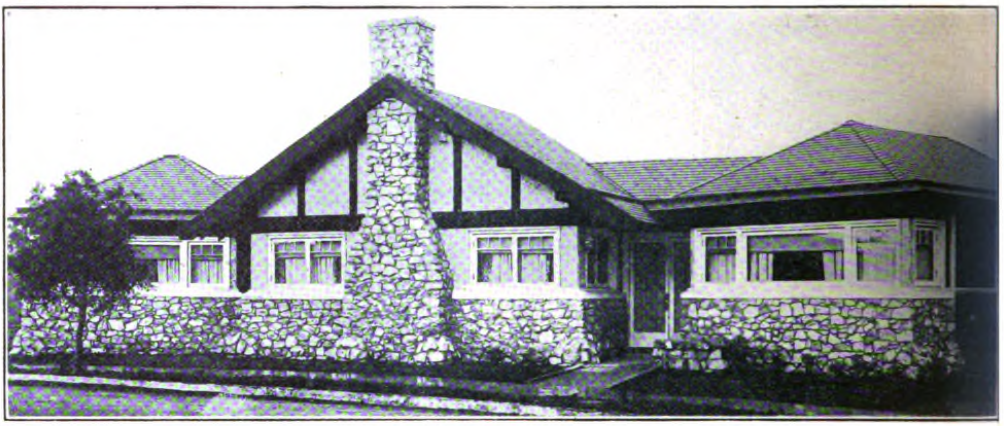
Sold by Jewelers. Three Dollars in Canada.

HEALTH is the greatest of all possessions, and it is a maxim with me that a healthy cobbler is a better man than a sick king.—*Bickerstaff.*

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LET ME COME

If you are going to build a home, church, library, school, office building or public building of any kind, or especially if you want to lay out a model town-site, private estate or residential tract, or contemplate a city-beautiful campaign, let me come and see you at my expense on one of my quarterly coast-to-coast trips and get your exact requirements.



Architect HERBERT C.

He Raised the Status of Man

BEFORE Robert Ingersoll's time, the entire mental fabric of the world was tainted with myth, fable and superstition. Ingersoll helped to raise the status of man, and over again proclaimed the divinity of all humanity. He realized his own worth and made countless other men realize theirs. He showed the world that time is only an illusion, and that the men of Palestine derived their life from the same source from which ours is derived, and that in all respects they were men with like tastes, passions, aspirations and ambitions as ours. ¶ He believed in the free, happy, spontaneous life of the individual. And again he affirms that the life of expression, the life of activity, is the only life. Our happiest moments are when we forget self in useful effort. Ingersoll contended that this expression of our highest and best is paradise. He combated the old idea that heaven and hell are places or localities. ¶ If Ingersoll had never written anything but his lectures, "Crimes Against Criminals," and "Liberty of Man, Woman and Child," his fame and worth would have been established in the minds of humanity. Both of these lectures have been the means of great reforms. ¶ The first has done much to improve the condition of prisoners, and has altered the method of treatment accorded them. Ingersoll held that a man can be bad, only part of the time, and that more good can be accomplished by educating the criminal than by brutal punishment. ¶ "Liberty of Man, Woman and Child" is a plea for personal liberty. It substitutes kindness and help for cant, fear and hypocrisy ¶ The Dresden Publishing Company are desirous of circulating these lectures for the purpose of interesting more readers in the writings of Ingersoll. Upon receipt of Twenty Cents in stamps, the two lectures (regular price Forty Cents) will be sent you postpaid, together with interesting illustrated circular matter descriptive of the author and his work

Dresden Publishing Co., 215 Fourth Ave., New York

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AND SEE YOU

y offices at St. Louis or San Francisco take care of such work as I cannot personally ndle. At the San Francisco office, Russ Building, I publish a 1000-page $1.00 book of signs, "Artistic Homes," which may interest you. Also a 7 x 11 dollar book of actual otographs of California Bungalows and Homes, also a fifty-cent book of Churches.



CHIVERS, Herald Square Bldg., 7th Floor New York

DOES YOUR FACE WIN FAVOR?

It is impossible to escape from the impression that your physical appearance makes upon other people. Their decisions regarding you are based on facts. Both bad and good complexions are facts. There is no question about it—the condition of your skin influences people for or against you. If your skin has the freshness of a May morning, the good-will of others and success are influenced in your favor. ¶ Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is an aid to beauty, of unquestioned merit. It is pure, soothing and invigorating. It is better for your face and hands than soap, and much more cleansing. ¶ This Cold Cream is a wonderful beauty-inducer. Buy it in the large-size jars, because it will never become rancid, and you will always have a generous supply on hand. The prices are as follows: Jars, 35c., 50c., 85c. and $1.50; Traveler's Tubes, 50c., 25c. and 10c. ¶ Send for a sample tube and the free booklet, "An Aid to Beauty." The makers of D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream are always ready to answer any questions you may put to them as to the quality of their product. ¶ Daggett and Ramsdell have experts on the subject of skin health in their employ who will gladly give your correspondence personal attention.





DAGGETT • AND • RAMSDELL
DEPT. E D. &. R. BLDG. NEW YORK CITY

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The Shirt of a Gentleman *The Underwear of a Gentleman*

Have You Ever Worn Gotham Garments?

The Shirt Beautiful

At $1.00 to $7.50

BEAUTY of line—beauty of fabric—beauty of workmanship. These are found in the *GOTHAM SHIRT*. Master weavers, master designers, master tailors have combined to make the *GOTHAM SHIRT* the best expression of the shirtmaker's art, "*The shirt of a gentleman.*"

Reminder:—

IF your dealer cannot furnish you, tell us at once. We'll forward immediately your *Signed* and *Dated Personal Copy* of "*The Gotham Book de Luxe.*" Only a *very Limited Edition* of this *valuable Style Book* is printed.

Send for your copy now. It awaits your address.

The Underwear of a Gentleman

At 50c to $3.50 the Garment

MADE of Color-fast fabrics of the "purple-and-fine-linen" class—of that perfect fit that is in every part loose, easy, cooling and comforting. Also Restful Pajamas and perfect-fitting Union Suits.

Gotham Soft Collars



MADE of mercerized, washable, color-fast fabrics—and SILK. Blue, Helio, Tan, White, Grey. All Sizes. **At 2 for a quarter, 25c and 50c each.**

Dept. K

Gotham Mfg. Co. Fifth Ave. Building Madison Square W. New York

THE year Nineteen Hundred Twelve should be the best of all the years that have ever been. Business should be better.

The intelligence of the world is greater today than ever before. The soil has more brain mixed with it. Farming was never done to so good advantage as it is now. Machinery is operated with more skill and economy. The facilities for safe and economic transportation are greater than ever before.

There is a great deal of melancholy talk about the Presidential Year being a period of hard times.

Employers and employees have been looking forward in fear and trembling to Nineteen Hundred Twelve, prophesying a higher cost of living, and that work would be scarce, also pay.

¶ Employers feel chilly and begin to cut expenses when the discussions grow warmer and warmer as to who shall be President and who shall not ☙ Everybody wants the daily papers and all the extras.

The newspaper business is the only business that booms.

Concentration on work and plans for work are difficult.

The people think something is going to happen ☙ ☙

And nothing is going to happen. ¶ It really makes no difference who is President to any one except the grafter.

Socialists have a great deal to say about what the President can do for the workingman. The truth remains: no one can do much for the workingman but the workingman himself ☙ ☙

The unthinking farmer lays great stress on whether the "times will be scarce" or not, when the next President is inaugurated.

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If crops have been poor one year, or the farmer has not sold his produce to so good advantage, he says, "It won't be this way when Bryan gets in!" or "I am willing to let the administration go Democratic if we could have better times." ❧ What difference does it make to the grass, wheat, corn, peaches, apples and oats who is President? Which makes the cow happier and give more milk—Roosevelt or Taft?

Does Taft's administration affect the potato-crop? Was McKinley to blame for the early frost that destroyed the fruit?

In England, few are so foolish as to think that His Majesty is to be praised or blamed for the financial condition, and he is paid a good, big salary for wearing the crown ❧ They understand that he is only a social function.

We are not so wise. We talk as if we thought the President had influence with the soil, with the productive activities of man's brain, with production, transportation and distribution in general. He certainly has not.

This is distinctly a Christian Science proposition and should receive Christian Science treatment. It is all in the mind.



I wonder if our best citizens make a business of politics! ❧ ❧

In England the men who influence the politics of the Nation are businessmen whose first interest is to protect their business interests. They are not politicians by profession.

The House of Lords was organized to protect the property of the men who composed that body, and the House of Commons was created for the welfare of the workingman.

Politics, as a business, is bad business, because

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Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Chiclets have the delicious flavor, the delicate scent, the health-inducing qualities that characterize True Mint. Chiclets give you the breath of Nature—sweet and clean. The use of Chiclets is an indication of refinement—a mark of good quality in people. Save the Bird Cards in each package. A de-luxe Bird Album will be presented you. 5 cents the ounce, and 5, 10 and 25 cent packets.
SEN SEN CHICLET COMPANY, Metropolitan Tower, New York

there is no man that you can hire to take care of your business for you. You have to do this for yourself. It must naturally follow that a man who gives up his time to the taking care of the interests of other people, gives his principal interest to working for himself under cover of working for other people

This is human nature, and politicians are human—quite human.

The Presidential Year is a good time to remember that it is in our minds "that we are thus or thus."

If we attend to business in Nineteen Hundred Twelve, just as we did in Nineteen Hundred Eleven, and will do in Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, "the grapes will grow purple in the kisses of this Autumn sun," and all will be well with us.—*Alice Hubbard.*

IF I had my life to live over again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once a week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature.—*Darwin.*

WHEN every soldier in the ranks fears that his loss means the fall of the cause; when each mason feels that the walls can not stand except through his skill; when every woman feels that her hand alone can ease, her loaf alone can succor, then, and only then, shall our mastery endure.—*Kaufman.*

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GOLF is a science, the study of a lifetime, in which you may exhaust yourself, but never your subject ❧ It is a contest, a duel or a melee calling for courage, skill, strategy and self-control. It is a test of temper, a trial of honor, a revealer of character ❧ It affords a chance to play the man and act the gentleman.

It means going into God's out-of-doors, getting close to Nature, fresh air, exercise, a sweeping away of the mental cobwebs, genuine recreation of the tired tissues. It is a cure for care, an antidote for worry.

It includes companionship with friends, social intercourse, opportunities for courtesy, kindliness and generosity to opponents. It promotes not only physical health, but moral force.—*D. R. Forgan.*

❧

NINE men out of every ten lay out their plans on too vast a scale; and they who are competent to do almost anything, do nothing, because they never make up their minds distinctly as to what they want or what they intend to be—hence the mournful failures we see around us in every walk of life.—*William Mathews.*

"We Cannot Speak Too Highly of the Sheldon Course"

The Head of a World-Famous Dry Goods Store Writes Us as Follows:

"We cannot speak too highly of the Sheldon Course and of the results derived from it. We have had two classes, the first of about eighty-five students and the other of about twenty.

"Of these two classes, the great majority finished the work and were awarded diplomas, and in nearly every instance we have noticed a marked improvement in their selling ability and conduct, in some cases the salesman lowering his percentage of cost to such a degree that he was given an increase in wages.

"The course is applicable not only to salespeople, but to all branches as well Quite a number of our employes who took the Course hold positions outside the sales force. We feel safe in saying that if we could induce all of our employes to take up this work we would increase our business 50 per cent.

(*Fac-Simile of this letter, complete, furnished by permission on request*)

Many of the best business men in the world are studying the science of business building as taught by the Sheldon institution. This is not strange.

The best lawyers are continuous students of the law; the best physicians invest the most energy to keep themselves up-to-date; the best business men are doing the same thing today.

Science is organized knowledge. There is much knowledge in the world as to the "how" of building any business. We have organized the natural laws of growth in every profitable business. The results of all our research work are at your command for a very nominal sum.

Many of the clearest thinkers in the business world are taking advantage of this work, not alone personally but they are also encouraging and helping their co-workers to do so.

That is what the man did who wrote the letter quoted above. How you can do likewise will be explained to you by our literature, which will be mailed to you on receipt of the following request:



The Sheldon School

1358 Republic Building

Chicago

(89)

The Sheldon School, 1358 Republic Bldg., Chicago
Please send me THE SHELDON BOOK and full particulars.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Age ..... Line of Work .....

ART, like flame, has a power of sublimation. Throw into art, as into fire, poison, ordure, rust, oxide, arsenic, verdigris; pass the incandescent matter through the prism of poetry, and you will have a splendid spectrum, and the ugly will become the grand, and evil will become beautiful.

Amazing fact and enrapturing affirmation: evil will enter the beautiful and become transfigured. For the beautiful is nothing else than the holy light of goodness.—*Victor Hugo.*

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KNOX HATS
DISTINGUISH THE WEARERS



Knox Hats were worn years ago by men who are now Immortals —men whose names are honored because of the great reforms they accomplished and the achievements to their credit.

Knox Hats are worn by men who are now making history and who will be the Immortals of the present generation. Men of merit wear clothes of merit.

Knox Hats distinguish the wearers. Men of good taste recognize the superiority of Knox Hats in style, ease of fit, and quality of material. They have the thoroughbred character that well-dressed men demand.

The Spring Knox Hats are at your disposal, ready to be examined and tried on before the mirrors of the best dealers.

In a Knox Hat are combined the knowledge of the past-master, the skill of maturity and the enthusiasm of youth. They represent the highest development of the art of hat-making.

Mr. Knox offers his personal assurance that you can be hat-suited with Hats bearing his mark.

Established in 1838.

KNOX, HATTER

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I want an investor, some one to share not only the responsibilities, but the profits of this nursery business. I am devoting a great deal of attention to the nursery, and I have some good men with me, but some one who will become financially interested, whether here or at a distance, will be of value to me in working out some plans I have in mind. If you are interested in such an investment, write me at once.

Address Nursery, Advertising Dept., *The Fra*, East Aurora, N.Y.

WHEN you think you are big enough, there is lime in the bones of the boss, and a noise like a buccaneer is heard in the offing.

F R A

ELBERT HUBBARD will give his lecture

Modern Business

as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO
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LOS ANGELES
The Auditorium Theater, Saturday Evening, May 4th.

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The above dates are all under the kindly care and guidance of the Ad-Men

F R A

TO stand still is to retreat. ¶ To worship the god Terminus is to have the Goths and Vandals, which skirt the borders of every successful venture, pick up your Terminii and carry them inland, long miles, between the setting of the sun and his rising

THE REFRIGERATOR'S RESPONSIBILITY

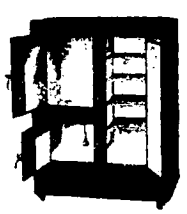
IF all food were consumed as soon as produced, there would be little danger of contamination; but when distance intervenes and time as well, great care must be exercised to prevent contamination. Also, the subject of temperature must be carefully considered.

"The germs of everything are everywhere," says Grant Allen in his Essay, "A Square Foot of Sod." If there are ten thousand different kinds of germs in a square foot of sod, only awaiting conditions to evolve them, how many kinds of germs are there in your supply of milk, butter, meats, fruits and other eatables?

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There are many other points of Health advantage which we can not enumerate in this space, but a postal card will bring you a sample of the porcelain lining and the Leonard Booklet, which is an interesting and authoritative study on the subject of Refrigeration, with the Leonard Cleanable Porcelain-Lined Refrigerator as a special example.



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THE man who never, exposed all to the air and the sun, has "dove" from bank or raft or boat into the friendly waiting tide; the man who never thus has taken a "header," even though he skinned his face upon the bottom, and got water up his nose and into his ears; the man who never has willingly abandoned his bared body to the embracing limpidity of stream, pond, lake or sea; the man who never has known, on this perfect equality with Nature, the buoyant companionship of the waves and the current, of mermen and of scampering fauns: that man has missed much ❧❧ Swimming is a great sweetener of the temper: bathers are a merry folk; water, somehow, dissolves away the humors in the disposition. ¶ "Swimmin'" and "bathing" are not synonymous. Swimmin' is essentially democratic ❧❧ Bathing is a test, in a measure—but bathing is susceptible of gradations and modifications ❧❧ Bathing has its naiads; swimmin' has its fauns and satyrs. Bathing may be strictly a society event; swimmin' is only social.

Before the gods, it takes fortitude in man or boy, bent upon swimmin', to discard all pretense and stand out shorn of artificialities, for what he actually is—even to the pallor of his long-smothered skin, and to the funny mole like a wart on the small of his back! ❧❧ The spindling bond-clerk who handles millions and wears pink socks wanes to insignificance beside the compact coal-heaver, and Little Lord Fauntleroy, stripped of his velvets, is the inferior of Micky-the-Kid, stripped of his rags.

Under the uncompromising gaze of one's

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peers, one's much cultivated dignity shrivels and departs. Ah, what carefully concealed skinniness is at last confessed! What physical shortcomings! Something of a judgment-day upon earth is this. For in swimmin', plain, unbedecked swimmin', there can be no partiality. —*Edwin Sabin.*

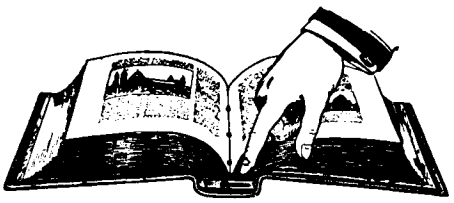
THE Governments wish to persuade the peoples that there is no need for private individuals to trouble about freeing themselves from wars; the Governments themselves, at their conferences, will arrange first to reduce and presently quite to abolish armies. But this is untrue. Armies can be reduced and abolished only in opposition to the will, but never by the will, of Governments. Armies will only be diminished and abolished when people cease to trust Governments, and themselves seek salvation from the miseries that oppress them, and seek that safety, not by the complicated and delicate combinations of diplomatists, but in the simple fulfilment of that law binding upon every man, inscribed in all religious teachings, and present in every heart, not to do to others what you wish them not to do to you—above all, not to slay your neighbors.—*Tolstoy.*

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EDUCATION, the fatherland, liberty, association, the family, property and religion, are all undying elements of human nature. They can not be destroyed; but every epoch has the right and duty to modify them according to the intellect of the age, the progress of science and the altered conditions of human relations.—*Mazzini.*

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THE PURPOSE OF THE "SOULFUL SOHMER"

An artist does not paint with his hands, any more than a writer writes with his fingers. Painters like Blum and Alexander paint with their brains. They see the completed picture first, just as Maeterlinck saw the "Life of the Bee" before he penned a single word of it.

When Hugo Sohmer began to build the Sohmer Piano, he had a perfect piano in his mind's eye. The Sohmer, along with the trend of the times, has evolved into something even finer than Hugo Sohmer then constructed, because the makers of the Sohmer have always studied their piano with an eye single to improvement. ¶ However, today in the Sohmer Manufactory, the piano-makers have in mind, when they start out to build a piano, the "Perfect Piano" as we know it today.

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NEW YORK CITY

AS to Vivisection, the impression prevails that laboratory experimentation is largely confined to the pin-prick suffering of the inoculating-needle. Doctor Edward Berdoe, an esteemed English physician, writes: "There is not an organ of the animal body, not a function, not a sensation, which has not been or is not being investigated and experimented upon by the physiologists. Is it the brain? They plow it with red-hot instruments; they pick and slice and galvanize it. Is it the spinal cord? Its functions are minutely explored, and the nerves which come from it traced with scalpel and forceps. In the eyes are inserted powerful and biting acids, and through their transparent media the effect of painful inoculation is watched ❧ Can the animal eat? It is to be kept alive without food or fed on grotesque diets, to see how long it will take to starve ❧ Can it drink? It must be subjected to experiments with fluids. It has blood ❧ It must all be removed and pumped in again that something may be learned from that ❧ It breathes. It shall have poisonous gases to inhale. Can it perspire? It shall be varnished or covered with wax to see how long it can live without doing so. Can it take cold? It shall be shaven clean and bathed with ice-water to see how long it will take to contract pneumonia. Can it burn? It shall be baked alive ❧ Freeze? It shall be stiffened to the consistency of wood. Is there a new disease discovered by the faculty? It shall be compelled to contract it if possible, or exhibit the reason why it does not. Is there a degree of agony which just stops short of death and no more? Nail by nail shall be

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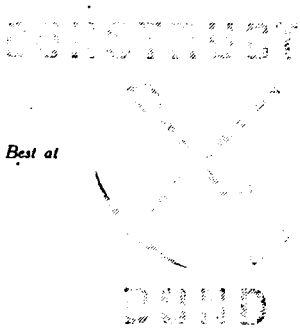
driven carefully into its limbs till no more crucifixion can be borne."

Let us have not only a medical white-list, but a medical black-list, which, in addition to the forty-three prominent New York physicians who strenuously oppose humanely restrictive legislation, shall record also the names of other medical men who uphold this most cowardly method of research—which has been well called our meanest crime.—*K.G.*

THE professors in a college can not be police-officers nor employ police methods. This goes without saying. It is necessary, on the other hand, that they should stand strongly against the student vices, against cheating, gambling, dishonest behavior, yellow journalism, and all forms of alcoholic conviviality. Whatever one's views as to beer and wine may be, there is no question that alcoholics are the curse of college life ❧ Their use to promote good-fellowship among students is most fatal to everything which should be characteristic of university training. From the "beer-bust" of the college to the red-light district of the town, the way is short and straight, and thousands of young men find themselves ruined for life from a single night of excess ❧ —*David Starr Jordan.*

IT is the unqualified result of all my experiences with the sick that second only to their need of fresh air is their need of light; that, after a close room, what hurts them most is a dark room; and that it is not only light, but direct sunlight that they want.—*Florence Nightingale.*

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I AM a hunter of truth and a spy of life. I obey Nature in everything ❧ The sole principle in art is to be servilely faithful to her. With due respect to ultra-estheticism, every other method is disastrous. There is no receipt for embellishing Nature ❧ There are two ways, at least, to offend Nature—not to observe her sufficiently and to observe her wrongly. In both cases the artists are well punished. They devote themselves, by this failure to observe or by this excess of detail, to romanticism or to banal realism. They become dilettanti or photographers, esthetes or disciples of Zola. When an artist arranges Nature, when he puts her in fine poses, and disposes her so as to please an ignorant public, he creates ugliness because he is afraid of truth. The public does not care for truth. The taste for reality exists only where there are culture, traditions of social life, the habit of observing and understanding the spectacle things present. All the aristocracies have been realists ❧ The mob is imaginative and delights in the commonplace romantic ❧ I think with joy of the grand seigneurs who took pleasure in seeing themselves painted with the greatest realism ❧ Charles the Fifth, who allowed Titian to show his supreme hardness; Philip the Fourth, who endured from Velasquez the portraits as an extremely elegant but very insignificant man with a hanging jaw. With our most intelligent contemporaries we see revealed a repugnance for artistic truth. They want to seem hairdressers. All this comes from the evil of the age—that is, indifference to truth and incapacity for taking interest in the real.—***Rodin.***

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IN association for mutual advantage will easily solve many difficulties and result in social and business betterment and greater prosperity. Any association or movement which tends to create co-operation and increased confidence and helpfulness in a community tends to the general welfare. ¶ I believe that each person can do something that no other can do quite so well, and that each can help some person that no other can help so acceptably.

Get to know your neighbor, and above all get to know your competitor and learn to pull with him, rather than against him.

I believe it is as much of a duty to prevent people from doing by us as they would not be done by, as it is for us to do as we would be done by.

Be a live wire and square all around. People are not liable to step on a live wire many times.—*W. D. Wilmot.*

EDUCATION BY POCKET-SIZE BOOKS

HOW THE FRA GOT HIS

ELBERT HUBBARD does not claim to be an educated man to the degree where education interferes with business. But a great deal of his knowledge of life and letters was gained by reading on the train as a commuter between East Aurora and Buffalo before the days of The Roycroft Shops. Some who made this daily trip with Mr. Hubbard are still catching the Seven-thirty and returning on the Six o'Clock. ¶ In the early days when Fra Elbertus was fletcherizing some good book, these old boys played the ancient and honorable game of "Smear." Some of these men pass The Roycroft Shops daily on their way to the station as of yore. They are still addicted to the pasteboards. ¶ Mr. Hubbard says that the only thing that marred his joy of browsing in the works of good men and great was the fact that he had sometimes to carry bulky volumes. He tried if possible to get only little books of the proper size to fit in his side coat-pockets. And this was the way the Fra got his idea for the pocket-size magazine, THE PHILISTINE. ¶ The size of THE PHILISTINE is appreciated by thousands of salesmen who, by their travels America over, keep commerce in vibration. These boys slip the "PHIL," as they affectionately call it, into their side-pockets, and when they have a moment to spare they fish it out. ¶ A great many of these same people, as well as other folk with a literary bias, are appreciating using Nelson's New Century Library of Standard Authors, printed on Nelson's India Paper in dainty limp-leather binding. The use of Nelson's India Paper makes it possible to condense 950 pages into a single volume no thicker than a magazine. The beautiful printing and the exquisite flexible leather bindings make this library one of rare beauty and utmost utility. For instance, the largest Dickens Novel is now complete in one volume, pocket size, 4¼ x 6¾ inches, with over 900 pages. ¶ The volumes always lie open, flat in the hand. These volumes can be purchased singly or in sets. The price is $1.25 per volume. ¶ The library now includes twenty-six volumes of Sir Walter Scott, five volumes of Bronte, eight volumes of Hugo, three volumes of Poe, twenty-three volumes of Dumas, seventeen volumes of Dickens, twelve volumes of George Eliot, two of Jane Austen, fourteen volumes of Thackeray, and the works of Shakespeare complete in six volumes. Also in the library are included Bunyan in one volume, Robert Burns in one volume, Cervantes in one volume, Charles Kingsley in five volumes, Lever in four volumes, Longfellow's Poems in one volume, the work of Lord Lytton in four volumes, Palgrave's Golden Treasury in one volume, Tennyson in one volume, the Bible in two volumes, containing the Old and New Testaments in the American Standard Version. ¶ As a matter of self-education and bookish desire, investigate the Nelson Pocket-Size Volumes.

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IF we would see the color of our future, we must look for it in our present; if we would gaze on the star of our destiny, we must look for it in our hearts.—*Canon Farrar.*

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[illegible]

MAN was made to migrate to where he can get the best living. Directly or indirectly, we all live by the soil. Where farm seeds, implements and lumber go, we are safe. "Waste places are made green and even the desert blossoms like the rose."

Just now the Winning of Western Canada is a panorama that has the eyes of the world upon it. In Western Canada it is not for man to convert waste places, but to take advantage of what is there. Vast areas of timber, mineral and 40-bushel-to-the-acre wheat-land invite you via the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

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THE FRA—A Journal of Affirmation, Exponent of The American Philosophy. CONTENTS, May, mcmxii

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THE OPEN ROAD

AFOOT WITH THE FRA

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THE June FRA will be the "Outdoor" Number. Take it out of doors with you on those rare June days that Billy Bryant loved so well and wrote of so appreciatively. There are a whole lot of good things in the June FRA—things you likely know, but have forgotten, lo, these many years. All who love the out-of-doors will enjoy this Number. Here, then, are a few of the more important titles:

OPEN ROAD

"The Woman Who Broke the Law"; "The Truth About Keeping Well"; "The Anatomy of Satire"; "Our Judiciary"; "The Canadian Spirit"; "The Success of Osteopathy": All by Elbert Hubbard.

SIGNED ARTICLES

"Spinsters at a Premium," by Alice Hubbard; "A Literary Discovery," by Frank Putnam; "The Failure of Vaccination," by J. W. Hodge, M. D.; "The Twins of Business," by E. D. Gibbs.

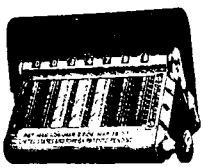
Be sure to read the Outdoor Number of THE FRA. It is on sale at all news-stands.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

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The Business Man's Best Helper

¶ Good business requires good health. No man can task body and brain with useless detail and stay in the game. The man who has the time, the inclination and the money for leisure and exercise is the man who systematizes his business. ¶ The Golden Gem Adding Machine is an aid in this direction. Over thirty thousand businessmen America over are relieving the stress and strain of their work by the work of the Golden Gem. ¶ The makers of this machine have placed it within reach of all. Do not think that your business is too big or too small for the Golden Gem, as some of the biggest and some of the smallest business-houses in America are equipped with this machine at **The price of the GOLDEN GEM is but $10.00.** The size of your business may not warrant the installation of a machine costing from One Hundred Twenty-five to Three Hundred Fifty Dollars, but you surely can not afford to go without the Golden Gem. ¶ It can be kept right on your desk or taken with you on the road. It will save you work and worry. It avoids mistakes. It will suit your needs as well as any machine on the market. ¶ The price includes a pebbled morocco-leather case. Send your remittance now. If the machine does not come up to your expectations within ten days, you may return it and your money will be refunded. ¶ **SALES-AGENTS will find the Golden Gem a splendid proposition to which to devote their time and ability. It is a good salesman itself! Address**



R. GANCHER

Automatic Adding Machine Co., 319 Broadway, New York

INCREASE GOOD-WILL

It is easy to buy; it is difficult to sell. These facts are firmly fixed in the heart of every man who does business. Does your business flow to you, or do you eternally have to pipe all hands to man the pumps in order to get your share? ¶ There is a way to divert the current in your direction. Increase good-will and you increase your business. As an inducement and trade-bringer, we suggest the use of the Standard Pencil Company's exclusive process-printed pencils, bearing your advertisement, which you can give away to customers and prospective patrons. ¶ The Standard Pencil Company are the only manufacturers able to print pencils in two colors, and they are the only ones who can print hexagon pencils all around. They also do printing on clothespins, knife-handles and penholders in the same way. ¶ By giving away something useful and good-looking, the current is set swirling your way. The eternal tide of the human heart flows in your direction, and with kindness, courtesy and the goods, success with you will know no ebb. ¶ It is no small thing to make folks happy, and it is good business policy. The intent with the Standard Pencil Company's novelties is not only to give the customer what he expects, but also to surprise him by giving him something a little better and more than he has any idea. You have the customer's friendship and when you have his friendship, you have his business. ¶ The Standard Pencil Company will be glad to quote you figures and submit you literature on the various things which they make. The ink used in printing clothespins is non-fading. The quality of pencils, penholders, knives and clothespins is first grade in every particular. ¶ Your correspondence will receive the exacting attention of a man who knows advertising problems and needs intimately. Write Mr. H. W. Brewer, the Manager, personally.

Standard Pencil Company, Hutchinson, Kansas

floating palace which was the builder's glory, and the pride of the sea. It took a brave man having such an interest to come back on a rescue ship.

Ismay is no coward.

He has chosen to face what men call shame. Besides this, he has forever with him, as the recurring theme of his life, the hopeless memory of that awful tragedy. ¶ The treatment which Mr. Ismay has received at the hands of people who know him not at all, must bring the cry: "Forgive. They know not what they do."

Every person of intelligence knows that no man can inherit the position of Managing Director of the International Marine Service. Vice-Presidents may hold their positions, because of inheritance. A man does not become a Managing Director, lacking a managing director's ability. ¶ John Bruce Ismay, with the brains to have gained such a position, had the intelligence to know that in this, of all circumstances, the one hailed as a brave man would be the man to go down with the ship.

Had Ismay's responsibilities been limited to the command of the "Titanic," he could have sunk with the ship. ¶ The international finger

PURPOSE above the scorn of men brought John Bruce Ismay safe to this unfriendly shore. He can help to make ocean travel safer as no Senatorial investigation can. And he will.

To live with the eternal memory of the cries of the dying who now lie at the bottom of the sea—to have died with them would have been peace, surcease from sorrow. ¶ No man could have been Managing Director of the White Star Line and not have loved that wonderful,

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of scorn has been pointed at him as at no other man during this century. Nothing that he can say, nothing that he can do for the safety and the welfare of his business, will have any effect upon people. No effort of his, however sincere, will be considered. ¶ It was absolutely necessary that a representative of the White Star Line, higher in rank than Steward, should come back to the day with knowledge of the disaster and intelligence which should aid in the prevention of such another.

The whole loss has been tremendous ☙ The suffering of so many people has been terrible, but this is no reason why consideration has not been shown to the one man of all others who must bear the sorrow. It was Ismay's responsibility.

No business is developed without struggle. No enterprise can be carried on without loss, and no enterprise can be developed except through the love and the travail of those to whom it belongs ☙ The wreck of the "Titanic" is a disaster to the Managing Director of the White Star Line, that nothing can compensate and no shame make less.

Mr. Ismay was on the deck of the "Titanic" more than an hour after it was known that the great ship must sink. In that time every situation, every possibility, every terror, had been faced ☙ A man without power, a man lacking spiritual courage, great beyond that demanded by ordinary circumstances, would have chosen the simple fate of two thousand fathoms of oblivion. ¶ The world is not yet old ☙ We have not moved far from original, barbaric instincts. Only a few realize that there is more than one kind of courage; that



AWARDS OF MERIT

Unquestionably Prove SUPERIORITY



WHEN The United States Interlocking Cream Separator won the HIGHEST AWARDS over six well-known competitors at the California State Fair in the greatest cream separator contest of 1911.

California Agricultural Society, Sacramento, Cal., Dec. 1, 1911.

Replying to yours of the 29th ult., will say that the Vermont Farm Machine Company was awarded the first prize on best cream separator, at the recent State Fair, the second prize being awarded to the De Laval Dairy Supply Company. The money was forwarded your company at Bellows Falls.

C. Allison Telfer, Manager.

AND when The United States Interlocking Cream Separator won the GRAND PRIZE (highest award) over all the cream separators of the country at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition in the greatest cream separator contest held since the Pan-American Exposition.

Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, Seattle, Wash., Oct. 6, 1909.

Answering your letter of the 4th inst., beg to say that the Vermont Farm Machine Company received the Grand Prize, and the Sharples and De Laval people Gold Medals on Cream Separators.

Henry E. Dosch, Director of Exhibits and Privileges.

AND when The United States Cream Separator won the WORLD'S RECORD at the Pan-American Exposition in the greatest cream separator contest ever seen in this country or any other.

Then, every fair-minded person is obliged to admit that there must certainly be superior merit in the United States Cream Separator which other separators lack.

Expositions are the battle-grounds where "show me" takes the place of extravagant "claims." Unequalled merit is then as truly revealed as is heroism in a Titanic shipwreck.



You need a **United States Cream Separator** in your dairy. It separates cream of any desired thickness and of unequalled quality. It is most sanitary with its non-rusting, nickel-silver skimming sections. It is easiest washed and taken care of. It skims closer than other separators.

We show some of our proofs of these statements. A free trial right in your dairy will do the rest. Its work is its best recommendation.

Price, $25.00 to $160.00 According to Capacity

Will you let us show you, today, at our expense?



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Dealers and Distributing Warehouses Everywhere.

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The VEGETABLE DIET *and* EFFICIENCY

THE world is looking for clean, strong and efficient men and women to do its work. Physical cleanliness and mental efficiency are largely a matter of diet. Consider what effect the changing from a meat to a vegetable diet would have on you and your activities. The consciousness that you are not sustaining your life on anything but vegetable products is inspirational and ennobling.

¶ That your table can be supplied adequately and bountifully from the Vegetable World without encroachment on the Animal Preserves is an undebatable fact. Doctor DuBois of Berlin affirms that the characters of children, as well as their minds and bodies, are improved by plenty of fruit and vegetables in the place of the meat diet.

¶ Professor Chittenden, Director of the Sheffield Scientific School, recently conducted experiments to ascertain whether meat-eaters or vegetarians are the more efficient workers. Most of the students with whom Professor Chittenden experimented were training for athletic work. The tests resulted in the complete vindication of the vegetarian diet with no admixture of meat.

¶ The men who confined themselves to a strict vegetable diet were in much better condition than the meat-eaters, mentally and physically. They were successful in their scholastic work as well as on the athletic field.

¶ Investigations of this kind prove conclusively that meat is not a food necessity and that we are actually better off without it.

¶ It is easy to renounce the flesh-eating habit by the use of the Millennium Products, which include:

¶ **Millennium Extract** for making Gravies, Soups, Broths, Consomme, and for all flavoring and strengthening purposes.

¶ **Millennium Meat** for Roasts, Stews, Hash, and an endless combination of tasty, satisfying dishes.

¶ **Millennium Cooking-Fat** for Frying, Baking, Gravies, etc.

¶ Millennium Products are palatable, piquant and appetizing. They are all guaranteed absolutely free from animal matter and other impurities.

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Kansas City: Unity Pure Food Co. Detroit: G. & R. McMillen.
Pittsburgh: Kaufmann Bros. Brockton: Brockton Public Market.
Seattle: H. E. Sergeant Supply Co.

The MILLENNIUM FOOD CO.

Telephone, Haymarket 1512 26 Pemberton Sq., Boston

Pamphlets on application — 1-oz. Jar Extract sent postpaid upon receipt of stamps, 15 cents.

a crisis develops other strength than that which we have in common with the brute ❧ No man ever owed more to his business colleagues than J. Bruce Ismay, and no man has ever paid his debt more fully.

Life at this price can not be sweet to him. But he must face each day with a sublime understanding of himself, thankful to whatever gods may be for his unconquerable soul.

It is not a difficult thing for men on dry land, safe in the security of inconsequence, personally untouched by this great disaster, to condemn, without hearing, without knowledge of this man, his actions. There is prehistoric precedent for such condemnation. ¶ He is the greatest stranger on the strangest land that ever man was cast by shipwreck. He has not received the commonest courtesies.

There is, instinct within the human heart, the love of freedom. There is inherent in every American the love of fair play.

For a little while a pitiful, barbaric sentiment has held us reason-bound.

We can not decide who is the fittest to survive by the aid of a worn-out superstition concerning the sexes. Ismay brought from the sea a greater burden than he had ever before carried. What he does with this burden will decide who of the human cargo on the sinking "Titanic" was fittest to survive.— *Beulah Hood.*

❧

HALF a man's wisdom goes with his courage. A boy who knows that a bully lives around the corner on his way to school, is apt to take sinister views of streets and school education.—*Emerson.*

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THERE is no stretch along the road to a business success which does n't call for courage enough in a man to back his judgment ❧ He may have all the judgment necessary in any question's solution, but if he has n't the nerve to back his judgment with his money he never will be a businessman ❧ It has been brought home to me many times how effectively and satisfactorily a man may handle the money of an employer for years, exerting his own initiative and judgment, and yet when he goes into business for himself, lose all the initiative which made him a success as an employee, and prove himself a failure ❧ There are men who are unable to work for themselves ❧ They are incapable of holding themselves to the hours which their own business requires. They discount their own judgment when they find it pressing upon them to back it with money. In a like position as an employee they would jump at the opportunity to invest an employer's money, but the idea of investing it for themselves seems demoralizing ❧ Such men can not be successes. They are lacking in courage.

—John Graves Shedd.



Is Your Talk Convincing?

Does It Win? Or Is It Just—TALK!

¶ You have been or will be called upon to speak in public—some time—somewhere. It may be at a dinner or other social function, at a political meeting, in your lodge-room or at a business conference. Can you "say your say" confidently and forcefully? ¶ More than 10,000 men, representing every business and profession, have achieved more and earned more through Mr. Kleiser's Mail Course in Public Speaking. What he has done for others he can do for you. ¶ Grenville Kleiser's wonderfully practical Mail Course in Public Speaking takes only 15 minutes of your time daily in your home or office, and it quickly teaches you

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WE regularly appropriate three million dollars to promote the well-being of domestic animals. We have this year set aside the sum of thirty thousand dollars for the establishment of a Children's Bureau devoted to the welfare of children ❧ The question naturally suggests itself—but what 's the use, anyway!

❧

It is no stigma to wear rags; the disgrace is in continuing to wear them.—*Muriel Strode.*

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THE MINTAGE by Elbert Hubbard

¶ The art of writing short stories is cultivated by the many, and attained by the mighty few. But here is a book of stories with originality, vitality and the stylistic qualities which have given the Sage of East Aurora fame. The stories included in THE MINTAGE may be compared favorably with the best work of such writers as Balzac, De Maupassant and Daudet. ¶ One of Herr Kranz's most distinctive designs in modeled-leather work. ¶ Printed on Japanese Vellum. Price, Ten Dollars.



FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND MARRIAGE by Henry D. Thoreau

¶ In this book are set forth the views held by Henry David Thoreau, friend of Emerson, Hawthorne and Margaret Fuller, and himself a worthy exponent of the Transcendental School of Philosophy that flourished in New England about seventy years ago. What he says has an intimate bearing on present-day problems.



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¶ Fra Elbertus deals in his own inimitable way with the world-old subject of the ideal State. Ideal Commonwealths have been popular since the time when Plato drew up plans for a perfect republic. Sir Thomas More and Sir Francis Bacon both indulged in this species of Politico-Literary Gymnastics. Comparatively few copies remain — bound in Three-Quarters ooze-leather, and printed on handmade paper. An exquisite piece of bookmaking. The price is Five Dollars.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York State

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I LIKE to win in anything I go at. I believe any good salesman must feel much that way. Magnetism is a physical quality, without doubt; and it may be inherited, yes. But a fellow must have more than that; he must have the wish to win, the energy to try. What else? Why, confidence. First, the ambition to win; second, the confidence that you can win. These are the things. —*E. Simmons.*

THE deepest-rooted cause of American disease is that overworking of the brain and over-excitement of the nervous system which are the necessary consequences of their intense activity—hence, nervous dyspepsia, with consumption, insanity and all its brood of fell disorders in its train. In a word, the American man works himself to death.—*James Sterling.*

The Banishment of Dust Ills



ONE of the greatest advances in the Science of Health was made when William Morris gave the world the Morris idea of simplicity in furniture and house decoration, thus reducing the opportunity for the collection of dust in the home. All modern scientists are agreed on the fact that dust is a pernicious and dangerous enemy of health.

¶ After the Morris idea, the invention by Mr. F. A. Howard of the Howard Dustless Duster came as a special blessing and benefit.

¶ The Howard Dustless Duster is fabric-treated by a secret process, to the end that dust will adhere to the cloth securely. It keeps the air clean. Woods, glass, metals, leather and other smooth surfaces take a high polish from the Howard Dustless Duster. The properties of the duster are not destroyed by washing. The fabric treated by the Howard process wears many times as long as untreated cloth.

¶ This duster is the only chemically treated cloth which dusts, cleans and polishes furniture and finishes metal or glass and retains its efficiency after washing.

¶ It is strictly sanitary, because the dust gathered with this duster can not possibly escape. One Howard Dustless Duster will outwear eight pieces of cheesecloth. It can be used for many purposes which the user readily discovers.

¶ Five styles of Dusters are made of cloth:

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Office, about one-third as large as Standard	.15
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Floor, for use on walls and draperies	.35
Brush cover	.50

¶ Sent, prepaid, on receipt of price.

HOWARD

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The world generally gives its admiration not to the man who does what nobody else attempts to do, but to the man who does best what multitudes do well.—*Macaulay.*

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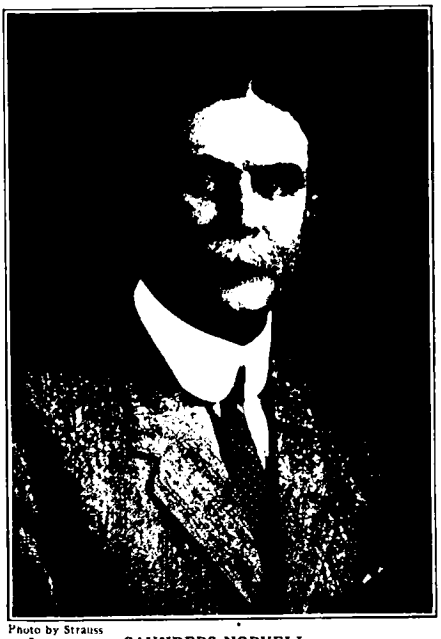


Photo by Strauss

SAUNDERS NORVELL
Otherwise Mike Kinney, Teamster

The Roycroft Convention

THE Seventeenth Annual Convention will be held at East Aurora, July First to Tenth, inclusive, Nineteen Hundred Twelve. ¶ All Life Members, and subscribers in good standing to ***THE FRA*** and ***THE PHILISTINE,*** are especially invited to be with us and join in the gladsome glee. ¶ There will be two formal programs daily, but not too formal—afternoon and evening—when men and women of note will speak, sing, recite, vibrate and otherwise disturb the ether. ¶ There is always much good-fellowship at these conventions. Introductions are tabu. Everybody knows everybody else. Good-will and the laugh in which there is no bitterness prevail. ¶ The Science of Business will be one of the especial themes under discussion. Music will be a principal feature ¶ The Roycroft Physical Director will lead gentle walks afield—down to the Spring and through The Roycroft Wood. There will also be tramps to The Roycroft Farm—there usually are—and demonstrations at The Roycroft Woodpile. ¶ Health, happiness, good-cheer and all that makes for increased efficiency will be yours. ¶ The big boys who will be with us and talk to us are Ed Howe, Brand Whitlock, William Marion Reedy and Saunders Norvell, otherwise Mike Kinney, Teamster. ¶ As for Ideas, everybody is welcome to all he can bring, and to all he can carry away. ¶ There is no charge for attendance at the lectures, concerts and other entertainments ¶ Rates at The Roycroft Inn are Two Dollars and a Half a day and up, according to rooms, including meals. ¶ Free automobile service meets all trains at the station. Reservations at the Inn can now be made. Perhaps you had better not dress too fine—flannels, corduroys, khaki, stout shoes and a smile!

The Roycroft Inn, East Aurora, New York

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Inexpensive Hammered-Copper Goods

Of Roycroft Workmanship



¶ Combination match-holder and ash-tray of hammered copper. Just the thing for the college man, or, indeed, for any man who smokes. Price, Two Dollars.



¶ Gracefulhammered-copper vase with handle. Price, Two Dollars.



¶ This beautiful sconce is made of hammered copper. A rare and unusual piece of workmanship. The price is Three Dollars.



¶ Hammered-copper flower-vase with glass holder—copper rods supporting the glass tube. Chaste and distinctive in design. **Price, Two Dollars.**

¶ This ink-box of hammered copper, with glass well of generous capacity, is an incentive to correspondence ☞ The price is Three Dollars and a Half.



The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York State

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The Searchlight on the Soil

THE most important occupation in the world is farming. So the Trade Journal of the People who feed and clothe the world is of vital interest. *The National Stockman and Farmer* bears the distinction of being the greatest farm paper in the world. This magazine presents, in a readable and comprehensive way, the New Word in the Realm of Agriculture.

Humanity marks time by the improvements in Agricultural conditions. The propaganda of science has had vigorous publicity through the pages of *The National Stockman and Farmer*. It is a Searchlight on the Soil, revealing new methods and inventions. It has brought the Laboratory and the Farmhouse closer. It has annexed the Lecture-Room and the Stable. Its influence has always been for the humane, the progressive and the profitable.

A recent editorial in *The National Stockman and Farmer* had this to say, "Farmers have learned more about the value of their time in recent years than in a whole generation when labor was plentiful." And since Eighteen Hundred Seventy-seven, *The Stockman and Farmer* has been impressing on the Farmers the value of that transient possession—time!

Just now an extra special inducement is made to all good folks directly or indirectly interested in Farming and Stock-Raising. *The National Stockman and Farmer* is issued weekly—fifty-two numbers each year. The price is One Dollar a year—certainly reasonable enough. But in addition to the magazine for one dollar, you may have your choice of two splendid books: "The Essentials of Soil Fertility," by Professor Alva Agee, and "Common-sense Treatment of Farm Animals," by Dr. C. D. Smead. The price of these volumes singly is One Dollar. But here you are offered *The National Stockman and Farmer*—the world's greatest Farm Paper—and one of these textbooks on Farming for One Dollar.

This is an offer you can not afford to pass by. Remit today and mention *The Fra.*

The National Stockman and Farmer

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

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UTILIZE NATURE WELL



Man's business is to rob Nature, or, as he more politely terms it, to utilize Nature. And this he does, and is obliged to do, for on the utilization of Nature, civilization is built. And the man who does this best is the most prosperous, as a matter of course. ¶ The idea of the dairy business is founded on taking advantage of the maternal instincts of the cow. And while we are doing this, we might as well get the most out of it. Why waste both quantity and quality of cream by using an inferior separator, when the De Laval Cream-Separator will be sent you on a free trial, which will prove to you conclusively that it is a good investment? ¶ More than a million and a quarter cow-owners have found the De Laval Cream-Separator to be the most profitable investment for them made in this connection. Ninety-eight per cent of the world's creameries use the De Laval exclusively. ¶ The economy in the use of the De Laval in butter-fat, quality of cream, sweet skim-milk, labor, time and trouble will pay for the De Laval semi-annually. Close separation, immense capacity, easy cleaning and easy running make the De Laval superior in its especial field. ¶ The makers of the De Laval have given the subject of sanitation their special attention, and in the care of milk products this is of vital importance. Mr. Polk, of Indianapolis, says that the health of a city turns on its milk-supply. The happiness of the family is largely in the keeping of the milkman. And so the sanitary features of the De Laval Cream-Separator ought to appeal to you. ¶ The De Laval Cream-Separators are made in all sizes and capacities, from the 135-pounds-an-hour machine that sells for Thirty-five Dollars to the 1,350-pounds-an-hour machine that sells for One Hundred Sixty Dollars. Attachments are furnished for operation by all kinds of power. ¶ Responsible people everywhere may have a free trial of the De Laval Machine. Ask the De Laval Agent nearest you, or write direct to the nearest De Laval office.

The De Laval Separator Company

165 Broadway	29 E. Madison Street	101 Drumm Street	1016 Western Avenue
NEW YORK	CHICAGO	SAN FRANCISCO	SEATTLE

TO THE DISCERNING

ROSENBAUM AND COMPANY have the honor to announce a new store in Providence, Rhode Island. This new store in Providence will be more than a store; it will be an exposition, a school, and a Store of Service. ¶ This will be the fourth store in the Rosenbaum System, and it will be representative of the good-cheer, courtesy and fine stocks that have made the other three stores so popular with women who appreciate the best in the way of women's apparel moderately priced.

¶ Every great success is made up of a number of little successes; and courtesy, kindness, a desire to please, unfailing patience, an energy that never tires and a pride in well-doing that never grows weary — these are the things that seem to distinguish the Rosenbaum Stores. In the salesroom, the rest-room, the reception-room, you will find the same governing spirit of service.

¶ Back of the beauty of this elegantly furnished store, you will find the simple, old-fashioned virtues for which the world has not yet discovered a substitute; these are the virtues of honesty, industry, economy and perseverance.

¶ The ability and skill of custom fitters will be given to the patrons. Everything in the store will be marked in plain figures, a uniform price for all.

¶ The Rosenbaum motto is, "To Make Sales Is Not Enough — You Must Make Friends."

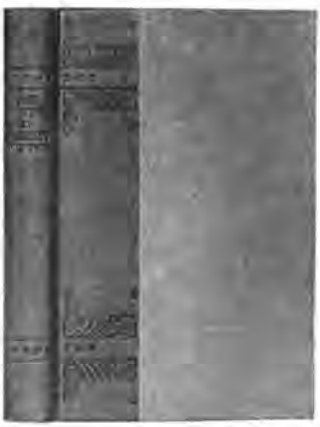
ROSENBAUM & COMPANY

Women's and Misses' Wearing Apparel

NEW YORK	ATLANTIC CITY	ASBURY PARK	PROVIDENCE

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THE MINTAGE—By Elbert Hubbard



AN AMERICAN BIBLE

Subscribe to THE FRA

Some Special Inducements

THE FRA Magazine is doing the American people a service which no other magazine seems willing to perform at the present time. ¶ Mr. Hubbard in his editorials is voicing a protest against the negative form of literature which is filling other magazines. Mr. Hubbard affirms, and many great and good men agree with him, that business was never safer nor better than now. ¶ THE FRA is a magazine of affirmation. It preaches the American Philosophy of mutuality and good-cheer. The subscription price of THE FRA is Two Dollars a year, and with it we present you as a premium a Roycroft Book. The following books are being offered just now:

AN AMERICAN BIBLE

—With an Introduction by Alice Hubbard.

This Book is a noteworthy collection of selections from the writings of famous Americans which have an especial bearing on our every-day work and needs. These noble thoughts make for higher ideals, and spur us on to greater and better things. Oxford Binding.

THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM.

This is an immortal work. Its philosophy is none of the deepest or most sententious, but it has tided us over many an abysmal day when we were in no mood for translating Henry James. Omar went on the Oriental theory that "neither joy nor sorrow is enduring—you go ahead and eat." Designed cover, leather back.

SELF-RELIANCE—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

This Essay on Self-Reliance has such an earnestness of purpose underlying its eternal truths that it is a physical and spiritual mentor for the human race. The subject is treated with the epigrammatic virility which is so characteristic a feature of Emerson's style. Handmade paper, Library Binding, fine format.

THE MINTAGE—Elbert Hubbard.

This is a collection of eleven short stories in the Fra's happiest style. Some of these stories have the special merit of being true. Mr. Hubbard tells you many things which you know, but do not know that you know until he tells you. Some of the incidents in THE MINTAGE may have happened to you. Anyway you will find the book fascinating. Miriam Binding.

HEALTH AND WEALTH—Elbert Hubbard.

We sympathize with Leigh Hunt when he declares that Health and Wealth have missed him. Don't let Health and Wealth miss you. Enjoy this series of thirty-two helpful essays. Board Binding.

One Volume of LITTLE JOURNEYS by Elbert Hubbard.

Each volume contains six complete biographies of great men, six portraits in each book. These books are the Biographical Classics of today. Board Binding.

FILL OUT THIS BLANK

To THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, New York:

I enclose Two Dollars for THE FRA Magazine for one year and the gratis book .....

..... which I have selected.

Name .....

Address .....

Foreign postage, Canada excepted, seventy-five cents

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That Which Does Not Die



JAMES OLIVER

¶ It is not the man or deed that lives, but the written record of that man, that deed.

¶ Socrates has long been whirling dust along the Sacred Way. He lives through Plato's books.

¶ Elbert Hubbard has given immortality to One Hundred Ninety of the world's great men.

¶ Plato, Thomas Arnold, Socrates, Thoreau, Copernicus, Haeckel, Michelangelo, Millet, Jefferson, Lincoln, Robert Owen, James J. Hill, James Oliver and other Immortals; men who have made the world today and molded its best thought.

¶ Make friends with these world-makers by reading "Little Journeys." Learn from their successes, their defeats. Through their achievement realize that they always win who try.

¶ What would you not give to walk, to talk with Victor Hugo, Disraeli, Abraham Lincoln!

¶ Take a "Little Journey" with Elbert Hubbard to their homes, their haunts. Therein is written the story of their love, their hope, their struggle, their success.

¶ There is an interesting booklet that we will send gratis on application which tells about these "Little Journeys." Send a postal-card request and the booklet is yours!

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

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A Good Time Guaranteed to Everyone Who Goes

THE Dallas Advertising League, desiring as far as possible to compliment the delegates and visitors to the eighth annual convention of the A. A. C. of A., have contracted with the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway Co. of Texas, for a sufficient number of special Pullman trains to accommodate all who desire to go on a circle tour of one thousand miles through the heart of Texas; visiting the Geyser city of Waco, historic San Antonio, the cradle of Texas independence; Galveston, with its magnificent beach and bathing, and Houston, the Magnolia city, thence back to Dallas. Each city will furnish interesting and unique entertainments. This tour will begin Friday morning, May 24th, and will continue for four days and nights. The sleepers will be at the disposal of the guests day and night during the entire trip, all for fourteen dollars and sixty-five cents.

Attractive Railroad Rates Procured

The Southwestern Passenger Association has granted us the very satisfactory rate of a fare and a third from their gateways to Dallas and return, for the Associated Advertising Clubs of America Convention and have tendered the same rate to the Associations in adjoining territory. And while we have not as yet been able to hear from all of the Associations, we feel confident that they will accept the rates offered by the Southwestern Association and that the rate from your city to Dallas and return will be fare and a third. This information you should be able to confirm through your local representatives of the various railroads, and we feel that there is now nothing to prevent your making permanent arrangements for your trip to Dallas in May.

TOM P. THORNTON,
Chairman Transportation Committee.

Dallas Advertising League

FRED E. JOHNSTON, President RICHARD HAUGHTON, Secretary

ADVERTISING is salesmanship. Its fundamental principles are identical with those of salesmanship, and its success is also dependent upon the right methods of application of these principles.

Advertising sells goods—in some lines without any aid by personal salesmanship ❧ Personal salesmanship without advertising has accomplished much, but the big results come from a wise combination of these two forces; and in determining upon his policy and its carrying-out, the man who pays the bills must have absolutely harmonious co-operation between these two ends of his business. Neither alone can attain its full measure of success, but where each performs its own functions well and avails itself intelligently and fully of the other's assistance (and only under such conditions), the earning power of expenditures in both directions is multiplied. Today's prolific advertising literature has much to say about wasted appropriations. The losses from unsuccessful campaigns are variously estimated, running into many millions annually, and nowhere is there a weaker link in the chain than in the selling end. This is not a defense of intrinsically futile advertising, but a protest against the failure of many advertisers to make more than a perfunctory effort, or none at all, to get from their selling forces the full benefit of their heavy expenditures for advertising. The manufacturer who appropriates fifty thousand or five hundred thousand dollars to be spent in printers' ink, and then sits comfortably back in his chair and waits for the miracle to happen, expects his "copy" to carry the

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FULPER Germ-proof Filter

AND COOLER COMBINED

positively removes all the germs from the drinking water (even spring water) right in your home. $3.85 at your dealer's or expressed direct. Write for free book, "Nature's Laboratory," with noted doctors' endorsements.

FULPER POTTERY CO., 21 Fulper Place, Flemington, N. J.

entire burden and fails to use this tremendous force constructively in sales effort.

Who can tell how many advertising failures lay at the advertiser's door, due wholly to lack of coordination of his sales and advertising departments? ❧ How many advertising managers, inwardly, at least, resent suggestions or criticisms from the sales department? And how many sales managers "get a grouch" when the advertising department "butts in"?

These are not two separate branches of business effort—they are identical in principle and purpose, varying only in scope and service; the largest results can come only from their combined harmonious administration.—*Norman Craig.*

A SELLING ATMOSPHERE

In my innocent days, when I studied the wonderful science of psychology at Harvard, I was told that only one strong emotion can occupy the mind at one time.

Just think that over.

If you are so thoroughly frightened that your hair is standing on end, like a La Follette pompadour, it is quite probable that your joyous and hopeful mood will not aviate at the same moment.

Where doubt and fear enter, animation and hope retire.

You do not buy goods when you are mad; neither do you make love, nor presents.

Moreover, you do not purchase things of a person whom you dislike—if you can help it, and you usually can.

Some periodicals have a pleasant atmosphere.

They radiate optimism and calm courage.

They put the buyer in a mood where he loosens up his weasel-skin.

No salesman can sell a bill of goods to an individual whose hopes are below par. The buyer can lure, but he can't coerce or stampede.

Enthusiasm and animation are the first factors in success. Kill these, and every project dies a-borning.

There are always fifty-seven reasons why anything will not work, and lots of men can flash these up—and do—at inopportune times.

The muckraking magazines that pound on American business, rip the judiciary up the back, and hammer on the Administration, gradually evolve an atmosphere unfavorable for the seller, and prepare the way for a shut-down.

A great man has told us that life is a matter of buttoning and unbuttoning; and when you have gooseflesh, it is a matter of buttoning.

The buyer when doubtful stands back to the wall and buttons up as tight as the proverbial bull's mizzle.

And so the argument is this: A magazine that stands for laughter, reciprocity, mutuality, big business, faith, hope, good-cheer, health and love is a Selling Magazine.

Periodicals that are given over to pish-mince, carping criticism and distrust, and that maintain an anvil chorus of Glooms, instead of a silver-cornet band of Joys, kill the buying mood in the reader and make of him a tight-waddo.

In his heart financial panic reigns. He is the antithesis of a creator.

Advertisers would do well to patronize the Magazine that fosters the buying mood.

Elbert Hubbard

❧

IT is indisputably evident that a great part of every man's life must be employed in collecting materials for the exercise of genius. Invention, strictly speaking, is little more than a new combination of those images which have been previously gathered and deposited in the memory: nothing can come of nothing; he who has laid up no materials can produce no combinations ❧ The more extensive, therefore, your acquaintance is with the works of those who have excelled, the more extensive will be your powers of invention, and, what may appear still more like a paradox, the more original will be your conceptions.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

❧

It is a great mistake to fancy ourselves greater than we are, and to value ourselves at less than we are worth.—*Carlyle.*

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SWEET SEVENTEEN

THE JUNE PHILISTINE will mark the Seventeenth Anniversary of this little skirling piper periodical which has never grown up, and we hope t' Lawd never will. Cause why? The things that grow up, get old; and the things that get old, die. ¶ THE PHILISTINE is the first, last and only self-starting Magazine ever issued in America.

In all, a few over twenty million copies of THE PHILISTINE have been printed. It has had more than two hundred imitators, none of which need be mentioned here—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

It has not skipped a month since its first issue, and so far as we know it is the only magazine ever issued in America or Europe—with the exception of Henry Labouchere's "Truth"—that has paid a profit from the first number. It has not changed its cover-design, its policy, its size, shape, price (or, as Ed Howe says, its sox) since it was started. It has stood for life as we find it—work, health, good-cheer, laughter and love.

Its editor has never claimed that he knows all about everything, and, at the best, all he could claim for himself is that he is fifty-one per cent right fifty-one per cent of the time. ¶ Since this Magazine was started, its editor has never been sick a day, nor lost a meal except through inability of access. This can also be truthfully said of many of its subscribers.

The good-cheer and the healthful view of life expressed in the pages of THE PHILISTINE have reacted for good on owner and readers.

THE PHILISTINE has made people laugh; perhaps it has made some sigh; others it has made mad; but always it has made them think.

This much to announce a most important and happy happening, and that is that THE PHILISTINE for June will be a Double Number and will contain some of the warmest murex and most thinksome thoughts that the Imps of Inkdom have ever stirred up. Now is the proper time to subscribe.

¶ The subscription price of THE PHILISTINE is One Dollar a year, and as a premium we present you any one of the books listed below:

A Little Journey to the Home of Robert Burns—Elbert Hubbard.
A Little Journey to the Home of Verdi—Elbert Hubbard.
A Little Journey to the Home of Beethoven—Elbert Hubbard.
A Little Journey to the Home of Franz Liszt—Elbert Hubbard.
A Little Journey to the Home of James Oliver—Elbert Hubbard.
Chicago Tongue—Elbert Hubbard.
Manhattan and Henry Hudson—Elbert Hubbard.
The Basis of Marriage—Alice Hubbard.
The Battle of Waterloo—Victor Hugo.

FILL OUT THIS BLANK

To THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, Erie County, New York

I enclose One Dollar for THE PHILISTINE Magazine for one year, and the book_____which I select as premium.

Name _____

Address_____State_____

Extra Postage to Canada, Twelve Cents; to Europe, Twenty-four Cents

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AN executive is a man who decides quickly, and is sometimes right. ¶ We used to describe a businessman as a man who owned a roll-top desk, and there is no doubt that about twenty years ago every Gazabo who owned a roll-top desk congratulated himself on being a businessman. ¶ Recently a marked wave of disapproval has swept over the land for the luxurious and classic roll-top. ¶ Papers put in the roll-top are there until the executor comes or the receiver takes charge. ¶ The roll-top is a bid for procrastination and a lure for the lazy. ¶ If some chap rushes in and wants you to go to the ball-game, all you have to do, if you have a roll-top desk, is to pull down the lid, thus deceiving yourself and the office into the fond belief that you have cleaned up your work. ¶ Next to having no desk at all, the big businessman should have a flat-top table and then keep all papers right in sight until they are finished. ¶ Also, I hope the suggestion is not inappropriate that everything should be cleaned up every day. There are ways of filing things, and the girl knows how, I guess so! Blessed is that man who has found somebody to do his work. ¶ Now all of this simply leads up to the question of the particular flat-top desk most appropriate in every way. ¶ The Roycrofters have made a specialty of a few elegant, yet very plain and dignified, pieces of office furniture. ¶ The flat-top desk shown here is a double one for two people. The same style is also made single. And there is, besides, a typewriter-desk with a disappearing drop-head that conforms in every way to the other pieces. Then, too, the chairs should be in harmony. ¶ If you are a businessman and afflicted with the roll-top-desk proposition, why not start anew and put in a Roycroft office outfit? You will get a new lease on your business if you do. ¶ Write us for circular concerning this special set.

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, New York

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"Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before Them"—

1897

The Tremendous Advance which has placed the

Underwood Typewriter

So far in the lead—in this short time—was made certain from the beginning by its recognized superiority of construction over every other writing machine.



"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER CO.
(INCORPORATED)
Underwood Building New York
Branches in all Principal Cities



THE UNDERWOOD FACTORY TODAY — THE LARGEST TYPEWRITER FACTORY IN THE WORLD

most eloquent of us ❧ We all know what it is to be afire with the things we can not say. To express thoughts clearly, definitely, vividly, is the secret of success in modern life.

Grenville Kleiser has instituted the Public Speaking Club of America and Great Britain to assist men and women to talk wisely and well ❧ ❧

Without the power to speak with direct and convincing appeal, a man is a leaf before the storm ❧ With this ability to speak, he can control the many ❧ ❧

Demosthenes—poor, obscure, son of an Athenian sword-cutler—fired the Greeks with courage to defend their homes against the tyranny of Philip of Macedon. ¶ Mark Antony read the will of Cæsar in the Forum. He played upon the emotions of the Roman throng. They drove the murderers of Cæsar from the city.

Abe Lincoln went straight from the woods to the President's chair, freed the slaves, and stands today our greatest national figure.

¶ These men had something to say, and said it—they knew the secret of success. ¶ Banker, politician, teacher, salesman, businessman—all must publicize widely and well. To sell

WALT MASON says: "I wish that I could go in May and snort around for half a day, and lecture to the awestruck boys concerning journalistic joys. But woe is me when I arise to soak the welkin in the eyes; I get so scared I can not speak and I subside with frantic squeak. A dozen times I 've tried to talk, and nearly perished from the shock; so no more eloquence in mine; I 've put my larynx down in brine."

We can all sympathize with Walt—even the

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your goods get them in the front window and be sure the window is pleasing.

The first Public Speaking Club of America was founded by Grenville Kleiser in New York City, during Nineteen Hundred Eight. It met with immediate and enthusiastic success.

Since the organization of the parent Club, branch Clubs have been formed in Brooklyn, San Francisco, Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Galveston, Worcester, and in other cities and towns throughout the country. It is a great educational movement, world-wide in its scope.

¶ After a series of lectures in London during the Summer of Nineteen Hundred Ten, Mr. Kleiser founded the first Public Speaking Club of Great Britain. This club is growing rapidly. It has become a power to be reckoned with in British life and affairs. Many similar clubs are being carried on in Glasgow, Edinburgh and other European cities ❧ Clubs have recently been formed in Australia.

The Fra wishes Grenville Kleiser and the Public Speaking Club of the world much success.

❧

Naught venture, naught have.—*Tusser.*



The Bush Terminal Co., one of the largest warehouse operators in the World, uses four of our trucks for carrying the goods of its clients in greater New York

Mack Saurer Hewitt

Proved by 12 years real use Proved by 17 years real use Proved by 10 years real use

"Leading Gasoline Trucks of the World"

Your transportation problem—you want unprejudiced advice first; then service. ¶ Who will best advise and serve you? A manufacturer, who has only one kind of a truck built in one or two sizes? Or the International Motor Company, which manufactures trucks of value proved by years of use; with various designs and distribution of load and a full line of sizes with every kind of body built in their own plant?

Capacities: 1, 1½, 2, 3, 4, 4½, 5, 6½, 7½ and 10 tons

You cannot afford to settle your transportation problem without consulting this organization. ¶ We have data on the transportation problems of about every line of business. Our Engineering Department will be glad to send you, on request, special information in regard to your own particular needs.

International Motor Company

General Offices 57th and Broadway, New York

Works Allentown, Pa.; Plainfield, N. J.

Sales and Service Stations: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco and other large cities



THANK God every morning when you get up that you have something to do which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content, and a hundred other virtues which the idle never know.—*Charles Kingsley.*

❧

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.—*Emerson.*

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Little Gifts for Graduation-Day

In Modeled Leather and Hand-Hammered Copper



Modeled-Leather Matchbox. Price, $1.00.



Modeled-Leather Music-Roll. Price, $3.00.



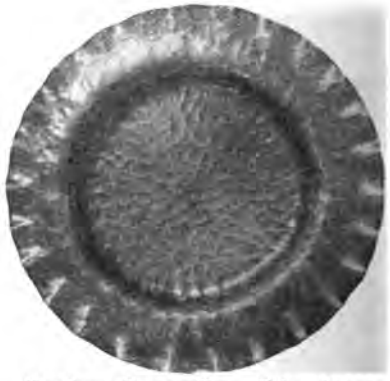
Turned-Edge Hand-Hammered Copper Tray. Price, $1.00.



Modeled-Copper Belt-Pin. Price, $2.00.



Gentleman's Modeled-Leather Purse, Four Gusset Pockets. 3 x 4 1-2 inches. Price, $7.50.



Pie-Crust Copper Tray. Price, $1.00.

Modeled-Leather Watch-Fob. Price, $1.00.





Modeled-Copper Hatpin. Price, Seventy-five Cents.



Small Leather Coin-Purse. Price, Fifty Cents.



Leather Case for Embroidery Scissors. Price, Seventy-five Cents.



Modeled-Copper Hatpin. Price, $1.00.

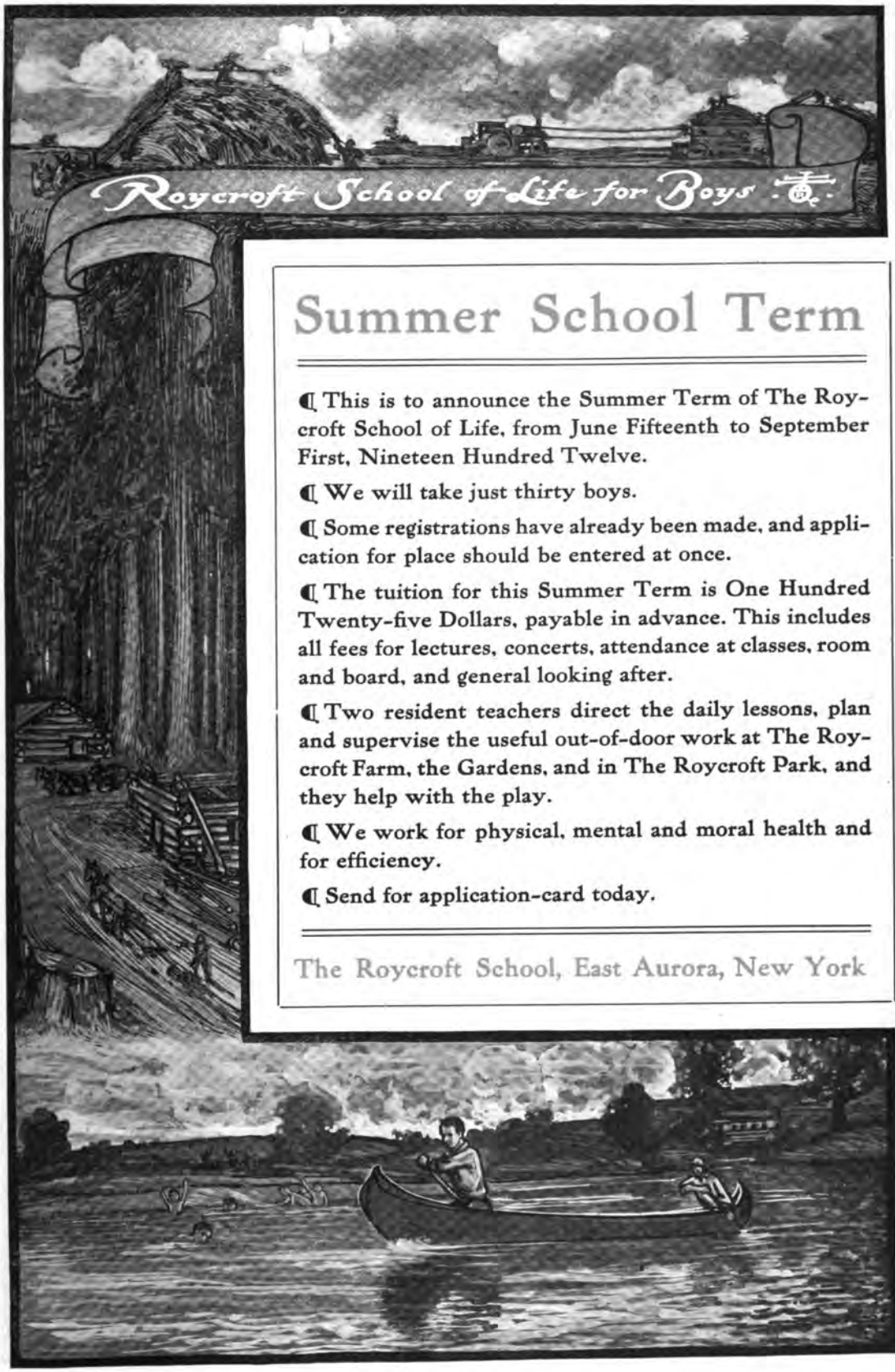


Coin-Fob in Modeled Leather. Price, $1.00.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie County, New York

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Summer School Term

¶ This is to announce the Summer Term of The Roycroft School of Life, from June Fifteenth to September First, Nineteen Hundred Twelve.

¶ We will take just thirty boys.

¶ Some registrations have already been made, and application for place should be entered at once.

¶ The tuition for this Summer Term is One Hundred Twenty-five Dollars, payable in advance. This includes all fees for lectures, concerts, attendance at classes, room and board, and general looking after.

¶ Two resident teachers direct the daily lessons, plan and supervise the useful out-of-door work at The Roycroft Farm, the Gardens, and in The Roycroft Park, and they help with the play.

¶ We work for physical, mental and moral health and for efficiency.

¶ Send for application-card today.

The Roycroft School, East Aurora, New York

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EVAN EVANS

THE ART OF PHOTOGRAPHY

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

THERE be grumpy and grouchy folks who claim that photography is a mere matter of hair-cut and neckties. ¶ And the question is still debated at the Little Red Schoolhouse on Friday afternoon, "Is Photography an Art?"

¶ The answer is, it all depends upon the photographer. William Morris says that art is not a thing separate and apart: art is a way; and art is the beautiful way.

¶ Any man who does a thing superbly well is an artist. And James McNeill Whistler says that where the artist is there you will find art.

¶ The City of Chicago is the second city in size in the United States, and some say it is the first city in importance. ¶ There are many men in Chicago who make photographs, but there is one institution that has made photography an art, and that is the Moffett Studio, 57 East Congress Street, immediately opposite the entrance to the Auditorium, and just around the corner from The Auditorium Annex, sometimes called The Congress Hotel.

¶ Every one at The Annex goes over to Moffett's, if they are wise, not alone to have photographs taken, but to see the superb display of pictures of the world's celebrities.

¶ If there were an official photographer to the President of the United States of America, it would be my old college chum, Evan Evans of the Moffett Studio. ¶ From time to time, during several administrations, Evan Evans—he of the Welsh cognomen, brother in spirit to Lloyd George, that other big Welshman, who looms so large just now on the sky-line—has been summoned to the White House to take pictures of the great man and his family.

¶ Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Members of the Cabinet, Senators, Representatives, Supreme Court Judges, Great Actors, Near-Great Actors, Actorines, Vaudeville Headliners, Railroad Presidents—these are the raw stock of the Moffett Studio. ¶ Photography is not a mere question of pressing the bulb. It is a matter of studying the sitter; getting at his best in a characteristic pose and then finishing the picture. And it is just as much of an art to get the right expression in photography as it is to secure it with a brush and palette. ¶ Moffett's photographs are not pictures—they are portraits. Anything that is just good enough never goes out from the Moffett Studio. It never sees the light. The most exacting client of the studio is never so hard to please as is Evan Evans, the owner. The fame of the Moffett Studio has gone abroad so that its representatives are sent out, to photograph in their homes the big people who are making the wheels go around.

¶ Cincinnati, Denver, Colorado Springs, Winnipeg, Duluth, Minneapolis, Saint Paul, San Francisco, Nashville, Houston, Galveston, San Antonio, Mobile, Memphis, New Orleans—all the best towns in the South have families who are patrons of the Moffett Studio.

¶ No matter where you live, it would be well for you to get in communication with MOFFETT'S STUDIO.

¶ Pictures taken in the home have a value, often, which those taken in the studio never have.

¶ Write to Moffett's, and when their artist is in your vicinity he will call and see you and talk the matter over. ¶ The business of the Moffett studio is to take pictures for particular people, critical folks, those who are hard to please, those who have never had a really good photograph and have given up trying.

¶ And when you are in Chicago, just go in to Moffett's at 57 East Congress Street, and see the most artistic, beautiful, well-furnished, and complete Photographic Studio in the wide world.

¶ There you will see friends, old and tried, and you will feel at home from the moment you enter.

Moffett Studio, 57 E. Congress St., Chicago



ELBERT HUBBARD

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WEDDING-GIFTS
WHICH WILL REPRESENT YOU



Fortunate is the bride who does not receive duplicate gifts many times multiplied. The gift that is suggestive of grace, dignity and usefulness fulfils Keats' definition of "a thing of beauty."

The Roycrofters offer a Hammered-Copper Nut-Set, comprising nut-bowl, nut-spoon, six nut-plates and six silver-tipped nut-picks. The set is of exquisite design and finish. The beautiful luster of the copper will acquire additional richness and tone. This is a gift that will be distinguished among the many lovely things with which it will be placed.

The price is $15.00, but the various items may be purchased as follows:

Bowl, $6.00 Spoon, $1.50
Plates, 75 cents each. The set, 4.00
Picks, 75 cents each. The set, 4.50



Another distinctive article which makes a very acceptable wedding-gift (God bless my soul!) is a Hammered-Copper Stein, with a silver lining, like a demnition cloud. Mountings and handle of Sterling Silver, and jade settings in cover and top. The Stein is 6 inches in height and 4½ inches in diameter. The price is $25.00.

There are few things in the way of a gift which will compare with this Stein in individuality.

The
ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA
NEW YORK

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AN EVIDENCE OF GOOD SENSE

■ ■ ■ ■ AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD ■ ■ ■ ■

EDWARD EVERETT HALE once stopped at a small inn as he was traveling through Kentucky. On the walls of the taproom he found a portrait of himself, and inquired why it was there. The lady in charge explained that she took all newcomers before it, and if they knew who it was, their credit was good as long as they wanted to stay; but if they did not recognize it, they got a bill every night. ¶ Thus we are judged by the people we know, as well as by the things we do. The clothes we wear often cause vital decisions to be made by the people we want to cultivate. And, by the way, when I know a man wears Coward Shoes, my mental rating of that man goes up higher than the price of spuds. ¶ The wearing of Coward Shoes is an evidence of good sense to me. The man who buys shoes of James S. Coward has probably excellent judgment in other directions also. ¶ Coward Shoes fit the human foot with such excellent success that any man who wears them increases his efficiency just that much. There may be higher and lower priced shoes made, but this I know—that Coward Shoes are worth just what Mr. Coward asks for them ¶ The best materials in the hands of expert workmen, plus the scientific skill of master shoemakers, produce Coward Footwear. Passing styles do not affect Coward models. Often they do not measure up to the Coward Ideals. Coward Shoes are always in good style, because they possess the real beauty of shoes that fit. ¶ You can buy Coward Shoes at the New York Store or by Mail. The Coward Mail Service is satisfactory and prompt

THE COWARD SHOE
FOR MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN

¶ You Folks who have never been quite foot-suited should write to Mr. Coward for His Little Book, picturing the Coward Family.

Some Coward "SPECIAL" Shoes

The Coward Good-Sense Shoe - - - (made especially for tender feet)
The Coward Extension Heel Shoe - - - - - - - (for weak arches)
The Coward Bunion Shoe - - - - - The Coward Arch-Support Shoe
The Coward Combination Shoe - - - The Coward Orthopedic Shoe

JAMES S. COWARD

264-274 GREENWICH ST., NEW YORK

(MAIL ORDERS FILLED) *(SOLD NOWHERE ELSE)*

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America's Lead in Making China

England got her civilization from the Dutch; her barbarisms are all her own. It was the Dutch who taught the English how to paint pictures, and how to print and bind books. It was the Dutch who taught the English how to use the potter's wheel and glaze and burn earthenware. Until less than two hundred years ago, the best pottery in use in England came from Holland. And this Delftware was the forerunner of English pottery made by Josiah Wedgwood. ¶ And it seems to me that England will have to get her lesson in producing China in the largest quantities and the highest quality from America. ¶ The Homer Laughlin China Company, at Newell, West Virginia, are producing more China and better than any other concern in the world. The Homer Laughlin China Company gives America its lead in the production of China. To this single firm are we indebted for this distinction. Forty-five million pieces annually is the output of this wonderful concern, and the standard is in proportion. ¶ Most likely the reason for this enormous output is the fact that Homer Laughlin China has no superior in service, beauty and fineness of design and decoration. ¶ In buying, see that the trademark name, "Homer Laughlin," appears on the under side of each piece. ¶ Send for "The China Book," a beautiful piece of printing and a wonderfully interesting bit of literature. It is free for the asking.

THE HOMER LAUGHLIN CHINA COMPANY

Newell, West Virginia



And Then the Pilgrims In Their Progress—

NORTHERN PACIFIC YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

Having tarried at all the famed show-places of the world —having surfeited of sameness—and exhausted every "pleasure"—did come at last, by chance, to the portals of

Yellowstone National Park

Where Nature, Climate, Mountain Air, Sunshine, Scenery and New Experience possessed them, making them anew in body and in mind, so that shortly they departed and were heard proclaiming the virtues of that great Sanatorium throughout the land.

Wherefore it is set forth for ALL men that they should come and taste of the great joy which here abounds—even to the end that they MAKE HASTE and come in season: June 15 to September 15, 1912, coming speedily, forsooth, by way of that good and comfortable carrier, the

Northern Pacific Railway

In further evidence of which are printed many books that may be obtained for the asking, giving advice of the benefits, the low cost, and other REASONS WHY. To get which is done simply by addressing A. M. CLELAND, who is General Passenger Agent, at St. Paul, State of Minnesota.

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The Judicious Choice

Said William Penn, "The Wise Man is Cautious, but not cunning; Judicious, but not crafty; making Virtue the Measure of using his Excellent Understanding in the Conduct of his Life."

When making your selection of personal apparel, be a Wise Man of the William Penn type. If the great Quaker were alive, most likely he would choose

COOPER'S
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Spring Needle Knit
UNDERWEAR

as the Underwear of his Wise Man. The superiority of Cooper Underwear is due in part to the wonderful Spring-Needle Fabric, a Cooper invention. To insure that this fabric is genuine, Cooper makes the machines that make the fabric. Spring-Needle Knit Fabric is elastic. The Underwear made from it fits the human body.

At Bennington, Vermont, are the ideal Underwear Mills, under the personal supervision of the founder, Mr. A. J. Cooper. Fra Cooper is an Underwear-Maker first. With him salesmanship is a secondary proposition. He wants the underwear right, and knows that, with a reasonable amount of publicity, the entire world will know the virtues of Cooper Spring-Needle Knit Underwear. Cooper publicity has only to convince a man once, because after he has worn this Underwear he will have no other make. All Cooper ads thereafter but remind him of a truth about underwear he has learned.

There is something about Cooper Underwear for which you develop a genuine admiration and affection. It is comfortable, durable and gives a sense of well-being. Cooper's Spring-Needle Knit Underwear has been imitated, but an imitation merely succeeds in being an imitation. You can easily tell imitations from the genuine Spring-Needle Knit, but to be sure that there is no mistake, look for the Cooper Trademark, which is to be found on every garment.

Cooper's Spring-Needle Knit Underwear is worn by men who have the wisdom to buy the best quality underwear. It is the Judicious Choice.

Union Suits, $1.50 to $5.00 each. Shirts and Drawers, $1.00 to $2.50 each
In all sizes, weights and colors

COOPER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. J. COOPER, President
BENNINGTON, VERMONT

THE staunchest religious conservative will admit that modern theology has undergone a revolution within the last half-century. Not only have new categories been introduced, but the entire framework, the fundamental basis, of theology has been reconstructed. The combined forces of modern science and historical criticism have shattered the ancient supernaturalistic structure ❧ The old cosmological notions, together with the old gods and the fantastic heavens and hells, have now been relegated to the domain of mythology. But while this process of disintegration has been going on, a new and powerful reconstructive force has been steadily at work, reshaping the intellectual conceptions and the practical ideals of modern Christendom ❧ This new force is the spirit of modern democracy. It is creating an essentially new type of religion upon a new foundation. ¶ The new religion is differentiated from all the old types by the facts that it is natural, not supernatural—human, not superhuman ❧ It has to do with man's life in this present world: and, above all else in importance, it finds within the spirit of man himself, and within human society, all the motives and incentives, and all the moral and spiritual forces, that are needed to achieve the highest destiny of the human race. Even within the pale of churches and religious denominations whose creeds and confessions are more or less "orthodox," the leaven of the new humanistic faith has been at work, and its influence is reflected, to a remarkable extent, in the sermons of a steadily increasing number of ministers.

But, strangely enough, the forces that have

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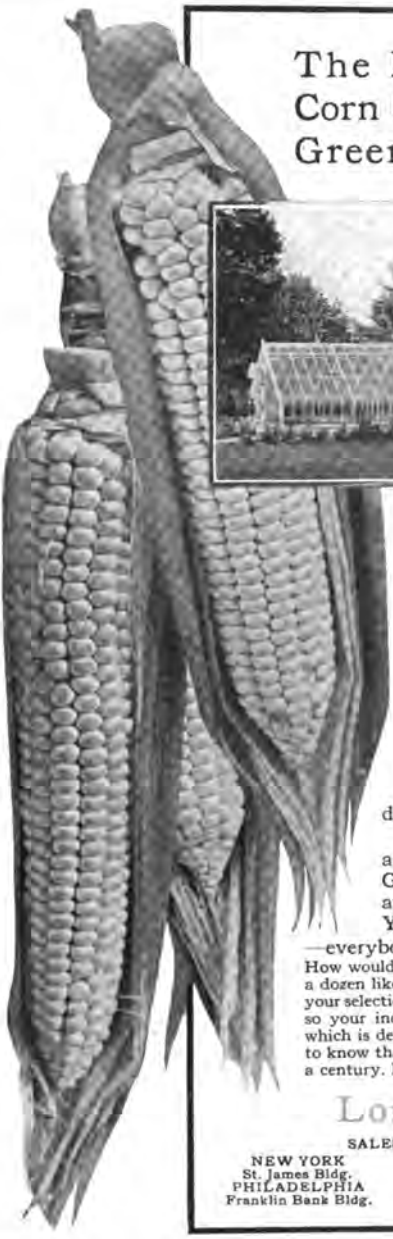
produced the theological revolution have had scarcely any influence, so far, upon the symbolism and the methods of religious worship. The liturgies of the churches—even of those which are known as "liberal"—are still saturated with the ancient supernaturalism. The result is that there is a striking inconsistency, a strange lack of harmony, between the utterances of the ministers in the pulpits and the liturgies and hymns in which they and the congregations unite ❧ The inconsistency is so manifest that it is forced upon the attention of the thoughtful worshiper, producing a sense of unreality and insincerity; and quite often the honest-minded minister feels himself stultified by being obliged to repeat phrases and prayers that are positively repugnant to his most earnest convictions.—*William H. Ramsay.*

❧

NO-NOTHING days may be the busiest ones. They are the days in which we absorb; while on the do-much days we try to make others absorb from us whatever we have in overplus: ribbons, wisdom or cheese. If we oftener eased the strain on our eyes and minds, we should be enriched by impressions that in our usual attent and mastering attitude we refuse to heed. Americans ought to have a wholesome laziness preached to them, after three centuries of urging to gain and work, and several patriotic citizens make examples of themselves, for the public benefit, by refraining from toil.—*Charles M. Skinner.*

❧

The concealment of truth is the only indecorum known to science.—*Westermark.*



The Finest of Juicy Sweet Corn Can be Grown in Our Greenhouses All the Year



ALONG in dreary February when your thoughts were turning toward summer joys, have n't you often wished you could right then and there set your teeth in a juicy ear of corn such as comes from your garden?

Have n't you longed for some thin-skinned meaty tomatoes, picked ripe from the vines, and not the usual tasteless, disappointing out-of-season kinds?

Have n't there been times when you felt that pretty much everything tasted all alike, and you wanted something, you did n't know just what?

It 's plain to be seen, then, that you need a greenhouse—one of our Glass Enclosed Gardens, where you can have the choicest of appetizing vegetables the entire year about. Yes, and strawberries. And of course flowers—everybody wants flowers.

How would a house like this one above suit you? Sold at least a dozen like it last year. Send for our catalog and early make your selection. Then we can get the building promptly under way so your indoors garden will start where the outside one ends, which is decidedly the way you want it. You will be interested to know that we have been building greenhouses for over half a century. Longer than anyone in the business—in fact.

Lord & Burnham Co.

SALES OFFICES
NEW YORK, St. James Bldg.
PHILADELPHIA, Franklin Bank Bldg.
BOSTON, Tremont Bldg.
CHICAGO, Rookery Bldg.

FACTORIES
IRVINGTON, N. Y.
DES PLAINES, ILL.

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The Test of Time

When an article is distinguished by One Hundred Twenty years of use, there is little question as to its quality. An overrated article will not go down the centuries, carrying the honest approval of good and great people. The fact that the popularity of "4711 Eau de Cologne" is increasing is sure proof that its value has never been overestimated. It was first made in 1792. During the century and two decades, the quality of "4711 Eau de Cologne" has never varied. A woman of intellect and charm says, "It would be quite possible to live happily without '4711 Eau de Cologne' if I had never used it—but not otherwise." When once the virtues of this Cologne are known to a family, it is valued and considered indispensable in the bath and dressing rooms. This delicate toilet-water imparts a refreshing sense of physical cleanliness and well-being. It has the atmosphere of refinement. In the sick-room it is helpful and pleasing. In the bath it is delightful. About the person it gives joy "4711 Eau de Cologne" is put up in attractive bottles with blue-and-gold label, which is a mark of this genuine Cologne. Like the Gorham Anchor Mark, it means the best the world affords. You will find it on sale at good dealers everywhere. Four-ounce bottles Fifty-five Cents; other sizes, plain and wicker, Eighty-five Cents to Three Dollars. A two-ounce sample bottle will be sent you for Thirty Cents in stamps, accompanied by a booklet which will inform you regarding the "4711" products Ask for "Forty-Seven-Eleven" at your dealer's

Ferd. Mülhens, 4711 Glockengasse, Cologne O/R, Germany
U. S. Branch: Mülhens and Kropff, 298 Broadway, New York

A boy's drilling in Latin and Greek is insisted on, not because of their intrinsic value, but that he may not be disgraced by being found ignorant of them—that he may have the "education of a gentleman"—the badge marking a certain social position, and bringing a consequent respect. To get above some and be reverenced by them, and to propitiate those who are above us, is the universal struggle in which the chief energies of life are expended Not what knowledge is of most real worth is the consideration, but what will bring most applause, honor, respect—what will conduce to social position and influence—what will be most imposing.

THE remark is trite that in his shop, or in his office, in managing his estate or his family, in playing his part as director of a bank or railway, the college graduate is little aided by this knowledge he took so many years to acquire—so little that generally the greater part of it drops out of his memory.

If we inquire what is the real motive for giving boys a classical education, we find it to be simply conformity to public opinion Men dress their bodies in the prevailing fashion As throughout life, not what we are but what we shall be thought, is the question; so in education the question is not the intrinsic value of knowledge so much as its extrinsic effects on others. And this being our dominant idea, direct utility is scarcely more regarded than by the barbarian when filing his teeth and staining his nails.

But we that have but span-long lives must ever bear in mind our limited time for acquisition. And remembering how narrowly this

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time is limited, not only by the shortness of life, but also still more by the business of life, we ought to be especially solicitous to employ what time we have to the greatest advantage. Before devoting years to some subject which fashion or fancy suggests, it is surely wise to weigh with great care the worth of the results as compared with the worth of various alternative results which the same years might bring if otherwise applied.—*Spencer.*

AFFAIRS are now too great to breed petty jealousies, and so, allied with the hope of gain, is the desire for progress, invention, improved methods, scientific development and the pride of success in these matters. So the dividend which the businessman seeks and receives today is not alone in dollars. He receives with the dollar something better —a dividend in the shape of satisfaction in being instrumental in carrying forward to higher stages of development the business which he makes his life-work.

I can confidently recommend to you the business career as one in which there is abundant room for the exercise of man's highest power, and of every good quality in human nature. I believe the career of the great merchant, or banker, or captain of industry to be favorable to the development of the powers of the mind, and to the ripening of the judgment upon a wide range of general subjects, to freedom from prejudice and the keeping of an open mind.—*Carnegie.*

I don't think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday. —*Lincoln.*



A MAN, like a clock, is to be valued for his goings," said William Penn. Big Ben is a clock which would have had his O. K., had not the great Quaker been born before his time.

Big Ben is the friend of men who are thrifty, wise and prosperous. Ben Franklin, America's first Big Ben, once had a hundred mottoes carved in blocks of wood and gave them to his friends at Christmas. The motto read, "BE PUNCTUAL."

The man who can best organize and systematize his time is the most valued. Big Ben symbols integrity. We all need Big Ben. He stands seven inches tall, slender, handsome, impressive.

Big Ben is sold by sixteen thousand jewelers who appreciate his value. Big Ben has no competitor—he is unique, peculiar, distinctive. If you can not find him at your jeweler's, a money-order sent to Westclox, La Salle, Illinois, will bring him to you, express prepaid.

$2.50

Sold by Jewelers. Three Dollars in Canada.

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Practically Unanimous!

"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"

Underwood Typewriter



Underwood Typewriter Company
INCORPORATED
Underwood Building New York
Branches in All Principal Cities

CIVILIZATION extends everywhere: the Russian and Hottentot feel its influence. Christian men send the Bible to every island in the Pacific sea. Plenty becomes general; famine rare. The arts advance, the useful, the beautiful, with rapid steps. Machines begin to dispense with human drudgery. Comfort gets distributed through their influence, more widely than ancient benefactors dared to dream. What were luxuries to our fathers, attainable only by the rich, now find their way to the humble home. War, the old demon which once possessed each strong nation, making it deaf and blind, but yet exceeding fierce, so that no feebler one could pass near and be safe, war is losing its hold of the human race, the Devil getting cast out by the hand of God. The day of peace begins to dawn upon mankind, wandering so long in darkness, and watching for that happy star. Science, letters, religion, break down the barriers betwixt man and man, 'twixt class and class ❧ The soldier yields to the merchant ❧ The man-child of the old world, young but strong, carries bread to his father in the hour of need ❧ The ambassadors of science, letters and the arts come from the old world to reside near the court of the new, telling truth for the common welfare of all. The genius of America sends also its first fruits and a scion of its own green tree, a token of future blessings to the parent land. These things help the great synthesis of the human race, the reign of peace on earth, of good-will amongst all men.—***Parker.***

❧

Never prophesy unless you know.—*Lowell.*

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THOSE who believe in progress, and those who see in the trend of the centuries one endless march of what Mazzini described as the "infinitely ascending spiral which leads from matter up to God," must perforce accept the transformation as part of the great law which presides over the evolution of human society; but it is impossible not to recognize that this process, while fraught with great and palpable advantages, is not without its drawbacks ❧ Life's fitful fever will become more feverish than ever.

"The world is too much with us. Getting and spending we lay waste our powers," said Wordsworth, and the American tendency is to consume all our powers in the process, leaving none for the cultivation of the higher soul ❧ An English journalist who had spent long years in an American newspaper office summed up the difference between the two branches of the English-speaking race in a sentence. "In England," he said, "you work in order to live; in America, they live only in order to work."—*W. T. Stead.*

❧

NONE ARE ALL EVIL.—*Lord Byron.*

THE DUSTER WHICH REMOVES DUST



IF you absorb the wrong kind of germs, it is you for the ether-cone. Ruskin said that more of our diseases originate in our houses than in any other place.

¶ Dust is a favorable soil and breeding-place for bacteria. Germs spring out of dust. And the most deadly of them are found frequently in houses.

¶ The Howard Dustless Duster was evolved to avoid this most pernicious source of human ills. The Howard Dustless Duster is strictly sanitary, because the dust gathered with this Duster can not possibly escape.

¶ This Duster is made from a fabric treated by a secret process to the end that dust adheres to the cloth securely. It keeps the dust out of the air. Wood, glass, metal, leather and other smooth surfaces take a high polish from the Howard Dustless Duster. It can be washed without destroying its properties.

¶ The Howard Duster lasts longer than untreated cloth. F. A. Howard, the inventor, is the one chemist who has succeeded in evolving the perfect composition with which to treat cloth for dusting purposes. These dusters are manufactured under his personal supervision.

¶ Five styles of Dusters are made of cloth:

Standard (of which the greatest number are used) is a little less than a yard square . . .	$ .25
Office, about one-third as large as Standard . .	.15
Auto, nearly twice as large as Standard . .	.45
Floor, for use on walls and draperies . . .	.35
Brush Cover	.50

¶ Sent, prepaid, on receipt of price.

HOWARD

¶ For small Free Sample and the famous "Dust Book," address as below:

Howard Dustless Duster Co.
164-52 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

THERE is tonic in the things that men do not love to hear. Free speech is to a great people what winds are to oceans and malarial regions, which waft away the elements of disease, and bring new elements of health; and when free speech is stopped, miasma is bred and death comes fast.—*Beecher.*

❧

Great men are they who see that mental force is stronger than material force—that thought rules the world.—*Emerson.*

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WASTE IS SINFUL



MOST waste is needless, and needless waste is a sin.

Efficiency is only attained as waste is eliminated.

Without a cream separator or with an inferior machine there is a great waste in the separation of cream from milk.

With the De Laval Cream Separator more and better cream can be secured than with any other method or machine.

Waste is practically eliminated.

That is why 98 per cent of the world's creameries use the De Laval exclusively.

Because the De Laval Separator is its own best salesman you may have a free trial at any time. Ask the De Laval agent nearest you, or write direct to the nearest De Laval office.

The De Laval Separator Co.

165 Broadway, New York :: 29 E. Madison St., Chicago

DOES YOUR WATCHMAN WATCH?



Do you know positively that your buildings are protected by the watchman service which you pay for? Is your watchman neglectful, or is he doing things he should not do, with the mistaken idea that he is serving your interests, like the Bank Bulldog who came around in the daytime and bit a depositor? He may be making irregular routes or focusing his attention on the part of your property which needs the least attention.



The Hardinge "Patrol" Watchman's Portable Clock will eliminate these questions for you. The required station is the only one which will register your watchman. There is no way of covering neglect or error. It puts your relations with him on a systematic business basis. Send for special Catalog K-46.

HARDINGE BROTHERS, Inc.

3133-3141 Lincoln Avenue CHICAGO, Ill.

Eastern Representatives, A. C. ROWE & SONS 38 Reade St., New York City

An Investment of Highest Merit

I AM a banker, but as a side issue I am a nurseryman, a grower of shrubs and flowers. I have a greenhouse which is so prosperous that it has made my hobby one of stupendous importance and of great profit. ¶ Its present prosperous condition makes me feel that it is my duty to extend this business, in which so many others have made fortunes, to where it will become one of the largest businesses of its kind in America.

I want an investor, some one to share not only the responsibilities, but the profits of this nursery business. I am devoting a great deal of attention to the nursery, and I have some good men with me, but some one who will become financially interested, whether here or at a distance, will be of value to me in working out some plans I have in mind. If you are interested in such an investment, write me at once.

Address Nursery, Advertising Dept., *The Fra*, East Aurora, N.Y.

From Nature's Laboratory

THE world's greatest physicians agree that Elimination is the proper cure for bodily ills, and that any other method is feeding the disease ☙ ☙ Nature supplies one medicine, and that is an aid to elimination, Natural Alkaline Water. Witter Springs Water is the most powerful Alkaline Water known and is prescribed by physicians who are working for elimination and the cure of ills where excess uric acid is at fault. ¶ The Witter Springs are in California. Aristotle said that the land that produced beautiful flowers and luscious fruits will also produce noble men and women. All Californians know the curative power of Witter Water, and the world at large is also learning through actual use. ¶ Exercise, good food, dustless rooms, snowy linen and Witter Water bring sleep o' nights and health. If you are not in radiant health, try Witter Water and the simple life. ¶ The weekly cost of the use of Witter Water does not exceed $1.50. The price F. O. B. San Francisco is Fifteen Dollars per case. F. O. B. New York and Chicago Sixteen Dollars. ¶ The proprietors of the Witter Medical Springs will gladly supply you information on the subject of Witter Springs Water. Address the Main Office ☙ ☙ ☙

Witter Medical Springs

311 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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New Summer Colors for Ankle-Wear

The Newest Holeproof Hosiery for Men, Women and Children is Now Being Shown



In Thousands of Windows

Here is "Holeproof" in silk and in cotton, each the finest hose of its kind in existence. Each is produced in the latest colors, the fashionable shades for summer. Thousands of stores are showing these hose. Ask your dealer.

Silk From Japan

The silk is mported from the north of Japan. It is chosen for luster, strength and elasticity. These hose have an extra reinforcement of three-ply mercerized cotton in heel and toe, so they wear. Three pairs are guaranteed three months. It is not extravagance to wear silk hose if they are made like this.

Seventy-Cent Cotton

We pay for the cotton yarn, in the cotton goods, an average of 70 cents a pound, while common yarn sells for 30 cents. But ours is Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, the finest that's sold.

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

We pay $55,000 a year for inspection to see that each pair of "Holeproof" is perfect at every point. No effort is ever too great or too costly if it improves the hose. We have had 39 years of experience. We made the first guaranteed hose on the market.

Carl Freschl

The above signature is found on the toe of every pair of genuine "Holeproof." It identifies the original. The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. ¶ Cotton "Holeproof" for men, women and children, six pairs guaranteed six months, cost $1.50 up to $3, according to finish and weight. The silk, for men and women, three pairs guaranteed three months, cost $2 per box of three pairs for men; $3 per box of three pairs for women. Go see the wide range of new colors—at your dealer's today.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., Milwaukee, Wis.
Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Can., Distr. for Canada

Are Your Hose Insured?

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Only a big man with a subtle hold on language can be an effective iconoclast. Ordinary language never suffices in this iconoclast business ❧❧

Brann used the words that burned. Some of them stuck like a banderillo, and the bulls of Bashan never forgave.

Brann went down to his death gloriously, a sacrifice to his passion for expressing what he thought was true ❧❧

Grammar is the grave of literature. Grammar fixes limits to language. Brann used the English language as a cowboy uses a cattle-whip ❧❧

Any one who attempts to write like Brann will make a spectacle of himself.

Brann's style sprang out of his nature ❧ He was what he was, and talked as he did, because he was just that kind of a man.

BRANN, of Waco, was a lord of language. He reveled in words, and played the Cadmean game to its furthest limit.

He was an iconoclast, and an iconoclast is an image-breaker. Brann smashed bloomin' idols made o' mud.

No owner of an idol ever smashes his own idols—he worships them. Idol-smashers get no gratitude from idol-owners.

Read history and you will find that iconoclasts have paid dearly for their fun.

God never made but one Brann, and one was enough.

In philosophy, we have gone beyond Brann. Now the world is essentially creative. Then, there was need for the idol-smasher. And Brann was the one particular specialist of his time ❧

Of course, the idols are here yet, or the pieces of them, but they are fast crumbling away ❧

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Brann's complete writings have been gathered together now in two fine volumes by Herz Brothers of Waco, Texas. ¶ The price for the two volumes is $3.50 by mail. And certainly the books are worth the price.

❧

CONFESS I like to see the young growing enthusiastic over the treasured wisdom and eloquence of their forefathers. This is a natural and wholesome inspiration, and such as the soul can hardly drink in or catch without being lifted and expanded by it ❧ Worth much for the knowledge it furthers, it is worth far more for the manhood it quickens. And I think none the worse of it, that it may do somewhat towards chastising down the miserable conceit now so rife amongst us, that light never really dawned on the world till about that glorious time when our eyes were first opened, and we began to shed our wisdom abroad ❧ To be sure, the atmosphere of the past now stands impeached as being a very dull and sleepy atmosphere: nevertheless, I rather like it, and think I have often found much health and comfort in breathing it. Some old writer tells us that "no man having drunk old wine straightway desireth new; for he saith the old is better." I am much of the same opinion. In short, old wine, old books, old friends, old songs, "the precious music of the heart," are the wine, the books, the friends, the songs for me!—*Henry Norman Hudson.*

❧

Irresolution in the schemes of life which offer themselves to our choice, and inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest causes of all our unhappiness.—*Addison.*

Show this to the MAN who must increase the sales

Best at the Price

Made in White and Seven Colors with Envelopes to Match

Construction Bond has the strength, crackle and feel that give *impressiveness* to business stationery. Its *character* makes letters *seem* more important at their *destination* — adding to their *selling force.* On top of that our *economical* method of distribution has so reduced its cost that Construction Bond produces

Impressive Stationery at a Usable Price

Construction Bond is sold *direct* only to the most *responsible* printers and lithographers throughout the United States. It is sold only in quantities of 500 lbs. or more, while other fine papers are sold through jobbers, a ream or two at a time, to any printer who will buy them. There is an obvious economy in selling only in large amounts to preferred credits. This saving comes off the price you pay for impressive stationery if you secure Construction Bond.

Let us send you a portfolio of specimen letterheads on Construction Bond and the names of those progressive printers and lithographers in your locality who recommend it because they know it represents better value. Please write us on your *business* stationery.

W. E. WROE & CO., Sales Office, 1002 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

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Opportunity does n't knock, it rings — Big Ben.

Fra Elbertus.

WEDDING STATIONERY
CORRECT AND BEAUTIFUL

¶ The one Engraved Message that ought to impress you with its refinement and grace more than any other, and convey its import in a happy way, is the Marriage Announcement.

¶ In the preparing of Wedding Announcements, Dempsey and Carroll have arrived at perfection by catering to esthetic ideals. "Let your Wedding Stationery be representative of the best that is in you," is the advice of these stationers of Exceptional Excellence.

¶ At the Dempsey and Carroll Store in New York you will see nothing tawdry, ordinary or bizarre. Beauty of engraving, quality of paper, and clean workmanship are evident in every bit of work done by Dempsey and Carroll.

¶ The Bride's Stationery should equal the announcements in good taste, correctness and exquisiteness. Dempsey and Carroll make service and quality their bid for business.

¶ The satisfaction of knowing that you have stationery which will properly represent you and convey the right impression to the minds and hearts of people whose friendship and good opinion you value is an important consideration.

¶ Each piece of stationery sent out from the Dempsey and Carroll Workrooms is as perfect as a gem from the best jeweler's — it is right in every particular.

¶ Dempsey and Carroll will be glad to submit samples and prices. Arrange for Wedding Invitations and Announcements with them by mail, or, if convenient, at the New York Store in person. Your wants will be given exacting attention.

DEMPSEY AND CARROLL
22 W. 23 STREET, NEW YORK CITY

HEREIN the race has so far lost and gained in being transplanted from Europe to the New England soil and climate, is well illustrated by the writings of Emerson. There is greater refinement and sublimation of thought, greater clearness and sharpness of outline, greater audacity of statement, but, on the other hand, there is a loss of bulk, of unction, of adipose tissue, and shall we say of power?

Emerson is undoubtedly a master on the New England scale—such a master as the land and race are capable of producing ☙ He stands out clear and undeniable ☙ The national type, as illustrated by that section of the country, is the purest and strongest in him of any yet. He can never suffer eclipse ☙ Compared with the English or German master, he undoubtedly is deficient in viscera, in moral and intellectual stomach; but on the other hand, he is of a fiber and quality hard to match in any age or land ☙ From first to last he strikes one as something extremely pure and compact, like a nut or an egg. Great matters and tendencies lie folded in him, or rather are summarized in his pages ☙ He writes short but pregnant chapters on great themes, as in his ***English Traits***, a book like rich preserves put up pound for pound, a pound of Emerson for every pound of John Bull. His chapter on Swedenborg in ***Representative Men*** is a good sample of his power to abbreviate and restate with added force ☙ His mind acts like a sun-lens in gathering the cold, pale beams of that luminary to a focus which warms and stimulates the reader in a surprising manner. The gist of the whole matter

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is here; and how much weariness and dulness and plodding is left out!

In fact, Emerson is an essence, a condensation; more so, perhaps, than any other man who has appeared in literature. Nowhere else is there such a preponderance of pure statement, of the very attar of thought over the bulkier, circumstantial, qualifying or secondary elements. He gives us net results ❧ He is like those strong artificial fertilizers ❧ A pinch of him is equivalent to a page or two of Johnson, and he is pitched many degrees higher as an essayist than even Bacon. He has had an immediate stimulating effect upon the best minds of the country; how deep or lasting this influence will be remains to be seen.—*John Burroughs.*

BOOKS WHICH SERVE

WHEN the people become acquainted with a big idea, it seems all at once to become everybody's. ¶ Just at present there is a great deal of talk in the Publishing World about books made of India Paper, and the purpose of this little preachment is to tell you how you may secure books from the Pioneer Publishers in the use of India Paper for other books than the Bible; in fact, the people who originated the India Paper book idea.

We are all familiar with the advantages of the thin, compact volume. Thomas Nelson & Sons twenty years ago started the publication of the New Century Library, which has become an institution with people the world over, who love good literature ❧ ❧

The influence of Nelson's New Century Library of Standard Authors for the education of men, women and children everywhere is becoming an important factor. The new idea in education is to gain your education by the way, and with these pocket-size books this is possible.

With the use of Nelson's India Paper, nine hundred and fifty pages can be condensed into a single volume no thicker than a magazine. These books are printed from large, clear, easy-reading type, and the small size of the volume does not necessitate small type.

The books are bound with flexible leather bindings, rarely beautiful, and part of the thin-volume idea. The books always lie open, flat in the hand. You can purchase the volumes singly or in sets. The price is One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents a volume. The modern authors build on the Classics, and the Nelson New Century Library contains the best literature the world has produced.

THE library now includes twenty-six volumes of Sir Walter Scott, five volumes of Brontē, eight volumes of Hugo, three volumes of Poe, twenty-three volumes of Dumas, seventeen volumes of Dickens, twelve volumes of George Eliot, two of Jane Austen, fourteen volumes of Thackeray, and the works of Shakespeare complete in six volumes. Also, in the library are included Bunyan in one volume, Robert Burns in one volume, Cervantes in one volume, Charles Kingsley in five volumes, Lever in four volumes, Longfellow's Poems in one volume, the work of Lord Lytton in four volumes, Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* in one volume, Tennyson in one volume, the Bible in two volumes containing the Old and New Testaments in the American Standard Version.

Information Gladly Supplied

Thomas Nelson & Sons, 381-385 Fourth Ave., New York City

❧

WHAT I propose as a solution of the trust problem is the regulation of the prices and conduct of the industrial trusts not yet recognized as the public services they are, on the same basis as public-service companies. What I would urge would not be a repeal of the Sherman Act; I would leave that for its appropriate work of dissolving combinations in restraint of trade. But I would supplement it by an act to regulate concerns which have established a control of their market.—*Professor Bruce Wyman.*

❧

BELIEVE me when I tell you that thrift of time will repay you in after-life, with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams; and that waste of it will make you dwindle alike in intellectual and moral stature, beyond your darkest reckoning.—*Gladstone.*

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The Luther Burbank Idea

BURBANK believes that the child's natural love for animals is to be cherished. There is a bit of self-reliance in it. The mastery of a horse is an admirable and a to-be-encouraged proposition.

¶ Your child should be given charge, early in its life, of something to manage. But as a preliminary practise, let us introduce the Dan Patch Sulky. The Dan Patch outfit is more suitable for a city flat or even a country nursery than the real steed and rig. Children from two to six years of age will find the Dan Patch Sulky the delight of their hearts. Let baby amuse itself with something which appeals to the intelligence.

¶ The Dan Patch Sulky will inspire ideas, associations and live thoughts. It is durable and beautiful. A Dan Patch is inexpensive enough to suit the purse of every kiddy's daddy.

¶ Remember the Dan Patch, like Old Dan Patch, is a winner, not a loser. So this is a real investment for your child's education, health and love of fun. It is the human way for a child to exercise, study and play.

¶ If your local dealer does not handle the Dan Patch, send the makers his name and a remittance of Five Dollars. A Dan Patch Sulky will then be sent to any address you give, express prepaid.

Dan Patch Novelty Co., Connersville, Indiana

Dealers wanted everywhere.

ON the first suggestion of financial trouble, the responsibility placed on each bank of maintaining its own fixed portions of reserve, and the necessity it feels for increasing the amount, throws them all into a state of demoralization, and each one strives with all the rest for the reserve money deemed necessary for its individual survival.

Just when, were their reserves under proper economic control, the banks would be looked to as the mainstay and support of a doubtful business situation, for lack of such control, they fail to inspire the public confidence that should be reposed in their ordinary functions. They disintegrate when they should coalesce. They display individual weakness when they should demonstrate united strength.

Their individual scramble for reserve money withdraws it from the centers and scatters it widely just when it should be mobilized and controlled for an exhibition of strength. Furthermore, lacking the strength, begotten of unity, and fearing that such individual reserve strength as they may have will soon be exhausted, our banks in critical times reduce loans and almost discontinue the performance of their principal function, that of exchanging credits with the business community ❧ Thus, under unfavorable business conditions, they become the cause of panic, instead of being in a position, as they should be, to render the assistance necessary to allay fear, tide over temporary difficulties, and prevent the upheavals to which we have become so accustomed that we erroneously regard them as periodically inevitable.—*James B. Forgan.*

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THE American city is completely under the yoke of a powerful trio of despots—the rural legislator, the political machine, and the public-utility corporation ❧ ❧ The countryman who dominates most of our legislatures is incompetent to legislate for the city, because he is ignorant of the conditions for which he is making laws ❧ They have passed laws governing the personal conduct of the residents in the city, and have entirely ignored the real problems which confront it ❧ ❧ The notorious misgovernment of American cities is brought about, in large measure, by the politicians. But there is no use in blaming the political boss. We made him. ¶ Every trail of graft in our cities leads straight to the door of some public-utility corporation. What the American city must develop before it really becomes a city is a city sense, a sense of common responsibility, and a method by which the common will may express itself.

—*The Honorable Brand Whitlock.*

❧

Get your principles right; and the rest is a mere matter of detail.—*Napoleon.*

INTENSIVE ADVERTISING SERVICE

THE difference between Intensive Farming and Ordinary Farming is the difference between full ears and nubbins, bumper crops and lean crops, progress and poverty—in truth, between Success and Failure. ¶ Some men *do* wheedle a sort of living from the soil, by energy badly aimed. Their position is precarious; Nature is unkind to the unwise. ¶ But the men who take an acre of ground, increase its productiveness until it pays a dividend—these are Intensive Farmers. For such are the rewards of agriculture. ¶ These men are ***Specialists*** — men who are continually studying their subject from every known angle and point of view, profiting by their own and others' experiences. They *understand* their subject. They are ***experts***. ¶ Advertising, like farming, may be Ordinary or Intensive. The latter is the kind that ***pays***. It is created by men who *understand*—men who appreciate the possibilities of space to be used and its capacity for yield. Such men are termed Advertising ***Specialists***. ¶ We are Agricultural Advertising Specialists. The agricultural field has been our study for years. To make any and every outlay of advertising energy yield its utmost return, to increase the productiveness of advertising space until it pays its utmost profit, has been our continual ambition. ¶ This is Intensive Advertising—the kind we promise and perform. What we have done for others — and they tell in our book, ***Intensive Advertising Service*** — we can do for you. If you have something to sell the farmer, ask for this book ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

CHARLES ADVERTISING SERVICE
H. H. CHARLES PRESIDENT
23 EAST TWENTY-SIXTH ST., NEW YORK CITY

THEY who without any previous knowledge of us think amiss of us, do us no harm; they attack not us, but the phantom of their own imagination.—***La Bruyere.***

❧

IF it is good to use attention tomorrow, how much better is it to do so today. If tomorrow it is in your interest to attend, how much more is it today, that you may be able to do so tomorrow also, and may not defer it again to the third day.—***Epictetus.***

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A New Kind of Preparatory School

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

THE world has been made over within the last century. We have a new conception of economics and a new idea of education. To educate boys and girls according to the new science of education, you must teach them to do the useful thing. ¶ A boy who is getting the right education is not merely getting ready to live. He is living now and he is making himself useful. He is doing something for somebody. Success lies in Doing Something for Somebody. Non-productive effort, getting ready to do something useful, is not nearly so good as to be useful right now. ¶ So I find that my friend, Lynn Glover, is in line with modern ideas in his Oklahoma State University Preparatory School at Tonkawa. It is his purpose and intent to lay stress on industrial education in his School, and he is succeeding. ¶ The Oklahoma State University Preparatory School has a splendidly equipped Manual Training Department. In this Department, all students do bench-work, lathe-work and make use of their hands as well as their brains. This year forges are being installed in the School. So over the campus you will hear the good old Anvil Chorus.

¶ The Domestic Science Department is growing in importance and efficiency. The girls are making things "better than mother used to make," and the Domestic Art Department is teaching that the home should be beautiful through the addition of truly beautiful things and the elimination of the unnecessary. ¶ Vocal music, perhaps the most delightful and natural of all arts, is getting its share of attention as well as the instrumental and expression departments.

¶ This School is located on a campus of twenty acres. There are four beautiful modern buildings, a splendid auditorium and all that makes for education through right living. The campus is large enough to give the boys a knowledge of trees, plants, flowers, bugs, bees and butterflies. "All Nature," says Emerson, "is for symbol and suggestion." And so we should all know about these fellow-creatures. ¶ The secondary years of education are valuable. The boy and girl are developing the mature, judicial mind and the symmetry of character and soul are developed by the secondary years. ¶ Whether you go to a university or not is beside the question. The Preparatory School is important, if it is a school along the line of the Oklahoma State University Preparatory School. My heart is with this School and I want to co-operate with Fra Glover in the development of the education which makes for a useful and happy life.

¶ If you want to know more about this school, address,

Lynn Glover

Oklahoma State University Preparatory School, Tonkawa, Oklahoma

SHOES THAT BEFRIEND



EDISON says, "Genius is two per cent inspiration and ninety-eight per cent perspiration." But we are willing to wager the Wizard of Menlo Park that without the two per cent of inspiration, the ninety-eight horsepower would be of no avail.

A foe of inspiration is an ill-fitting shoe. Unless you have pedal peace, you can not do good work. You must have foot freedom and walk in joy before you can give the world your best.

For foot joy, we recommend the JOMO Shoe made by Battreall of Saint Joseph. The Jomo is the natural, easy and commonsense shoe. A pair of Jomo Shoes is shoe satisfaction at a price that is reasonable. ¶ The Jomo Shoe here pictured is a flexible sole, Goodyear Welt Shoe made with a tan elk upper. The Jomo Line has a vamp-stitching peculiarly its own; stitched with two rows of heavy dry linen thread, with one row of heavy waxed thread, making the seams practically proof against ripping. The Jomo Shoe is made in tan, olive and black. The leather is high quality.

The Little Trianon was built to make happy an unhappy queen. The Jomo was built to make happy, unhappy feet. If you do not know where to get this superior and democratic shoe, write to Battreall direct. He will tell you the nearest dealer or supply you direct. Anyway, investigate for the eternal benefit of both ends of your anatomy.

BATTREALL SHOE CO.

SAINT JOSEPH, MISSOURI

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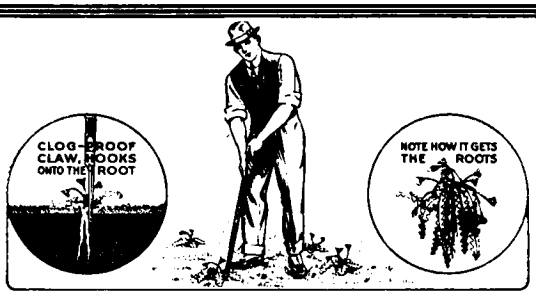


NEXT month's FRA will be the "Convention Number," and will be brimful of good things for the Elect. For those who can not attend the Philistine Convention, this July FRA will be the next best thing. In the *Open Road* will appear some opportune articles by Elbert Hubbard, notable among them being: "Business Conditions," "Are You Educated?" "A Legal Derelict," "Judicial Joking," and "The Post-Office System."

¶ Among the *Signed Articles* will be an appreciation of Clara Barton, by Alice Hubbard. "Judicial Decisions," by Elihu Root, is a sane examination of an important question. Mike Kinney, Teamster, in "Sans Souci" contributes another of his inimitable European sketches. Reedy's "Law of Love" is a noble epic that will find many admirers. Ed Howe, of Atchison and the Round World, gives out some astounding facts about the Hookworm Disease. These are but a mere foretaste of the Good Stuff prepared for your delectation and divertisement. And let us add that, typographically, we believe the Convention FRA will be about the best ever. *On sale at all news-stands.*

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

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Lawn Insurance

GRASS makes the lawn; dandelions are only disfigurements. Granting that the dandelion possesses beauty—flowers should be in flowerbeds, just as the Advertising in *The Fra* is in the Advertising Sections.

One dandelion is as bad as many, for it means many. Dandelions are the most prolific of weeds, and there is no surer destruction to your sod than a continual growth of dandelions, plantains and other weeds.

The Hall Manufacturing Company offer in their Dandelion-Puller an absolute guarantee to a fine lawn. It saves the lawn, because it gets the root. It leaves no bad-looking hole to mark your work. The trowel-shaped blade slides into the ground while a patented prong catches the root. When it is pulled up you are done with that particular dandelion and its progeny. ¶ The root comes with it. The Dandelion-Puller can be had at most good hardware-stores. If you do not find it send sixty-five cents and your dealer's name. The Dandelion-Puller will be sent you, express prepaid.

THE HALL MANUFACTURING CO., *811 Main Street, Monticello, Iowa*

Chance for the Small Investor

THE new transcontinental Grand Trunk Pacific, which is just being built and is backed by the Canadian Government, will, when completed, open up a huge territory which abounds with millions upon millions of agricultural, mining and lumber wealth.

¶ Wherever this railroad touches, there is certain to be quick and phenomenal development, and no other single location has such an apparently bright prospect as the site of the future metropolis, Fort Fraser, B. C.

¶ Being in the center of 40,000 square miles of untold riches, located on the main line of the registered right of way of the new Grand Trunk Pacific railway, washed on two sides by a big, navigable river, and backed by a company with brains and the money to see the project through to completion, this new city of Fort Fraser is destined to be one of the wonder cities of Canada.

¶ It can hardly fail to repeat the success of Calgary, which, when the railroad came, took a sudden boom of from 4,000 to 40,000 population, and $150 lots rose until they now sell at all the way from $1,000 to $30,000. Since the Grand Trunk Pacific is due to run trains through Fort Fraser this summer, your chance is now.

¶ The prices of Fort Fraser lots, with titles guaranteed by the British Columbia government, are $200 and up, on the easy terms of 10 per cent down and 5 per cent per month—no interest or taxes until fully paid.

WRITE TO SPENCE, JORDAN & COMPANY, DEPT. A. X. MARQUETTE BLDG., CHICAGO, FOR PLAT AND FULL INFORMATION

Choice selected garden-land near Fort Fraser also to be had on easy terms

I REGARD the corporation as indispensable to modern business enterprise. I am not jealous of its size or might, if you will but abandon at the right points the fatuous, antiquated, and quite unnecessary fiction which treats it as a legal person.

We have witnessed in modern business the submergence of the individual within the organization, and yet the increase to an extraordinary degree of the power of the individual—of the individual who happens to control the organization ❧ Most men are individuals no longer, so far as their business, its activities or its moralities, are concerned ❧ They are not units, but fractions. They are not at liberty to ask whether what they are told to do is right or wrong. They can not get at the men who ordered it—have no access to them. They have no voice of counsel or of protest ❧ They are mere cogs in a machine which has men for its parts.

Corporations do not do wrong ❧ Individuals do wrong, the individuals who direct and use them for selfish and illegitimate purposes, to the injury of society and the serious curtailment of private rights ❧ These huge industrial organizations we continue to treat as legal persons, as individuals, which we must not think of as consisting of persons, within which we despair of enabling the law to pick out anybody in particular to put either its restraint or its command upon. It is childish, it is futile.

—*Woodrow Wilson.*

❧

What we can do for another is the test of powers; what we can suffer for another is the test of love.—*Bishop Westcott*

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Thoughtful people in every State are turning to the POSTAL LIFE

The Company saves them *money* and helps safeguard their *health*

VIGOROUS POSTAL GROWTH

Recently a big business man out West arranged a POSTAL policy for $50,000, paying a premium in advance—all by correspondence.

He found the POSTAL to be sound, well-managed and a money-saver for him.

He saves $613. at the start—the agent's commission on his *first-year's* premium; in *subsequent* years he receives the agent's *renewal-commission* and an *office-expense saving*, amounting to 9½% of his premium, or $163.50 each year, *guaranteed in his policy.*

This seemed good to theman out West and it seems good to many others taking out *smaller policies*, throughout the United States and the Provinces of Canada.

Our first quarter's new business in 1912 has *doubled* that for a like period in 1911.

February 1912 was 17% larger than January, March was 44% larger than February and April was larger still.



No company, new or old, can, we believe, match this record of comparative increase—an increase due to the fact that *"thoughtful people in every State are turning to the POSTAL LIFE."*

STRONG POSTAL POINTS

First: *Old-line legal-reserve insurance*—not fraternal or assessment.

Second: *Standard policy reserves*, now more than $10,000,000. *Insurance in force* more than $50,000,000.

Third: *Standard policy provisions*, approved by the State Insurance Department.

Fourth: Operates under *strict State requirements* and subject to the United States Postal authorities.

Fifth: *High medical standards* in the selection of risks.

Sixth: *Policyholders' Health Bureau* provides one free medical examination each year, if desired.

The POSTAL LIFE conducts an interstate business but with offices in New York only; it does not "enter" other States and is therefore not subject to State licenses, fees, and taxes for occupying territory and for other State exactions, thus *making substantial savings for all policyholders wherever they may live.*

'Twill pay you to find out just what you can save, the first year and every other, by arranging with the POSTAL. The Company will send no agent to visit you. To get official information, simply write and say: *"Mail insurance-particulars as mentioned in THE FRA for June."*

And be sure to give:

1. YOUR OCCUPATION *2. THE EXACT DATE OF YOUR BIRTH*

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Derives Business from Every State

Wm R. MALONE, President
35 NASSAU STREET
NEW YORK

The Only Non-Agency Company in America

HERE was Captain Curzy of the Pennsylvania line of the Continental Army, who would have been a coffee-cooler had there been any coffee to cool among Washington's ragged regimentals. Here is the valiant captain's account of a brilliant and heroic episode in his magnificent career:

"It was on the desperate, bloody and glorious day of Monmouth. Although in the light horse, I there fought on foot. I slashed with my saber cuts one and two, and a head went off here and a limb there, until the blood actually ran into my shoes. A file of dead bodies surrounded me; I was excited and still slashing away, when I felt an admonitory touch on my shoulder. I looked up and there was Washington! I shall never forget the majesty of his presence, the solemnity of his demeanor, the benignity of his expression, the gravity of his speech. He benevolently gazed at me a moment without speaking, and then he said: 'Young man, restrain your impetuosity; in the name of God I beseech you not to make a slaughter-house of the field of battle!'"

This country has suffered epic woes simply because our patriots would not restrain their impetuosity.—*Frank Putnam.*

WE are never better understood than when we speak of a "Roman virtue"—a "Roman outline." There is somewhat indefinite, somewhat yet unfulfilled, in the thought of Greece, of Spain, of modern Italy; but Rome, it stands by itself a clear word. The power of Will, the dignity of a fixed purpose, is what it utters.—*Margaret Fuller.*

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Eliminate Bad Breaks In Business

An Advertisement By ELBERT HUBBARD

I notice that almost every man who is manager of an office thinks that his helpers have a monopoly on stupidity. The real fact, however, is that the thing is very generally distributed. It is one of the facts that we have to face. If our helpers were as smart as we are or a little smarter — which we expect them to be — they would own the office and we would be hustling along, delivering bundles and taking their grump and grouch as a part of our duties.

¶ It is no proof of the man's insight to hear him relate his sad tale of woe about the stupidity of his helpers and the inappreciation of the public. It is up to him to equip his office with the mechanical helpers which eliminate office woes. There are firms who pride themselves on having such a perfect system that a crack out of the box can not occur,

¶ The Belknap Addressing Machine was invented in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-two by Mr. F. D. Belknap. Now Mr. Belknap is making the Rapid Addressing Machine with the Belknap Typewritten Stencils, which has proven to be the most efficient of all addressing devices.

¶ If you have a list of people to whom you address your advertising or other literature as a regular thing, you can make no better investment than the Belknap system. The Belknap slogan is, "Your typewriter is your stencil-cutter." The Belknap system makes it possible for every owner to make his own stencils.

¶ I once wrote a form letter which started, "Smith and Jones — Gentlemen:" The letter was given to a girl who was told to write the letter to a large number of names, a list of which was handed her. She called in several other girls to assist her and the next day the form letter which the girls were writing read as follows: "Smith and Jones — Gentlemen:"

¶ Some time ago I received from a New York Firm all in one mail a thousand letters all written by typewriter and signed with a rubber stamp, every letter exactly alike. You see the same thing happened to this New York Firm that happened to me. With the Belknap this would have been impossible.

¶ No one would write a thousand stencils to the same address. That is sure, because the addressing of a stencil focuses the attention on the address. And no machine-operator would pass them up in case they were written. The Belknap insures one letter to a person, and in addition to that it means thirty times the speed, at least, over any other system.

¶ We use the Belknap System in The Roycroft Shop, where our help is above the average; but I must confess that since we have installed the Belknap Addressing Machine, the number of our complaints has been reduced along with the strain on temper and vocabulary.

¶ We are publishers, but I can see how manufacturers, bankers, public-utility corporations, insurance-companies (in fact, every concern whose business and welfare depend upon keeping in touch with humanity) will be benefited and blessed by the use of the Belknap Addressing Machine and the Belknap Typewritten Stencils.

¶ The makers will gladly furnish full information.



WHY HE SMILES—
HE FOUND SOMEBODY TO DO HIS WORK

Rapid Addressing Machine Company

374-378 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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Pillows and Table-Covers of Goatskin





SOME one has said that by educating the homes we evangelize the world. If this is true, then are The Roycrofters Evangelists Extraordinary. In the matter of beautiful and sensible home furnishings, The Roycrofters have for years led a consistent and relentless crusade against the crudities which once encumbered the home and turned it into a warehouse.

¶ Among the many excellent articles that bear the Roycroft imprint, there are none more beautiful and distinctive than the pillows and table-covers of goatskin. For lounges, window-seats and hammocks they are just the thing. They impart a sense of comfort and hominess that is peculiarly their own.

¶ Two whole goatskins are laced together over a pillow. A simple idea, yet so effective that these pillows are found in many of the best homes and clubs in America. These pillows can be had in brown, gray, red and green. With untrimmed edges, size, 20 x 20 inches; price, Five Dollars. With edges trimmed and laced over, same size, they cost Six Dollars.

¶ Sheepskins for table-covers and spreads are very much in vogue in homes of refinement. We have them in exquisite shades of brown, gray, red and green, with the unique Roycroft mark stamped in one corner. These skins are of right generous dimensions, being between five and seven square feet in size. The price, by mail, is Two Dollars each.



The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie County, New York

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THE UNITED STATES CREAM SEPARATOR

IS THE CHOICE OF PARTICULAR PEOPLE

Because of the smooth, even quality of cream it separates. No particles of butter in U. S. Separator cream.

Because it cannot taint the cream. The U. S. Separator skimming sections are made of *nickel silver*.

Because it separates cream of any desired thickness and yet always skims clean.

Because it skims cleanest. *Proof:* It holds the World's Record.

Because it turns easiest. *Proof:* The Interlocking Style is operated with half the power of older models.

Because it is quickest washed. *Proof:* The Rotary Section Washer cleans the skimming device in one quarter the time.

Because it is most durable. *Proof:* 20 years of everyday service demonstrate U. S. Separator durability.

These are the qualities which have caused the United States Cream Separator to be the choice of such dairy leaders and men of affairs as:

Theodore N. Vail, President Am. Bell Telephone Co. President Western Union Telegraph Co.
Colon C. Lillie, Ex-President National Dairy Show.
C. W. Wood, President Holstein-Friesian Assn.
Hon. Fred. T. Dubois, Ex-United States Senator.
Chas. S. Mellen, President N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. President Boston & Maine R. R.
Dr. Chas. H Mayo, The World Famous Surgeon.
Henry Ford, President Ford Motor Car Co. (uses 3 U. S. Separators)
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President Curtis Pub. Co. (Saturday Evening Post and Ladies Home Journal)
C. M. Winslow, Secretary Ayrshire Breeders Assn.
L. P. Bailey & Sons, Winners of more National Dairy Show Gold Medals and Highest Awards than any other firm.
Wm. K. Vanderbilt, Railroad Magnate and Capitalist.

You will find it to *your* advantage to use a United States Cream Separator in *your* dairy. Ask our local agent for a free demonstration, or write us.



Prices, $25 to $160, according to capacity.

VERMONT FARM MACHINE COMPANY

BELLOWS FALLS, VT.

Distributing Warehouses in every dairy section of the country.

and heart. No one who met him could remain indifferent to him. You had to become either his friend or his foe ☙ He was more bitterly hated and more intensely loved than any other man of his generation.

—*H. P. Ward.*

❧

IF, as many of us believe, co-operation in business must take and is taking the place of ruinous competition, if it is better for capital, it must be better for the consumer and better for labor. I believe that he who thinks the problem out, taking information from all sides, will be forced to the conclusion that the principle of co-operation must largely take the place of competition, and that co-operation in its healthiest, most useful form can be much more effectively practised by great corporations than by small companies or firms.—*George W. Perkins.*

❧

WHAT Ingersoll did for America, Bradlaugh did for England. Each did more than any other man of his time and country to shorten the life of Jehovah and lower the temperature of Hell ☙ There were many points of resemblance between them. Both were born in the same year; both served in the army; both were skilled in law; and both were magnificent orators. Bradlaugh was a man of immense personality. He was both big and great—big in body and great in head

❧

THE man of forty must not think himself old. He is only beginning really to live. A man's usefulness is gone only when he ceases to grow ☙ Age is not a matter of increasing years so much as of waning enthusiasm.—*Milwaukee "Journal."*

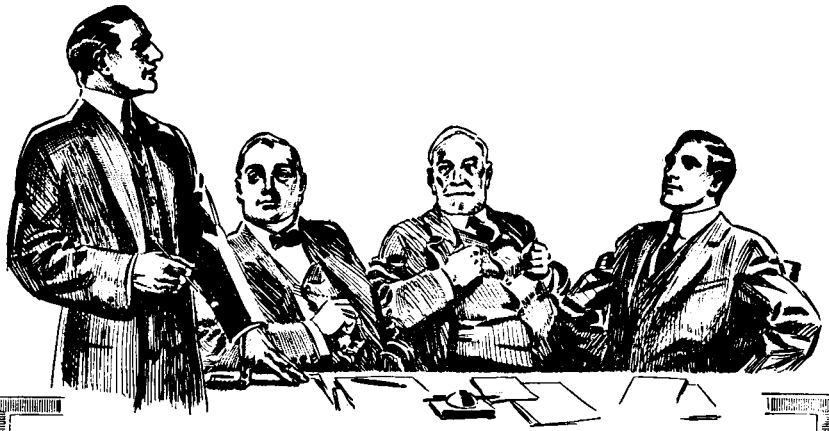
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LOOKED at with a critical eye, the habit of smoking appears in every way worthy of its origin. No renowned thinker made this discovery ❧ No searcher into the mysteries of Nature for the benefit of his fellow-men is hailed today as the genius to whom we owe the invention of tobacco-smoking. The savages have all the credit, and fitly so. For who but a savage could deliberately proceed to ignite a little bundle of dried herbs for the sake of sucking the smoke into his mouth and puffing it out again? Surely no one but a being hopelessly ignorant of the purpose served by the human mouth and the human breathing apparatus would employ them in such a way. The savage mind is not given to careful reflection, and so the same unthinking mood that leads some barbarians to knock out their front teeth, some to distend enormously the lobes of their ears, and others to flatten the foreheads of their children, leads others to an unintelligent persistence in the habit of smoking.—*Bartlett.*

❧

He is the happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home. *Goethe.*



Get the Secret of Leadership

THERE *is* a royal road to business success. The man who knows how to obtain and apply the knowledge and experience of others ***wins out every time.*** Instead of wasting months or years working out the problems of business for himself, he takes the results that other men have ***found and proven right.***

Hundreds of thousands of hard working, able men are ***burning up their ability*** because they do not know ***how*** to use their mental strength.

What the Sheldon Course Really Is

The new Sheldon Business Building Course ***is the concentrated, classified knowledge of over 50,000 successful men.***

It is ***not*** merely theoretical but ***absolutely practical.*** Every method, every statement, every principle has been ***proven*** thousands and thousands of times.

The new Sheldon Course reduces business to an ***actual science*** for the first time. It classifies, teaches the laws that every successful man ***must sooner or later learn and obey.***

What This Course Offers To You

Right now there is ***some*** obstacle that seems to slow you up, to hinder your way to success. Sooner or later you ***may*** solve the difficulty for yourself. Sheldon will teach you how to re-inforce your own experience by applying basic laws and principles that will multiply your efficiency many fold.

Send for the Key

The knowledge that has lifted thousands from mediocrity to success is waiting for you ***right now.*** The coupon below or a postal or letter will bring you the interesting Sheldon literature with ***detailed*** information. It will only take a minute to find out—it ***may*** mean all the difference between a ***small*** success and a ***big*** one.

The Sheldon School

1360 Republic Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

THE SHELDON SCHOOL,
1360 Republic Building, Chicago

Please send me FREE copy of "The Service Idea," giving full information regarding Sheldon methods.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

THE longer I live, the more deeply I am convinced that that which makes the difference between one man and another—between the weak and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once formed and then death or victory.—***Powell Buxton.***

❧

The pleasures of idleness are like the smiles of an idiot—the very dreariest and ghastliest things under the sun. *J. Baldwin Brown.*

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The Farmer's Efficiency Helper



HARRINGTON EMERSON, one of the parents of modern efficiency, says that efficiency is neither system nor strenuousness: it is getting the thing done and done right with the least possible work.

Efficiency is a new thing on the farm. The New Farmer has arrived. He came with the age of machinery. He is making steady progress. When the machine came, the farmer straightened his back and looked around at the landscape for the first time.

The New Farmer is an enthusiast. When offered something that will better conditions on the farm, he is receptive and listens. This accounts for the rapid success of the Gilson 60-Speed Gasoline-Engine—the Farmer's Power-House on Wheels. This engine gives the farmer the advantage of being able to move his power-house wherever it is needed most.

The value of the property and equipment of the American farmer aggregates over thirty thousand million dollars. There is not enough cash in the world at the present time to buy one-half of what the American farmer owns, yet much of what he uses is not up to standard and must make way for something better. The Gilson 60-Speed Gasoline-Engine must supplant inefficient stationary engines.

The 1¾-H. P. 60-Speed will pump any well of average depth. It will operate your cream-separator, washing-machine and churn, corn-sheller, grindstone, bone-cutter, honey-extractor, vacuum-cleaner, emery wheel, horse or sheep clipper, power sprayer, electric-light dynamo, etc. The 3-H. P. 60-Speed will do all that the 1¾ will do and more. It will also operate deep wells, do high-pressure pumping, wood-sawing, feed-grinding, feed-cutting, and will operate a grain-dump.

With the Gilson 60-Speed service, you have a one-hundred-point equipment. It is complete when it leaves the factory, mounted on a truck, and fitted with a countershaft and five interchangeable 60-Speed pulleys, a belt-tightener and a universal steel-frame pump-jack. Put your farm on an efficiency basis.

Literature on the subject of the Gilson 60-Speed Engine will be sent you free

GILSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY
PORT WASHINGTON, WIS.

IN no time was man's life what he calls a happy one; in no time can it be so. A perpetual dream there has been of Paradises, and some luxurious Lubberland, where the brooks should run wine, and the trees bend with ready-baked viands; but it was a dream merely, an impossible dream. Suffering, contradiction, error, have their quite perennial, and even indispensable, abode in this earth. Is not labor the inheritance of man? And what labor for the present is joyous, and not grievous? Labor, effort, is the very interruption of that ease, which man foolishly enough fancies to be his happiness; and yet without labor there were no ease, no rest, so much as conceivable. Thus Evil, what we call Evil, must ever exist while man exists: Evil, in the widest sense we can give it, is precisely the dark, disordered material out of which man's Freewill has to create an edifice of order and Good ❧ Ever must Pain urge us to Labor; and only in free effort can any blessedness be imagined for us.—*Carlyle.*

❧

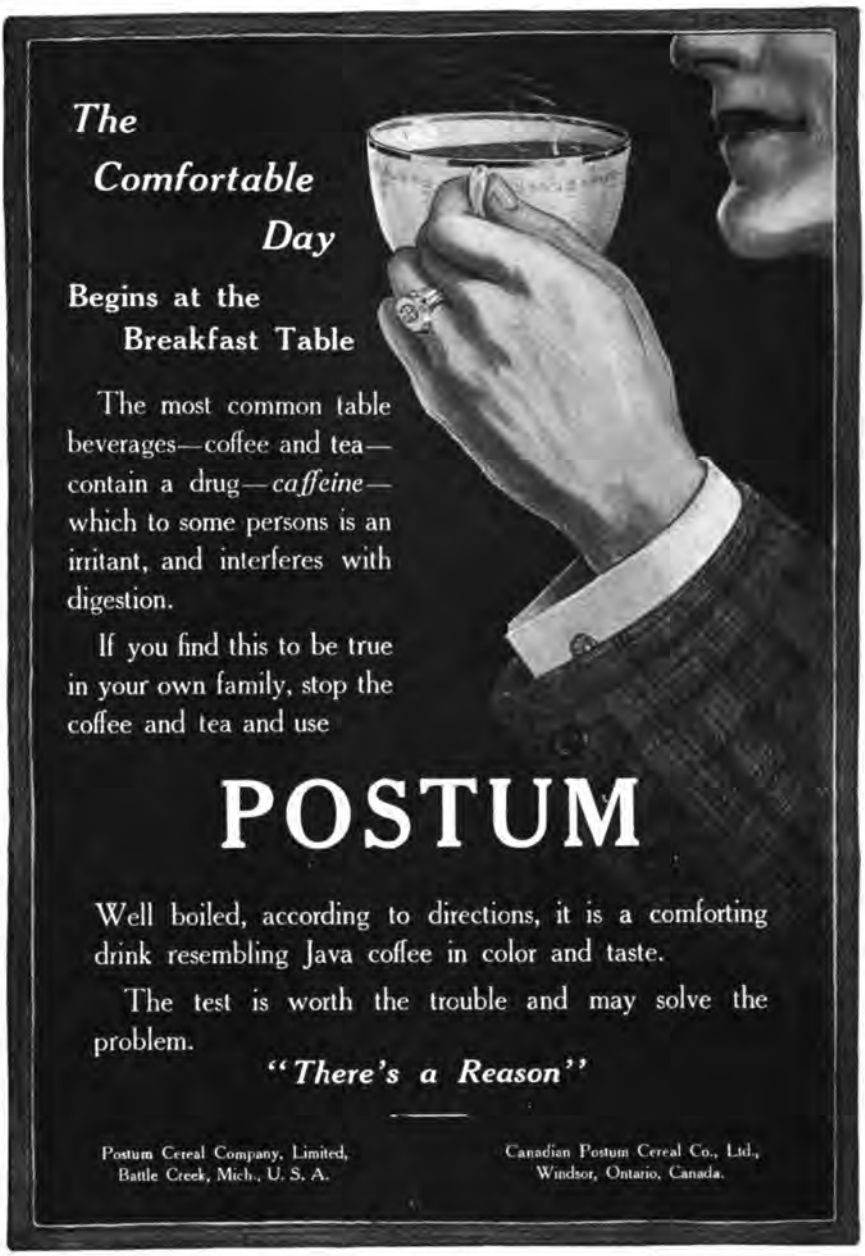
THE man who is most wanted for positions of trust is the one who does not work for mere selfish gain, but for the love of the task ❧ If he does his work for the love of it, and not out of consideration alone for the result, he will serve his own interests best, for he will do his work well and thereby make himself indispensable to his employer; and when the time comes to choose a man for a higher position, the choice will likely fall upon him who has done his work well.—*President Taft.*

❧

I find nonsense very refreshing.—*Talleyrand.*

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WE see that the right of each man to the use of the earth, limited by the like rights of his fellow-men, is immediately deducible from the law of equal freedom. We see that the maintenance of this right necessarily forbids private property in land. On examination all existing titles to such property turn out to be invalid; those founded on reclamation inclusive. It appears that not even an equal apportionment of the earth amongst its inhabitants could generate a legitimate ownership. We find that if pushed to its ultimate consequences a claim to exclusive possession of the soil involves a land-owning despotism. We further find that such a claim is constantly denied by the enactments of our legislature. And we find lastly that the theory of co-heirship of all men to the soil is consistent with the highest civilization; and that however difficult it may be to embody that theory in fact, equity sternly commands it to be done.—***Herbert Spencer.***



Hypocrisy desires to seem good rather than to be so; honesty desires to be good rather than to seem so.—*Warwick.*

THE reckless way in which false or one-sided statements are promulgated by pro-vaccinists is surely an indication of the badness of their cause. A good and really scientific practise never needs bolstering up by exaggeration and lies. I stepped out of my special path to strike a blow at this wretched superstition as soon as I became thoroughly convinced of its errors and of the cruelty arising out of its compulsory enforcement.—***Alfred Russel Wallace.***

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Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Chiclets have the distinction of being used by people who would use no other gum. The refinement and purity of Chiclets have invited people to a use of this help to mouth-health, who would not otherwise chew gum. Chiclets are delicious and delightful—contain True Mint. Save the Bird Cards in each package, for a beautiful Bird Album free. 5 cents the ounce, and 5, 10 and 25 cent packets.
SEN SEN CHICLET COMPANY, Metropolitan Tower, New York

IN a world of money we can't expect to raise the best people. We don't raise people anyway. We raise money. We look upon a good dollar as better than a good man. Marriages are bound to go wrong. Sex goes wrong. Comradeship, too—and the children we raise. They all go wrong. For marriage is only what love makes it. It has no sanction in itself. Marriage as marriage is not conclusive. Is neither one thing nor the other. Marriage is what love makes it. Big or little, ugly or hideous, according to love ❧ Love is everything to marriage. Marriage is nothing to love.

Marriage without comradeship is a failure. We say husbands have duties and wives have duties. I think the statement should be broadened. We could say husbands have love and wives have love. With love, duty takes care of itself. Duty becomes volition. But with only duty, love will not take care of itself ❧ Love becomes slavery. There is no rule. But there are rules. You can't judge one marriage by another ❧ You can't measure the virtue of the contracting parties, by their ability to get along together. A thousand things make for success. A thousand things make for failure. Make for joy and distress. Make for growth and decay. It is extreme even at the best for two people to try to live together ❧ But at the worst—what is it then? We might be angels. But we might not be able to live together day after day in the same house. The question goes deeper than our good or bad.—*Horace Traubel.*

❧

The cautious seldom err.—*Confucius.*

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NATURE consists not only in itself, objectively, but at least just as much in its subjective reflection from the person, spirit, age, looking at it, in the midst of it, and absorbing it—faithfully sends back the characteristic beliefs of the time or individual—takes, and readily gives again, the physiognomy of any nation or literature—falls like a great elastic veil on a face, or like the molding plaster on a statue.

—*Whitman.*

THANK God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know.—*Charles Kingsley.*

PROSPERITY, pleasure and success may be rough of grain and common in fiber, but sorrow is the most sensitive of all created things. There is nothing that stirs in the whole world of thought to which sorrow does not vibrate in terrible and exquisite pulsation. The thin beaten-out leaf of tremulous gold that chronicles the direction of forces the eye can not see, is in comparison coarse. It is a wound that bleeds when any hand but that of love touches it, and even then must bleed again, though not in pain. Where there is sorrow there is holy ground.—*Oscar Wilde*

I owe all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour beforehand.
—*Lord Nelson.*



The use of our trucks by the T. Eaton Company, Canada's largest department store, illustrates the faith of large Concerns in International trucks.

Proved by 12 years real use **Proved by 17 years real use** **Proved by 10 years real use**

"Leading Gasoline Trucks of the World"

You want in a motor-truck:

1. Proved investment value.
2. Economical sizes and styles for *your* work.

We offer:

1. Trucks with longest records of profitable service.
2. Complete range of sizes and bodies meeting any need properly.

Capacities: 1, 1½, 2, 3, 4, 4½, 5, 6½, 7½ and 10 tons

Write for truck data on your line of business. Consult our Engineering Department freely—write, or call in person, or inquire through any of our representatives.

International Motor Company

General Offices: 57th and Broadway, New York Works: Allentown, Pa; Plainfield, N. J.

Sales and Service Stations: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Baltimore, Jersey City, Atlanta, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, San Francisco, Los Angeles and other large cities.

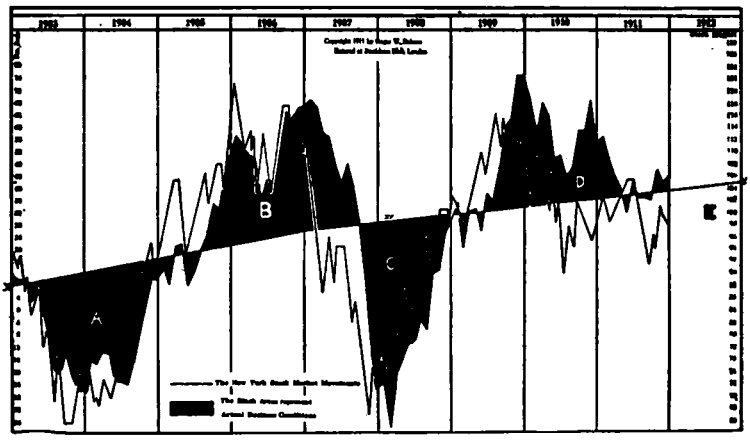


The Associated Bell Telephone Companies have 62 of our trucks in service.

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What Is The Babson



Composite Business Plot?

It is a chart of the combined figures on bank clearings, new building, railroad-earnings, immigration and other subjects. It shows the true condition of the country's business, and tells exactly whether or not over-production, too extensive borrowing or other unjustifiable conditions exist, and, if so, *to just what extent*. But this is not all.

Owing to a certain relation between the black areas (above shown) it is possible to know with certainty whether we are entering a period of business depression or one of business prosperity. By noting the change in these areas each week, a business man or investor may intelligently anticipate the changes in general business and investment conditions. The most successful business men and investors are now using this Plot. It should, however, be used by many more.

A few extra copies of the Plot as issued this week have been reserved for free distribution. Send to-day for a copy of either the "Merchants and Manufacturers Plot" or the "Investors Plot." Please state which one you wish.

Address: Dept. F-6 of the

Babson Statistical Organization

Babson Offices, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Largest Organization of its Class in U. S.

MAN is arrogant in proportion to his ignorance. Man's natural tendency is toward egotism. Man, in his infancy of knowledge, thinks that all creation was formed for him. For several ages he saw, in the countless worlds that sparkle through space like the bubbles of a shoreless ocean, only the petty candles, the household torches, that Providence had been pleased to light for no other purpose but to make the night more agreeable to man ❧ ❧

Astronomy has corrected this delusion of human vanity, and man now reluctantly confesses that the stars are worlds, larger and more glorious than his own—that the earth on which he crawls is a scarce visible speck on the vast chart of creation.

But in the small as in the vast, God is equally profuse of life. The traveler looks upon the tree, and fancies its boughs were formed for his shelter in the Summer sun, or his fuel in the Winter frosts ❧ But in each leaf of these boughs the Creator has made a world—it swarms with innumerable races. Each drop of water in a moat is an orb more populous than a kingdom is of men.

Everywhere, then, in this immense design, science brings new life to light. Life is the one pervading principle, and even the thing that seems to die and putrefy but engenders new life, and changes to fresh forms of matter.

Reasoning, then, by evident analogy—if not a leaf, if not a drop of water, but is, no less than yonder star, a habitable and breathing world—nay, if even man himself is a world to other lives, and myriads and millions dwell in the rivers of his blood and inhabit man's

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frame as man inhabits earth, commonsense (if your schoolman had it) would suffice to teach that the circumfluent infinite which you call Space—the boundless Impalpable which divides earth from the moon and stars—is filled also with its correspondent and appropriate life.

Is it not a visible absurdity to suppose that Being is crowded upon every leaf, and yet absent from the immensities of space? The law of a Great System forbids the waste even of an atom; it knows no spot where something of life does not breathe. In the very charnel-house is the nursery of production and animation ☙ Is that true? Well, then, can you conceive that space which is the Infinite itself is alone a waste, is alone lifeless, is less useful to the one design of universal being than the dead carcass of a dog, than the peopled leaf, than the swarming globule? The microscope shows you the creatures on the leaf; no mechanical tube is yet invented to discover the things that hover in illimitable air.—***Edward Bulwer Lytton.***

☙

The deeper I drink of the cup of life, the sweeter it grows.—*Julia Ward Howe.*

Gotham Summer Underwear

Professor William Muldoon is a great believer in the Psychology of Dress. When we dine, we should dress like *gentlemen*—just as if we were to meet expected guests. The act of dressing and undressing tends to stop brooding and speeding to the mental limit. Muldoon says the "gym" dress is only valuable as you discard it for clean, dainty *underwear*, and when you don your over-apparel you appear before the world a *new man*. To wear fine, *well-fitting* underwear is a virtue. GOTHAM SUMMER UNDERWEAR is made for critical men. It is recognized America over as the **"Underwear of a Gentleman."** The materials are produced by mills which specialize on cloth for Gotham Underwear. GOTHAM SUMMER UNDERWEAR retails at 50 cents to $3.50 the garment.

The Gotham people also make SHIRTS at $1.00 to $7.50, PAJAMAS at $1.50 to $12.00 the suit, also SOFT COLLARS for the man who discriminates. They are comfortable, durable, washable, **color-fast,** presentable and **guaranteed.**





GOTHAM SOFT COLLARS.
Made of mercerized fabrics,—and silk. Modish Colors. All Sizes.
At 2 for a quarter, 25c and 50c each.
With distinctive pearl button links.

SEND FOR YOUR Personal Copy of the GOTHAM BOOK De Luxe

Gotham Mfg. Co., *Fifth Avenue Bldg., Madison Sq. West,* ***New York***
Dept. K.

ALSO MAKERS OF GOTHAM SHIRTS, PAJAMAS AND SOFT COLLARS

THE best is often unseen and intangible; and as for life, it is always built on so-called wreckage and death. To cast aside the broken and the wounded would be to fill the world with strength without endurance and a sort of crass beauty without soul.

—***Gertrude Capen Whitney.***

☙

Like attracts like; therefore, the thought of a thing is the prophecy of its fulfilment.

—*E. J. Bartholomew.*

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The Roycroft School of Life for Boys is not a school in the usual acceptation of the word. It is, indeed, far more than a school. It is a well-rounded life that the boys are living and learning from day to day The Summer Term of The Roycroft School of Life begins June Fifteenth and closes September First. We can accommodate just thirty boys. The tuition for this Summer Term is One Hundred Twenty-five Dollars, in advance. This covers practically all expenses, and entitles your boy to a joyous Summer of work and play that will appeal to you as well as to him. Send for application-card this day.
THE ROYCROFT SCHOOL, EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

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GOOD SHOES AND GOOD HEALTH

■ ■ ■ ■ AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD ■ ■ ■ ■

Grouches and Glooms are the natural sons of ill-fitting shoes. Foot troubles cause failure, disappointment, heart-break, because they easily follow physical incapacity. ¶ If your feet are not comfortably shod, you are not liable to take the required amount of exercise. Keep your weight to normal by plenty of walking. Professor Osler says: "Every additional pound of flesh means another mile of capillaries. Is it any wonder that people with excess baggage have weak and overworked hearts, and are incapable of much real work?" ¶ You can not keep your body to the normal standard unless your shoes permit the proper amount of exercise. James S. Coward, who is a walker and a friend of walkers, has centered his life-work on the making of shoes that fit the human foot. ¶ Coward Shoes are made for fit first, for style secondly, and as they fit the foot, they are good-looking and good style. They possess the superior beauty of shoes that fit. Coward Shoes are made by expert shoe-crafters who have a scientific knowledge of foot anatomy. The materials used in Coward Shoes are the very best. Coward Shoes are always made from selected leather. ¶ If you want to increase the efficiency of your mind and body, investigate Coward Shoes. You can buy Coward Shoes at the New York Store or by mail. Mr. Coward has evolved a Mail Service that is prompt and eminently satisfactory. Your correspondence will be given close attention.

THE COWARD SHOE
FOR MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN

¶ You Folks who have never been quite foot-suited should write to Mr. Coward for His Little Book, picturing the Coward Family.

Some Coward "SPECIAL" Shoes

The Coward Good-Sense Shoe - - - (made especially for tender feet)
The Coward Extension Heel Shoe - - - - - - - - (for weak arches)
The Coward Bunion Shoe - - - - - The Coward Arch-Support Shoe
The Coward Combination Shoe - - - The Coward Orthopedic Shoe

JAMES S. COWARD
264-274 GREENWICH ST., NEW YORK
(MAIL ORDERS FILLED) ***(SOLD NOWHERE ELSE)***

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All Relative

All values are relative.

You buy a piece of ordinary silver and it seems attractive.

Place it beside a piece of Gorham Silver and it dwindles into insignificance. You see instantly that it lacks dignity, strength and individuality.

Better one fine piece of Gorham, authenticated by the Gorham trade-mark, than six commonplaces. Sold by leading jewelers.

STERLING

THE GORHAM CO.

SILVERSMITHS

NEW YORK

GORHAM SILVER POLISH - THE BEST FOR CLEANING SILVER

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Sponges and Pumice

By Elbert Hubbard



THE other day I was invited to give an address before the Chicago Executive Club, at their weekly noonday meeting ❧ ❧

There is some good moral timber in this Club, and I was a bit complimented by the invitation ❧ ❧

Certain members of the Club had found out in some way that I was going to pass through Chicago, and they timed the matter, and rained in upon me sixty-seven telegrams in one day.

If you want to make impress on a man, send him a shower of telegrams—just as the San Francisco boys sent President Taft twelve thousand messages informing him that San Francisco was the place, and the time was 1915. And Bill capitulated. ¶ And so I duly found myself at twelve-thirty on the day appointed at the Hotel La Salle. Several hundred typical Chicago men were present—bright, active, young, healthy, ambitious boys, because in Chicago nobody ever really grows up.

The chairman of the meeting was Mr. Elmer R. Murphey. I had never met Murphey before, although the name sounded a trifle familiar. ¶ I sat on Murphey's right, and on my right sat a man who gave me a little information about Murphey. And then Murphey told me a little about the other man.

The man on the right said that Murphey is in a peculiar kind of business—he deals in just three articles as specialties.

One of the three is Sponges. Next is Pumice-Stone. The third article is Chamois-Skins ❧ And so it happened that I possessed a beautiful ignorance on all three topics.

Murphey is the ideal executive. When he introduced me, he did not endeavor to make my speech; he was not in competition with me. He stated the case as it seemed to him, briefly, directly, calmly, to the point. He seems to me to be a man who had memorized my ***Essay on Silence,*** and had profited by it. He evidently knew that no man could talk as wisely as he could look.

I really liked the fellow. He was so simple, direct, intelligent and frank.

Nowadays, the chap who has anything to hide can not do business. However, it is very absurd to try to lay cosmic cornerstones or attempt to get a stand in on your good looks.

Every man is what he is, no matter what he says or does or tries to do, or pretends to do. ¶ Murphey seemed a bit proud of his business, and after the feed, and the spiel, I accepted his invitation to walk over to 162 West Kinzie Street and visit James H. Rhodes and Company.

Here, you boy, keep away from that horse's head! ❧ ❧

Elmer R. Murphey

ELMER R. MURPHEY is the President of James H. Rhodes and Company. He began life young, but he is now thirty-three. The entire establishment shows his energy, good taste and restless ambition.

The desks in the general office are all "flat-top." Murphey told me he got them so the employees would have daylight at least eight hours of the day and thus save their eyesight.

That "listened" good, but knowing Murphey even a little, I knew he wanted to save electricity. Daylight is free, but electricity costs money in Chicago.

I noticed, in looking through the office, that all the men connected with the institution are young. Murphey told me that no man in the organization has passed his fortieth year. However, they will get over that.

This business was started by Rhodes and Murphey ❧ ❧

Jim Rhodes, at that time, was the vice-president of a large wholesale drug-house, but having some radical ideas about running a business, he wanted to try them.

Murphey was a salesman on his staff and Rhodes took him as a partner.

A Remarkable Business

WHENEVER one firm can build up a business approximating a million dollars a year on three such trivial articles as sponges, pumice-stone and chamois-skins, it is well to take note of them.

Sponges are used for washing and cleansing things ❧ ❧

Pumice-stone is used for polishing things.

Chamois-skins are used for shining things up after you have sponged and pumice-stoned them ❧ ❧

Sponges are not obtained from Lake Michigan.

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¶ No pumice-stone is found in Cook County, except what has been imported.

Chamois-skins are made from goatskins, and the soil of Illinois is too rich to waste on goats. Goats in Illinois are used for poetic purposes only ❧ ❧

And yet here in Chicago we find a firm that has practically collared the sponge, the chamois and the pumice-stone market of the United States ❧ ❧

Two-thirds of the traffic in these particular goods go through the warehouse and office of James H. Rhodes and Company.

And they have n't secured the business by combining a lot of smaller concerns or driving any one out of the trade. They have simply brought wisdom, knowledge, experience, good judgment and hard work to bear.

They collect the goods and they distribute them. They use their knowledge of these strange commodities for the purpose of serving their customers, not to get the start of them.

¶ The one-price system prevails. It is money back if you are not satisfied.

James H. Rhodes and Company are the friends of, and the attorneys for, their buyers.

Has any gentleman in the audience got a corkscrew? ❧ ❧

The New Business Ethics

ONCE the retail-clothing business was the symbol of trickery in trade. It got so bad that something had to be done, and when things get bad enough they cure themselves ❧ ❧

And behold, we find a man in the retail-clothing business marking his products in plain figures, treating everybody alike. Take them or leave them, they are yours if you want them ❧ ❧

Also, he told the truth about the quality of the goods.

His competitors said he was headed for bankruptcy, but they were false prophets. Soon the trade was coming his way.

He had eliminated friction, dickering, distrust, doubt; and to save themselves from bankruptcy his competitors had to adopt his plan—this simply as a matter of self-preservation ❧ ❧

The sponge business has, until very recent times, been in the hands of the Bashi-Bazouk. It has been a push-cart and a pack business.

¶ Sponges have been sold at fairs, on the streets, and from the decks of ships, and the man you bought of disappeared from view and you never saw him again.

And if you did, you would n't recognize him, for he wore another suit of clothes, and had a different name.

This has been the rule from the time that Mark Antony, the silver-tongued, lived in Alexandria, and Julius Cæsar threw up the sponge when beset by his enemies in the Roman Forum.

Be it said to the credit of James H. Rhodes and Company, of Chicago, which is in the State of Illinois, in the United States of America, that they have eliminated mystery, myth and fable from the sponge business. They have done away with piffle, haggle, and dog-eat-dog methods in their particular line.

The old-time scheme of mixing small sizes and large, first and second quality, good sponges on the outside and bad ones in, and branding them all first quality and thus deceiving the buyer, has been put on the slide.

Lookee, you lobster, you can't smoke cigarettes here!

Sponges, and Sponges

THE sponge is an animal which has only recently ceased, geologically speaking, being a vegetable.

When sponges are first taken from the sea they are black in color. The whole sponge is covered with a thin caul, which is a sort of sieve that keeps out a good deal of foreign substance which otherwise might be siphoned through the sponge and give him appendicitis.

For two thousand years sponges have been hooked up from the bottom of the sea. But now, in Florida, the business has been standardized and divers do the work. One diver will collect as many sponges as twenty-five men working with hooks from a boat.

" Give him the hook," may have originated on a sponge-boat, but that is neither here nor there ❧ ❧

After the sponge is taken from the water it is exposed to the sun for a time. This kills the animal ❧ ❧

The outside skin is then scraped off, and the sponges are thoroughly rinsed in water so all the fleshy substance is washed out. They are then put on strings about a yard long, all sizes mixed, and offered for sale at the various sponge-markets.

Sponges are sold by the pound, but there are ways of increasing the weight of sponges by

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loading them. Sometimes they are colored or discolored in order to make you think that you are buying a Turkish Sponge or a Sheepswool Sponge, when what you are getting is something very different.

We remember the Irishman who looked at one of those great big potatoes on a dining-car of the Northern Pacific, and, in astonishment, turned to the conductor and said, "Begorra! It would n't take many of them to make a dozen."

The most important market in America is Tarpon Springs, Florida.

Sponges are now complimented by special legislation that protects them. Lobsters the same

We have all heard of the Chorus Girl who boasted of going to Rector's and finding, in the course of interviewing a dozen Blue Points, a pearl that was worth a hundred dollars. When she told this to a fellow vaudevillist, the other girl said: "That 's nothing! I got a diamond necklace out of a Pittsburgh Lobster."

The legal life of a lobster was once explained to me by that great and good man Thomas Brackett Reed of the State of Maine.

He was engaged in a lobster litigation—not a breach-of-promise suit.

His mind being full of the subject, he talked it out to me in order to get the thing straight for himself. The whole talk was vastly illuminating, as anything is when it is approached by a mind of the Thomas Brackett Reed order.

Don't lean your bicycle against this fence!

The Life-Story of the Sponge

I VENTURE that the average citizen of America knows less about sponges than he does about lobsters.

Florida followed the lead of Maine and protected her infant industries. There are federal statutes also on the subject of sponge-fishing.

¶ Once it was a very easy matter to get soaked on sponges, but now wise buyers protect themselves by dealing with a responsible firm

There are one hundred thirty-seven different grades of commercial sponges.

These range in price from a few cents a pound up to forty or fifty dollars a pound.

The various grades are sorted into firsts, seconds and thirds, and these again subdivided into various sizes.

At the warehouse of James H. Rhodes and Company I saw a black sponge thrown into a tank. In a little while it came out of another tank a beautiful golden color, one of those soft, fluffy, blonde, peroxide things that you see in the druggist's window.

It illustrated the value of bleaching.

Rhodes and Company have a capacity of bleaching thirty thousand sponges a day, by machinery, with a very small amount of manual labor. And science, which can tell you how to make sensitized photographic paper, can also tell you how to bleach sponges.

There is a book on sponges written by the world's greatest living thinker.

In order that no Smart Alecthander will think that I am talking about myself, I will explain at once that the world's greatest living thinker is Ernst Haeckel, of the little town of Jena, in Germany.

Darwin also has a good deal to say on the subject of sponges in his book, *The Origin of Species*

All animal life seems to start from about the same basis. Things then move off in various directions

Nature has tried about all the processes that can be imagined, and a good many that can't, in her endeavors to make a man.

The sponge seems to be the universal embryo.

¶ Everything in animal life begins in a sack filled with a jelly-like substance.

In order to produce a man, Nature draws strings across the sack, closes it here, lets it out there, then ties it up, and out of this sack protrudes, in the course of time, arms, head, limbs, eyes, organs, dimensions, passions, political ambitions, thoughts, schemes, plans, that evolve into an executive.

The sea is the great universal mother of us all. Every substance found in Nature is found in the sea. And the sponge seems to represent a very early form of life that fell a victim to arrested development.

The sponge of commerce is the skeleton of the animal. The oyster and the clam and Baptists all have hard shells.

The turtle and the lobster are evolved types of jellyfish, fitted out with armor. Instead of armor, man has a brain and he protects himself with ideas.

The Irishman who suggested that, instead of putting a bunch of flowers in the hands of his deceased partner, a brick in each mitt would be more appropriate, was not far from right.

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The sponge finds safety by attaching itself to rocks in the bottom of the sea. It is not much of a traveler.

All those holes and apertures in the sponge are for the purpose of sending currents of water through. They have a distinct purpose. The holes in the sponge carry eats to the animal that is inside. The whole body of the sponge keeps up a peristaltic motion, absorbing the water and throwing it out.

From the particles that pass through, the sponge gets a living, but he has to work for it, just as we have to work for a living.

The sponge is first cousin to the coral-insect. The coral-insect deposits a calcareous matter, this being a sort of waste.

The sponge puts out calcareous matter, but it is believed that an absolutely healthy sponge does not allow any lime to get in his bones.

¶ Sponges with calcareous matter will scratch your automobile body and are, therefore, without much commercial value.

Sponges lay eggs. We have the male and the female living in happy relationship, without scandal, near each other, happily attached to one big rock, living out a beautiful life of self-sacrifice, raising a big family that go off into the sea and attach themselves, in turn, to rocks and earn an honest living.

Sponges usually attain their growth in about ten years, but in some centers we are told that they grow for fifty or a hundred years.

Sponges that are used in America come largely from Cuba and the coast of Florida.

There are other peculiar and valuable sponges that are found only along the Mediterranean Coast and the Isles of Greece.

No, Madam, I have n't seen your husband—and if I knew where he was I would n't tell.

Superiority of American-Ground Pumice

PUMICE-STONE is imported from Italy. It is of volcanic formation.

Recent experiments and discoveries by Doctor E. G. Acheson of Niagara Falls, New York, with an electric furnace show us how pumice-stone is manufactured with the aid of a terrific heat.

Until the days of the electric furnace, no fire was possible on the surface of the earth that could vaporize sand. This was the trick of Nature

She performed miracles with the aid of a pressure incomputable and a heat in the depths of the earth beyond what man could measure.

¶ The disintegration of the rocks gave us pumice-stone

Pumice-stone is the natural abrasive. It is specially adapted for finishing highly polished surfaces

In Nature there is no pumice-stone equal to the Italian product. Rhodes and Company import direct from the Island of Lipari, which is directly off the Island of Sicily.

They bring it over in lots of two or three hundred tons at a time.

On the Bush docks in Brooklyn, Rhodes and Company have a warehouse where this pumice-stone is unloaded. There it is crushed and ground by burr stone mills.

It is carried by specially constructed machinery to the dryers, where all the moisture is driven out.

Then it is bolted through three sheets of silk and again through wire before being placed in the barrels.

I was shown samples of pumice-stone as fine as baking-powder, and others as coarse as peas, and between these two grades there are a dozen other grades.

More than two-thirds of the pumice-stone brought to America is imported by James H. Rhodes and Company.

The only way we can get pumice-stone pure is to import it in the lump or crude state and then grind it, dry it and package it. Americans were the first to do this.

Pumice that is ground in Italy is usually loaded with Silica, and is known among the practical buyers as " bastardoni," which seems to prove that our Italian friends have a good eye for an illuminating word.

Curiously enough, some of the pumice that is ground in Italy is branded " American Ground," which surely is a great compliment to America.

This business is carried on by men, filled with the true American spirit. Is n't it a matter of congratulation to the United States and to the city of Chicago that this firm of James H. Rhodes and Company should have done their business so surpassing well that they practically control the trade in their particular, special and unique line, and the world has made a pathway to their door? I think, Yes! To your knitting, girls, to your knitting!

Hate is a toxin: it poisons the well-springs of the soul: its end is madness and the grave

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VOLTITE

THE LATEST MIRACLE OF SCIENCE

THE latest modern miracle is the discovery or the invention, whichever you please, of an article called "Voltite."

Voltite is a specially prepared powder, by the use of which the novice can quickly and easily plate metals with gold, silver, nickel or tin.

The word Voltite is a coinage that pays tribute to Volta, an Italian scientist who was contemporary with Benjamin Franklin. ¶Voltite is a powder, innocent in appearance, which when dampened sets up an electric action. It looks unpretentious and gives no hint of the power that it holds in reserve, any more than gunpowder does. But as gunpowder holds energy in reserve, so does Voltite.

On mixing Voltite with water, a chemical action is started which destroys the individuality of the ingredients that make up the powder. The chemical action is electrolytic, and is



ARTHUR T. FIRTH
Discoverer of Voltite

exactly the same process that is employed in electroplating, only it is a simplification of the method.

Instead of having a complex lot of machinery and special apparatus, Voltite is prepared in the factory and put up in tins for the convenient use of housekeepers. It is simply dampened; and with a damp cloth applied to the surface by gentle friction, the electric action is generated, and an infinite number of minute cells work to form a short circuit.

The Voltite powder acts as the anode. The metal surface is the cathode. The deposit can be made as heavy as desired.

¶If Voltite were merely an invention or a discovery similar to that of radium, it would be a wonderful proposition, and be worthy of infinite write-ups in the magazines. The discoverer would receive his due reward in way of medals or diplomas or honorary college degrees.

As it is, he is a businessman, just as are Edison and Doctor E. G. Acheson. And like them, he has given the world a legacy that millions can profit by.

This man who invented Voltite has gone ahead and perfected the invention, and then commercialized it so as to make it a popular success. The simplicity of the thing, the absolute surety of its action, the ease with which it is applied, all mark it as one of the great modern discoveries.

Voltite is the invention of Mr. Arthur T. Firth, of Auckland, New Zealand. Mr. Firth is of Scotch blood, and has all the patience and red-headed persistency of that race.

Chemistry, electricity, metallurgy, have interested Mr. Firth from his very boyhood. Now in the prime of life, scarcely turned forty, Mr. Firth has succeeded in producing an article that meets a world need, and which has no competition in its own particular line.

To apply Voltite requires no special apparatus and no scientific skill, simply the care, say, that a good housekeeper would manifest in cleaning cut glass.

All that is demanded is that the user shall carefully apply the powder according to the printed directions, and the result is unfailing.

Gold, silver, nickel, copper, tin can be transferred from the powdered Voltite in which these metals are supplied, to any material, giving a hard, brilliant and durable surface that will not blister or peel. Also, it will wear much longer than the usual electroplating, being much harder in substance.

I took spoons that had been silver-plated by Voltite, and twisted them, and they showed that the plating had become an actual part of the fabric.

As I write I have in my pocket various copper coins, gold-plated on one side, silver-plated on the other, by the use of Voltite. I have carried these coins many weeks, and they show positively no perceptible wear.

I have seen Voltite used by housekeepers on knives, forks, spoons, napkin-rings, tea-pots, coffee-pots, urns, vases, replating all forms of tableware and household utensils with a brilliancy that is beyond compare.

Voltite can be used by plumbers or housekeepers in replating plumbing appliances, hinges, fixtures of a thousand kinds, copper and brass utensils.

It can be used in hotels, in office-buildings, restaurants, railroad-trains, automobiles, motor-boats, steam-fittings, dentists' and surgeons' instruments and on all forms of jewelry.

¶The intelligent and careful housekeeper can keep all the metal articles that come under her care touched up so that they will always look like new, simply by the application of the Voltite powder on a clean metal surface, applied with a dampened cloth.

We work from the complex to the simple, and from the elaborate electroplating apparatus, requiring acids and strong electric currents, we get a material supplied in simple form that starts up the same chemical action when water is applied to it. ¶Heretofore, there have been invented plating-powders that contain mercury. These give a bright surface, but supply no actual plating, and soon wear away.

None of the plating-powders heretofore invented puts metal on metal. This Voltite absolutely does. By its use a plating is built up of any desired thickness.

Experiments have been made at various universities, especially at Columbia University, where Voltite has been tested, and gold and silver deposited on zinc. Then this zinc, so plated with gold or silver, was placed in an acid bath. The zinc was dissolved by the acid, leaving the pure sheets of gold and silver foil, thus demonstrating the thickness of the deposit placed on the zinc by Voltite.

Good Housekeepers appreciate the necessity of having all table utensils appear bright, fresh and new. Things tarnished and worn are always in bad taste. A quick application of Voltite gives a new plating instantly, and makes the article actually new.

Ask your dealer for Voltite. If he does not carry it in stock, send One Dollar for a sample can of Voltite, stating your preference as to Silver, Gold, Nickel, Tin, Copper or Steel. The can will be sent by mail with full directions for use on the label. ¶Give Voltite a test, carefully following instructions, and in a few moments you will be convinced of its wonderful qualities. Address,

AMERICAN VOLTITE COMPANY
225 West 39th Street, New York City.

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THE "world moves," and in no department of life is progress more evident than in that which concerns medication for our physical ills. The error and delusion from which humanity has suffered seem, as one glances back over the record of the past, pitiful in the extreme.

The following will give some idea of the deplorable error prevailing at the time of Charles the Second. The poor animals seem to have had a respite just then, the healing concoctions being extracted from costly gems ❧ ❧ According to the account of Doctor Scarbrugh, now in the library of the Society of Antiquaries, his majesty was attended by sixteen physicians, who held nine consultations in five days.

On February Fourteenth, the day of his death, eleven of these physicians in consultation decided to administer as a more generous cordial a dust of topaz, jacinth, sapphire, ruby, pearl, emerald, coral, musk, ambergris and gold, all made into a pill and polished ❧ "In fact," says Doctor Scarbrugh, "they gave his majesty his crown jewels —internally."

¶ The present-day advocate of serum must have his faith somewhat shaken on learning that "the deaths from plague in India have increased to forty thousand a week under this deplorable (serum) treatment, which, applied to the poor soldiers in the Transvaal, probably disposed of seventy thousand in the epidemic of enteric fever."

The correspondent of the ***Daily Mail,*** writing from Calcutta, says, "Plague mortality in India is at present slightly decreasing, but three million people have perished since

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the beginning of the epidemic; thirty thousand cases—ninety per cent of which are fatal—are still occurring weekly."

We hardly need to be reminded that in India the anti-plague serum has been exhaustively tried.—*K. G.*

DO you realize that there are drug-clerks who almost faint when they make a dollar sale? It is because they do not think in terms of "dollars"; they think in terms of nickels and dimes.

J. Pierpont Morgan thinks in terms of millions, while most businessmen think in terms of thousands ❧ Morgan's success is chiefly because he thinks big and acts big—does big things.

Your success as a salesman will be dependent upon your thinking bigger and doing bigger things. ¶ Forget that dime and quarter line of thought and get into the dollar class whenever possible. ¶ And all the time you will be gaining valuable experience—experience that will fit you for advancement in the commercial world, that will fit you right now for a raise in salary.—*A. D. S.*

❧

Silence is a great peacemaker.—*Longfellow.*



There's no rule, but punctual men
Are apt to head pay rolls—Big Ben

A MAN, like a clock, is to be valued for his goings," said William Penn. Big Ben is a clock which would have had his O. K., had not the great Quaker been born before his time.

Big Ben is the friend of men who are thrifty, wise and prosperous. Ben Franklin, America's first Big Ben, once had a hundred mottoes carved in blocks of wood and gave them to his friends at Christmas. The motto read, "BE PUNCTUAL."

The man who can best organize and systematize his time is the most valued. Big Ben symbols integrity. We all need Big Ben. He stands 7 inches tall, slender, handsome, impressive. He rings continuously for 5 minutes, intermittently for 10.

Big Ben is sold by sixteen thousand jewelers who appreciate his value. Big Ben has no competitor—he is unique, peculiar, distinctive. If you can not find him at your jeweler's a money-order sent to *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois,* will bring him to you, express prepaid.

$2.50

Sold by Jewelers. Three Dollars in Canada.

IN the present trend of the times, when every movement is regulated by a pendulum of value, there are thousands of opportunities going to waste for want of people to take them when they come. As a matter of fact the history of reverses in business might be summed up in two words, "Lost Opportunity." Daily we hear the cry, "If I had only taken hold at the time!" But when Fate knocked at his door, no one opened.

—*Theodore P. Shonts.*

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BOUND VOLUMES OF *THE FRA*

ROYAL Roycrofters-at-Large, and others, too, preserve their copies of *THE FRA* Magazine most conscientiously. There be those who go a step further and have their loose copies bound for their libraries. The contents of *THE FRA* are of more than ephemeral interest and value. They are permanent contributions to the best thought of our day, and should form part of every well-appointed library. Elbert Hubbard expresses himself with equal facility and discretion on any and all topics. His comments are pertinent and unique, saturated with keen, incisive commonsense, than which, by the way, there is nothing more uncommon. Bound copies of the first seven volumes of *THE FRA* are scarce and getting scarcer; soon they will not be available for love nor money. There 's no time like the present for acquiring volumes of *THE FRA* in this sturdy and substantial form. The eighth volume of *THE FRA* is now ready for shipment. It is bound in solid brown boards, leather back. The price is Three Dollars.

Beauty, Durability and Service Judiciously Combined

Roycroft Jewelry is made with a view to beauty and durability. Both qualities are admirably exhibited in this Lapel-Chain, which is wrought of finest Sterling Silver, and is all handmade. Note the exquisite conventionalized rose design on the charm.
The price is Four Dollars.



Here is a Roycroft Jewel-Box of Hammered Copper that, like everything else The Roycrofters make, has the commendable virtues of service and beauty. It is thoroughly good to look at. Its proportions are pleasing. It is well made, possesses true worth, and will perform its own peculiar service efficiently and well. As an appointment in Milady's boudoir it is quite indispensable. The lock is of Silver, the trimmings likewise. The box has a leather interlining. Size, 6½ x 3¼ x 11½ inches.
Price, Ten Dollars.



THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

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Subscribe to THE FRA—Some Special Inducements

THE FRA MAGAZINE is doing the American people a service which no other magazine seems willing to perform at the present time. Mr. Hubbard in his editorials is voicing a protest against the negative form of literature which is filling other magazines. Mr. Hubbard affirms, and many great and good men agree with him, that business was never safer nor better than now. THE FRA is a magazine of affirmation. It preaches the American Philosophy of mutuality and good-cheer. The subscription-price of THE FRA is Two Dollars a year, and with it we present you as a premium a Roycroft Book. The following books are being offered just now:

WHITE HYACINTHS, *by Elbert Hubbard*

UNLESS you have read *White Hyacinths*, you do not know the real Elbert Hubbard. In this beautiful prose-poem he reveals to us, almost unconsciously, a hitherto unsuspected phase of his many-sided personality.
White Hyacinths ranks with the works of good men and great who have loved worthily and well. We are reminded of the poems in which Browning pays loving tribute to his wife. William Marion Reedy declares that "as a picture of an intellectual union between two people, this essay-sketch is superlatively fine."
Regular library binding, boards with leather back.



WHITE HYACINTHS—By Elbert Hubbard

THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

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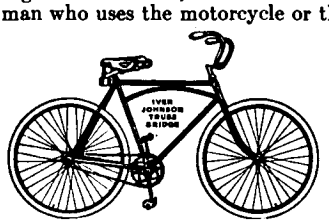
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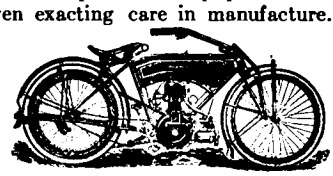
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THE bicycle is no longer a fad, a luxury or a thing for diversion only. The bicycle has arrived at that happy point where it serves. And the only things which endure are the things which serve humanity well. It has a practical place in American life. Out of the bicycle and the motor-car has developed the motorcycle. ¶ The man who wants to be punctual, who wants to keep in time with the world, needs a bicycle or a motorcycle. For short distances, we suggest the bicycle; for longer and more continuous riding, the motorcycle. So you see that they work together. Fresh air, sunshine and wholesome exercise are incidental blessings which come to the busy man who uses the motorcycle or the bicycle, or both. ¶ When you buy a bicycle or a motorcycle, make sure that the name-plate is a guarantee of quality. The name IVER JOHNSON is such a guarantee. IVER JOHNSON has always symboled quality to the American people. IVER JOHNSON is standardizing bicycle and motorcycle values. ¶ The IVER JOHNSON Truss-Bridge Bicycles are the best the world affords. The bearings are miracles of temper and precision. They produce less friction and wear longer than those used in any other bicycle. The frames are of seamless tubing, the crown is a solid drop-forging, as are the cranks, fork-ends, seat and handle-bar post. The equipment and finish are superb. Tires, rim, spokes, chain and saddles are given exacting care in manufacture.



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The Research Table

Use these questions for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta. From *The Fra* Magazine for June, Nineteen Hundred Twelve

Lesson Number One

1. Explain what you understand by the expression, "We become like that on which our minds are fixed."
2. What is a Selectman?
3. To what extent is medication palliative?
4. What is the Health Habit?
5. Name the simple rules of health.
6. What purpose is served by the study of "dead" languages?
7. What is Satire?
8. Distinguish between Wit and Humor.
9. What is the difference between Burlesque and Caricature?
10. Who was (a) Puck? (b) Medusa? (c) Jeremiah?

Lesson Number Two

1. Do you believe there is Rest in Change?
2. Who was (a) Goliath? (b) Malvolio? (c) Orestes?
3. Is faith in Medicine declining?
4. Do you enjoy poor health?
5. What is Osteopathy?
6. What is meant by the expression, "Giving Nature a chance"?
7. Who was (a) Hippocrates? (b) Æsculapius? (c) Hahnemann? (d) Lord Lister?
8. Do you know any friendless people?
9. What is Benefit of Clergy?
10. What is Telegony?

Lesson Number Three

1. Who was Nemesis?
2. Name one recipe for attaining distinction.
3. What is Enlightened Self-Interest?
4. What are the objects of the Canadian Club?
5. Do we need some such organization in the United States?
6. Is Honesty the best policy? Why?
7. Who were (a) the Zionites? (b) the Shakers? (c) the Mennonites?
8. What are the advantages of Communal Life?
9. Is the present trend toward Communism or Individualism?
10. What are the Northampton Tables of Mortality?

Lesson Number Four

1. Are married women paupers or chattels?
2. What is "paternalism"?
3. How may a married woman be economically free?
4. Should marriage be a business arrangement?
5. How may one best obtain Happiness?
6. Does the country prosper as the railroads prosper? Why?
7. Are the railroads prosperous at present?
8. What is Vaccination?
9. In what respect is it true that "To achieve an enemy is distinction"?
10. Who first made Mission furniture, and what are its characteristics?

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These lines by Wordsworth best express Alice Hubbard's ideal for woman:

Of moral strength and intellectual Power;
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Inviolate retirement, subject there
To Conscience only, and the law supreme
Of that Intelligence which governs all.

In her new Book, *The Myth in Marriage*, she expresses this idea in lines that are unmistakable in their integrity. *The Myth in Marriage* is perhaps the greatest contribution to the Cause of woman that has appeared in many years.

The Roycrofters have given this book an especially beautiful edition. The book is printed in two colors on a beautiful white paper. The title-page, initials, colophon and decorative bands were made especially for this book by the Roycroft Art Director. It is bound in flexible leather covers in a special design. The price is $1.00.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N.Y.

REEDY *ON HIS BOOK*

To Roycrofters-at-large who will attend The Roycroft Convention during the first week in July should prepare for meeting William Marion Reedy by reading his most delightful book of Essays, *The Law of Love*.

You will not be able to convince Colonel Reedy that you are a good Roycrofter unless you have read His Book. *The Law of Love* contains perhaps the finest things William Marion Reedy has done, and that is saying much.

The book is printed on English Boxmoor in three colors. It is bound in flexible leather covers. There are a few of these books left. The price is Two Dollars a volume.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N.Y.

EMERSON *ON NATURE*

Victor Cherbuliez says: "Half the joy of life is in the little things taken on the run. Everything is worth while if we only grasp it and its significance."

Emerson's *Essay on Nature* emphasizes most clearly this idea. The *Essay on Nature* has been the inspiration of many a good Roycrofter who has success and happiness.

The Roycroft Edition of Emerson's *Essay on Nature* has had a very unusual sale. There are now no copies of this edition except those printed on Japan Vellum in Alicia Binding. These we are willing to part with at $7.50 each.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N.Y.

The INTELLECTUAL LIFE

By GILBERT HAMERTON

has long been a literary curiosity. Yet the majority of people are not familiar with Hamerton's ideas as expressed in this book.

Though not all he said is true, Gilbert Hamerton has a message. He opens your eyes to many beautiful and wonderful things about you — things that you see, but do not know you see until he points them out to you.

The Roycrofters printed a most beautiful edition of this book, and there are a few copies left. The book is printed on Whatman handmade paper, from antique type set in double columns. All of the initials and chapter-headings were drawn in by hand. The book is bound in boards, Royal Octavo, with a leather back. The price is $7.50.

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Shopping-Bag, made of bold-grain Spanish Cowhide, and modeled in fuchsia design by Herr Kranz. Ooze-morocco lining; specially imported frame. There is an inside pocket fitted with small coin-purse to match the bag. This bag is 7½ x 10 inches. The price is $12.00.



This Bill-Fold is as useful as it is beautiful. It is modeled in English Calf, by Herr Kranz, whose name is a guaranty of satisfaction. Size, closed, 2¾ x 3¾ inches. Price, $2.50.



Closed, 3½ x 6 inches.



This Manicure-Case will prove a boon to travelers. It is light, compact, convenient. Modeled in Spanish Cowhide, and fitted with the finest instruments. It will render a lifetime of efficient service. Size, closed, 3½ x 6 inches; open, 6 x 10 inches. Price, Ten Dollars.

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BABSON OPENS HIS NEW HOUSE

THE Babson Statistical Organization formally opened its new building at Wellesley Hills on Wednesday, May Fifteenth: a fine fireproof brick structure which provides Boston merchants with a safe storage-place outside the city limits for valuable statistics relative to mercantile, monetary and investment affairs. In fact, readers may be interested to know that Greater Boston is headquarters for the largest statistical organization of its kind in the world. For here at Wellesley, twenty minutes out of the city, is an institution familiarly known as "Babson's," or more officially as The Babson Statistical Organization. ¶ Into the quiet but secure structure there come business statistics and reports covering all sections of the United States and every commercial nation on the globe. This formidable volume of facts and figures passes through the hands of engineers, statisticians and compiling experts, and is finally reduced to simple charts, maps, plots and tables from which the busy merchant, manufacturer, banker or investor can read the situation at a glance. ¶ Thus it is that men of affairs, the world over, depend upon a Boston institution for information "of New England Quality," accurate, impartial and without bias or prejudice. Or, to state the case more impressively, Boston has the honor of being retained by such centers as London, Paris, New York and Chicago to diagnose and report on their own commercial and financial conditions.

ALL enlightened humankind strives for success that comes through effort. There are as many definitions for success as there are individual minds. In business, success means, practically speaking, to grow in volume of business, to pay all debts when due, to pay an average remuneration for labor given, and to have the bank-account grow to meet possible emergencies; to give capital, brains and effort invested a legitimate return. That is success achieved, but success has no limit in its degrees. Measured by volume and money, success can become greater every year. Any degree of permanent success, a success that never retrogrades, can not become such except through selling goods that have been made of honest materials and workmanship, have true merit for the purpose for which they are to be used, fulfil all claims made for them, are sold under strict business principles, give user value received, and make him satisfied with his purchase. Such a business is a permanent success and becomes still greater as the years go by ❧ Such promoters get their due reward in many forms, and the users receive their value and get their benefits ❧ General business has then been aided and general progress has been advanced, and many people have employment to enjoy the fruits of their labor in the multitudinous ways the world offers. It stands as a monument to enlightened humankind.—*Ulysses Grant Case.*

❧

Nothing of worth or weight can be achieved with half a mind, with a faint heart, and with a lame endeavor.—*Farrar.*

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ONCE upon a time thrift used to be considered one of the virtues. Now that we have known prosperity we are one of the most thriftless and wasteful nations on earth. Thrift is no longer popular. Businesses, like individuals, are guilty of vanity, and vie with each other in wasting their portion.

Thrift does not imply littleness, but self-control. Organization and machinery, which mean the use of by-products, the saving of time and materials, the conservation and concentration of energy, are the very essence of thrift. The man who habitually wastes money, material or labor is a bad businessman, however brilliant his methods. He never builds a sound business. Many concerns that enjoy large revenues which should return good net profits are comparatively poor, because they do not understand how to keep down expenses.

The man who makes money easily commonly finds it most easy to spend it. He also belongs to the type that brings in the large order, which no one else could obtain, at a cut price without profit. ¶ Every penny saved in a business by good organization and economical working is added to the net profit. This is not an argument for lack of initiative and enterprise, but a protest against wastefulness in private and business life. The man who is able to put even a few dollars by each year to strengthen his future, is doing better business, however small his interests, than he who mortgages his property in order to make a big show.—*Chinneck.*

Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other.—*Burke.*



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WHETHER on business or pleasure bent—in crowded city thoroughfares or to and from country club, golf links or suburban home—the *unfailing* service of this trim, aristocratic roadster will win your admiration.

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The ROYCROFT CONVENTION

Four Americans who are leaders of the people and yet of the people will attend and help make the Seventeenth Annual Roycroft Convention during the first week in July an event of National importance. These men are thinkers and doers. It will be the first time that they have been brought together, and they are all engaging the world's attention from different angles.



BRAND WHITLOCK

BRAND WHITLOCK, the Novelist Mayor of Toledo, who is an authority on municipal government, will be with us. Mr. Whitlock's Novels, *The Thirteenth District* and *The Turn of the Balance*, have had a wonderful influence on the American people

WILLIAM MARION REEDY is the Editor of the Saint Louis *Mirror*. "Reedy's Paper" is the journalist's journal. Colonel Reedy is the author of *The Law of Love*, a book of essays which The Roycrofters have had the honor of publishing

ED HOWE, Editor of *Howe's Monthly*, a farmer's magazine for city people, will give us some of his quaint and wholesome philosophy. His book, *The Story of a Country Town*, is a classic. His talks have all of the beauty and the humor of this story, which was one of Mark Twain's favorite books

SAUNDERS NORVELL, otherwise Mike Kinney, of Saint Louis, is a businessman with a literary bias who will add to the joys of the occasion. Mr. Norvell will tell you many things you can use in your business

The Roycroft Inn is making reservations now for rooms, so that you had better write for yours immediately. This Convention will be a golden event in your life. Come!

The ROYCROFT INN

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SOME IMPORTANT ROYCROFT BOOKS

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By ELBERT HUBBARD



Says South, "The Scripture vouches Solomon for the wisest of men; and his proverbs prove him so." The Bard of Avon wrote orphics that are part and parcel of the English language, and are repeated every day by thousands of people who are ignorant of their origin. Next in direct lineal descent comes Fra Elbertus. Some folks think that Elbert Hubbard even surpasses his two famous forebears in the combined wit, worth and wisdom of his aphorisms. At any rate, here is a collection of epigrams from the Fra's pen, not exactly one thousand and one, to be sure, but as the French say, with a shrug, *Que difference fait ca?*
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THE MAN OF SORROWS
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In this book is told earnestly and reverently the life-story of the Man who died in Galilee nineteen hundred years ago for the sake of his convictions. It is an absorbing story — one that must always attract and fascinate the heart of man. Elbert Hubbard has a fine appreciation of the Christ, and the message of the Man was never analyzed in a more convincing way than in this book, ***The Man of Sorrows.***
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THE DOCTORS
By ELBERT HUBBARD

This book is a joke perpetrated by Fra Elbertus on his good friends, the doctors. Mr. Hubbard believes that the doctor who is working in the spirit of the times is destroying his own business. This type of man Mr. Hubbard holds in high esteem. But the old-school doctor meets with satire, flung free and hard in this book, ***The Doctors. The Doctors*** is the wittiest and yet the most forcible book ever written about the learned profession.
Freak leather binding. Price, Two Dollars. There are only a few of these books left. The edition will never be reprinted. It has had a most remarkable sale.

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The City of Poughkeepsie

An Appreciation by Elbert Hubbard



IF you have n't read that great little book by Maurice Maeterlinck, *The Life of the Bee*, you had better look it over. And if you have read it, 't will do no harm to read it again.

The peculiarity about this book is that you read things into it, quite as much as you read things out of it. The more one knows and sees, and the more one travels, the more he finds that so-called gifted men are but expressing his own thoughts.

Reading, at the last, is only self-discovery.

¶ Maeterlinck says that a bee alone has no intelligence, but that a hive of bees has a great and wonderful intelligence. The hive knows things that man will never know.

The intelligence of the hive Maeterlinck calls the Spirit of the Hive.

A man alone, like a single bee, has no intelligence.

All of our activities have other people in mind; and the more we can fuse ourselves with humanity and work with humanity, forgetting self, the greater is our reward.

¶ The intelligence of the many we call Public Opinion.

The splendid rewards in life come incidentally, not as a result of lassoing them, corralling them, and clutching them, demanding that they shall surrender.

The rewards of life are automatic. This is the greatest truth that has been discovered within our own times.

Heaven and Hell are not localities. They are conditions. We are punished not for our sins, but by them.

Mankind has more faith today than the world has ever before seen, for we behold unfailing intelligence in the fabric of things, and all life is to us divine.

Maeterlinck says that when the hive gets too big, it swarms; that is to say, the bees seemingly thoroughly understand that if too many are together there is not a good spirit prevailing. But instead, disintegration and degeneration take place. Some one has said that no home is ever big enough to hold two women. He overstates it a bit, but there is a saving salt of truth in the remark.

The bees certainly understand that spiritual law defined by Adam Smith as the "Law of Diminishing Returns." The Law of Diminishing Returns is simply the law that provides that when you get too much of a thing, instead of getting a benefit you get a disadvantage. ¶ Oliver Wendell Holmes had the idea in mind when he said, "Because I like a pinch of salt in my soup is no reason that I wish to be immersed in brine."

The bees understand, when a hive gets too big for the good of everybody, that that hive should swarm. And whether they shake dice to see who has to go we do not know, but in any event we know that a part of that hive migrates and makes a new hive.

The Spirit of the Hive

IN the building of cities, it is surely evident that when the city gets too big, there is a process of disintegration going on.

¶ In the very big cities people do not know one another. They are separated just as much as if they lived in a forest and were wide distances apart.

There is no loneliness equal to that which one can experience on crowded Broadway.

The highest degree of well-being is not to be attained from solitude, nor is it found in the big centers of population.

This came to me very forcibly, recently, when I spent a very happy day at the city of Poughkeepsie.

Poughkeepsie has about thirty-five thousand people. It is a beautiful little municipality, but not too big.

It is not so big that one can be lost in its streets, or swallowed by its crowds.

All of the businessmen in Poughkeepsie know all the rest.

In Poughkeepsie there is a Spirit of the Hive. People there are working together for a common good and a common purpose, understanding, seemingly, that they are part and particle of one another, and that they can succeed only as they help other people.

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Commercial Importance of Poughkeepsie

SOCIETY is held in place by the opposition of forces. The white light of publicity is necessary to a high degree of morality, integrity and intelligence.

We are ruled by Public Opinion.

Ten years ago I was in Poughkeepsie, and it then seemed to be an ebb-tide town, living largely in the past, filled with the spirit of tradition and running on momentum. The great men were all in the cemetery.

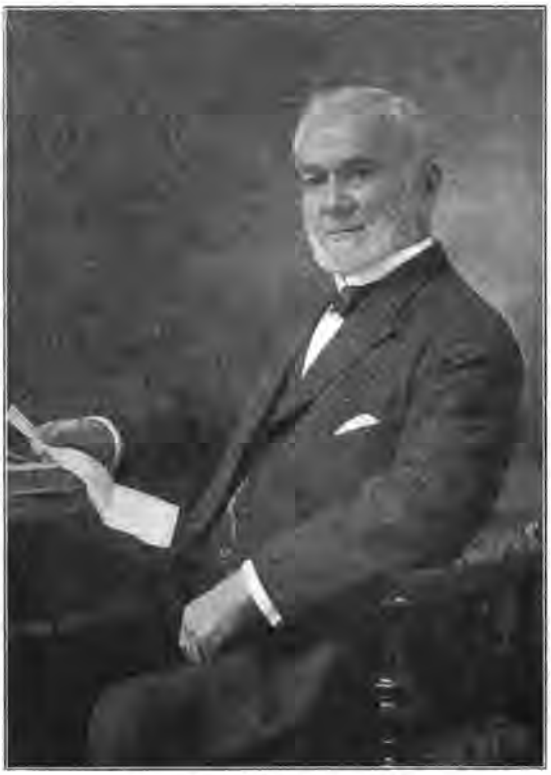
Now, Poughkeepsie is living for the present, and building for the future. There is a solidarity of sentiment in this city that is very peculiar and very beautiful.

In point of locality, Poughkeepsie is rarely blessed

Situated on the hillside overlooking the Hudson River, it commands a wonderful view of water, valley, sky and mountain-range.

It is spoken of as being the best-lighted city in the country.

Poughkeepsie has the three requisites to good health: first, pure air; second, pure water; third, good sewerage.



THE HONORABLE W. W. SMITH

Trees are wonderful scavengers, and the healthy, happy elms and the great masses of chestnut, maple and oak trees that one finds scattered through the city of Poughkeepsie impress the visitor It is a city situated in a forest. The trees you will see here are the wild, hardy forest-trees of America

Poughkeepsie is far ahead of any other Hudson River town in regard to shipping facilities. The New York Central and West Shore systems have their own rails to the Saint Lawrence, Mississippi and Ohio Rivers; the New York, New Haven and Hartford and the Central New England, their trunk-line connections, reaching all parts of New England, crossing the Poughkeepsie Bridge connecting with the Ontario and Western and Erie, for the West. There are several lines reaching the coal-fields. There is fast and frequent train service to New York City. Poughkeepsie has eighty passenger-trains daily.

Hudson River is a canal to the Ocean.

The residence section of the city is six hundred feet above sea-level.

Factories here have an ideal location.

Some of these are: The Adriance, Platt and Company's shops, employing six hundred men, and making "Buckeye" farm-implements, with a worldwide territory. ¶ The DeLaval Separator Company, employing seven hundred men, making cream-separators, churns, etc.

Smith Brothers Cough-Drop Factory, employing two hundred people and shipping two tons of drops a day.

The Price Fireproofing Company, the largest concern of its kind in the world, making fireproof scenery.

The F. I. A. T. Automobile Company employs five hundred men, with a yearly output of about five hundred cars of the highest type. ¶ The Dutchess Manufacturing Company, which makes trousers for the trouserless multitude: ten cents a button, one dollar a rip—and seats free The C. F. Hoag Company, employing three hundred girls, and manufacturing knit goods. ¶ Then there are a half-dozen big underwear-factories and knitting-mills.

The Schatz Hardware Company has a big output of tools, steel bearings, etc.

The American Mineral Wood Company, making fireproof building materials under exclusive patents, is the only one of its kind in the world.

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Then we have: The Hine and Lynch shoe-factory

The Lumb Interior-Finish Company.

Two big cigar-factories.

Button-factories, that seem to prove that life is simply a matter of buttoning and unbuttoning.

A trunk and bag factory.

The Lane (steamer) Auto and Machine Company

The Phoenix Horseshoe-Works.

The Poughkeepsie Glass-Works, makers of bottles.

The largest railroad-bridge in the world is one of the prominent features of Poughkeepsie architecture.

It is a city of schools.

Vassar College is the leading institution of its kind in the world.

Then there are ten fine ward and private schools, a High School that cost a quarter of a million, and others building this year.

The Glen Eden Seminary for girls, the preparatory school for Vassar, is one of the finest and most exclusive institutions of its kind

The Vassar Institute, in the heart of the city, is free for lectures, concerts, and meetings of an educational nature



HIS HONOR, MAYOR JOHN K. SAGUE

In Eastman College are four hundred students from all parts of the world, representing forty States

Columbus Institute is a big auditorium for conventions, etc.

William W. Smith

THE first time I went to Poughkeepsie, I went with Ernest Crosby, good and great, and we called on William W. Smith, manufacturer of Smith Brothers' Cough-Drops

Smith is a rare, good Roycrofter-at-large, and every year at Christmas-time he sends me a five-pound box of his cough-drops. Also, he coughs up for one of each of our best and finest editions.

The cough-drops are all right, but I was really more interested in the man than in his product. I am interested in any man who can make a product and get it placed on sale in more than a hundred thousand stores, and keep up the pace for half a century.

This man Smith has given about a million dollars or more to the city for schools, pavements, lighting systems, parks, and various other beautiful things.

He is now something over eighty years of age, and he is right at his business every day, and his heart is with the people. It is a great thing to be young, no matter how long you have lived.

¶ The present Mayor of Poughkeepsie is John K. Sague, who flaunts the precedents and is now serving his third term.

When a Democrat can win out in a Republican town, the man has something in him besides prunes. The real fact is, labels count for little, and this man Sague is a man first, and a politician afterward. ¶ Sague is a Jeffersonian Democrat—and there are only a few of 'em left. Sague would make a good Governor for the State of New York. He is a businessman, and he believes in getting government on a business basis. He is a servant of the people. Sague has no political favorites. If he appoints a man to an office it is because this man can do the work a little better than anybody else who could be secured; and if the man does not do the work efficiently, effectively and well, Sague knows how to put him on the slide, and he does it quickly, thoroughly and well

Sague has courage; he is good-natured; and

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when he passes out a wallop, he always does it with a smile.

However, his business is to build and create and improve.

Under his administration the city has put in more than a mile of cluster-lights on the main street ☙ ☙

At various street intersections, drinking-fountains for horses have been placed. There are, moreover, drinking-fountains for dogs and folks. Then there are playgrounds for the children, baseball-grounds for the boys, seats in the parks for lovers, and every good and beautiful thing that the imagination can suggest and money provide is supplied ☙ Poughkeepsie is a city of homes, and recently the prosperity of the various manufacturing plants in Poughkeepsie has made it almost impossible to rent a house.



E. E. PERKINS

Sague believes in everybody owning a home. He believes in votes for women, and he believes that the mother should be a home-owner. Therefore, he has urged the workingmen and the businessmen of Poughkeepsie to buy lots and build houses.

But there are plenty of people who do not know how to go ahead and take the initiative, and buy real estate and build. And so John K. Sague has just gone ahead and built houses by the dozen—beautiful, artistic, economical, effective, comfortable, convenient homes.

In building, Mr. Sague has diversified the architecture so as not to repeat his plans and build long rows of tenements, all alike, such as we used to see in the bare and barren factory towns. ¶ Sague believes in individuality. He believes in freedom, and his motto might be the motto of Victor Hugo, "More light and more light," and also this from Emerson, "Make way for individuality." ☙

Sague is a very busy man. He is the slim, slender, restless, active type of Yankee who gets his fun out of his work. He is interested in many things, he is a judge of men, and like all strong men succeeds through getting others to do his work. He teaches and he animates.

C. T. Maines

I SAW that recently Mr. Sague had secured the services of my old friend, C. T. Maines, of Flint, Michigan.

Maines is a man with the builder's itch. He has achieved fame by building more than nine hundred houses in the city of Flint for working-people.

Maines seems to know, above all men, how to build well, and how at the same time to get a maximum result at a minimum cost.

Also, if you want advice, counsel and assistance in putting over a Land and Building enterprise, write to George H. Maines, Poughkeepsie. George, by the way, is the son of C. T. Maines, and has forgotten more about building than most carpenters know. ¶ Maines has recently built upward of forty houses in Poughkeepsie with the co-operation of the Mayor ☙ These houses are sold at a very moderate sum over actual cost, provided the buyer is a workingman and has a job in Poughkeepsie.

Sague does not believe in charity or philanthropy. He does not pauperize people, but he certainly supplies them opportunity.

If you want to benefit people you must give them a chance to help themselves, and so Sague has made it possible for men of moderate incomes in Poughkeepsie to own beautiful homes ☙ ☙

They can buy on their own terms, and just as long as the intent of the man is right, and he sets aside a part of his monthly income to

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buy a house, Sague will stand by him until Limbus congeals and they fight it out on the ice ❧ ❧

In Poughkeepsie there is certainly a genuine Spirit of the Hive—and no drones.

When men are busy planting trees and laying out roadways, they are building for the future and laying hold of the age to come.

Sague is a fine sample of a type of man that you occasionally find in the growing and prosperous cities of America. He is a Common-sense Man. Co-operation, mutuality, the desire to benefit and bless, are strong in his mind ❧ ❧

Children, old people, and all those who need a friendly hand—these are the object of his especial solicitude.

Necessarily, he commands the respect of the business people, and the working people—those who make the wheels go round.

The New Civic Spirit

AMBASSADOR BRYCE, in that fine book, *The American Commonwealth*, certainly sized us up pretty nearly right. We winced a little, because the truth is not palatable ❧ ❧

Bryce said that the average city in America had the worst possible form of government that could be imagined. It was a government of the worst, by the worst, for the benefit of the worst.

Happily, things have changed, and now I can not imagine a better form of government than that operated by the beautiful little municipality of Poughkeepsie.

In Poughkeepsie, grafting has been eliminated. The Ward-Heeler has been kiboshed.

You will look long in Poughkeepsie before you find a pauper, a gambler, or a drunkard.

¶ Everybody is at work, and everybody is going to school, even my old friend W. W. Smith. Also, the best people in Poughkeepsie are teachers, for in Poughkeepsie folks seem to recognize the stern truth that we keep the good only as we give it away. To benefit ourselves we must benefit other people.

Poughkeepsie's Chamber of Commerce

THE Poughkeepsie Chamber of Commerce has recently induced the Welte Organ Company of Freiberg, Germany, to build a factory in Poughkeepsie, and they are now engaged in erecting a seventy-five-thousand-dollar building.

¶ The Chamber of Commerce has an Industrial Guarantee Fund of fifty thousand dollars on hand, and more forthcoming at a moment's notice ❧ ❧

It is hot on the trail of new industries.

If you are looking for a change in location, get into communication with H. E. Taylor, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, and he will tell you just what advantages the Bridge City offers.

In Poughkeepsie there is no one First Citizen who runs the town. The dictator is noticeable by his absence. But there is one man in Poughkeepsie who certainly helps key the symphony. That man is Edward E. Perkins.

¶ Perkins is on the staff of Governor Dix, and when Perkins says nix, Dix does n't.

¶ Perkins hates a loafer and a drunkard—often the same thing. He finds folks jobs, and encourages everybody to work for a better job. Industry, economy, thrift are his watch-words ❧ ❧

The new Poughkeepsie owes a big debt of gratitude to Edward E. Perkins—although Perkins is n't looking for gratitude. He is looking for work—and he finds it. Being the busiest man in town, naturally, everything that others won't do, and can't do, gravitates to Perkins.

Take it altogether, and take it from me, Poughkeepsie is a good place to do business and it is a good place to live. It has the genuine Spirit of the Hive that makes for health, happiness—success.

The house-builder at work in cities or anywhere,
The preparatory jointing, squaring, sawing, mortising,
The hoist-up of beams, the push of them in their places, laying them regular,
Setting the studs by their tenons in the mortises, according as they were prepared,
The blows of the mallets and hammers—
Paeans and praises to him!

—*Walt Whitman.*

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Any Time of the Year is Tomato Time in One of Our Glass Gardens

THE backwardness of Spring," the wetness or dryness of the season—the blows—the snows, or nothing else, has anything to do with it. ¶ You simply plant your garden when you want to, and get the things you want, when you want them. You control the situation. You turn the seasons upside down.

The snow may be a foot deep and the mercury bumping the bottom off the bulb, and in your greenhouse garden you can be growing bananas and orchids, or violets and American Beauty roses.

Along in February your dwarf orchard of apples, peaches and cherries will be abloom. Middle of May, grapes will be ripe. ¶ Then there is another important thing your greenhouse garden will do—it will boost your outside garden by giving you sturdy, ready to bloom plants, to plant out early in the Spring, at the time when you have always planted just *seeds*. ¶ In a few days now, we will have from the printers a most interesting booklet called "Two G's, or Glass Gardens—A Peep Into Their Delights." ¶ It tells you just the things you want to know in just the way you want to know them. Send along your name now, and the very first copies that come, we will mail you one.

P. S.—If in a hurry to get your greenhouse up, say so, and we will send our regular greenhouse catalog at once.

Lord & Burnham Co.

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NEW YORK, 5t. James Bldg.
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DES PLAINES, ILL.

tion, or of warrior strength, or of domestic justice, were brought down by the Norwegian or the Goth against the dissoluteness or degradation of the South of Europe, were taught them under the green roofs and wild penetralia of the pine.—***Ruskin.***

❧

AS long as woman regards the Bible as the charter of her rights, she will be the slave of man ❧ The Bible was not written by a woman. Within its lids there is nothing but humiliation and shame for her. She is regarded as the property of man. She is made to ask forgiveness for becoming a mother. She is as much below her husband as her husband is below Christ ❧

THE tremendous unity of the pine absorbs and molds the life of a race. The pine shadows rest upon a nation. The Northern people, century after century, lived under one or other of the two great powers of the pine and the sea, both infinite. They dwelt amidst the forests as they wandered on the waves, and saw no end nor any other horizon. Still the dark, green trees, or the dark, green waters, jagged the dawn with their fringe or their foam. And whatever elements of imagina-

She is not allowed to speak. The gospel is too pure to be spoken by her polluted lips. Woman should learn in silence.

In the Bible will be found no description of a civilized home. The free mother surrounded by free and loving children, adored by a free man, her husband, was unknown to the inspired writers of the Bible. They did not believe in the democracy of home—in the republicanism of the fireside.

These inspired gentlemen knew nothing of the

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rights of children. They were the advocates of brute force—the disciples of the lash. They knew nothing of human rights. Their doctrines have brutalized the homes of millions, and filled the eyes of infancy with tears.

Let us free ourselves from the tyranny of a book, from the slavery of dead ignorance, from the aristocracy of the air.

There never has been upon the earth a generation of free men and women. It is not yet time to write a creed. Wait until the chains are broken—until dungeons are not regarded as temples. Wait until solemnity is not mistaken for wisdom—until mental cowardice ceases to be known as reverence. Wait until what we know can be spoken without regard to what others may believe. Wait until teachers take the place of preachers—until followers become investigators. Wait until the world is free before you write a creed.

In this creed there will be but one word: Liberty.—*Ingersoll.*

Industry, economy, honesty and kindness form a quartette of virtues that will never be improved upon.—*James Oliver.*



With a Victor or Victor-Victrola you can enjoy the music of the most famous bands and orchestras without going a step away from home.

You can make up a program to suit yourself, and hear in one afternoon or evening twelve of the world's greatest musical organizations:

35000	Carmen Selection	Sousa's Band
	Freischutz Overture	Sousa's Band
16959	Marsovia Waltzes	U. S. Marine Band
	Amina Serenade	Pryor's Band
31831	Cavalleria Rusticana Prelude	Vessella's Italian Band
31832	Sakuntala Overture	Kryl's Bohemian Band
31676	Semiramide Overture	Police Band of Mexico
16958	Second Chasseurs March	Garde Republicaine Band of France
	Apache Dance	Black Diamonds Band of London
16479	"De Guardia" Two-Step	Royal Military Band of Madrid
	Dance "Luis Alonzo"	Royal Military Band of Madrid
70070	Dance of the Hours	Victor Herbert's Orchestra
58021	Faust Ballet Music—Finale	L'Orchestre Symphonique of Paris
31779	Lohengrin Prelude	La Scala Orchestra of Milan

Hundreds of other band selections, and grand opera arias, sacred music, popular song hits—everything you wish.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play your favorite music and demonstrate to you the wonderful Victor-Victrola.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Victor-Victrolas $15 to $200 **Victor** Victors $10 to $100

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

THE courtesy of recognizing the presence of another human being when you meet him is elementary; but there are large sections of the English-speaking world in which it is unknown.—***Hamilton W. Mabie.***

ALL forces make us suffer till we conquer them. Then they become our willing and obedient servants. When we work with certitude instead of hope, we always arrive at positive results.—***Charles Newcomb.***

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Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

The makers of Chiclets, the True Mint Gum, desire not only to win success, but to deserve it. So Chiclets are made, with exacting care, of the purest material, under the most sanitary conditions. Chiclets are the gum of known merit. They induce mouth-health and promote good digestion. Save the Bird Cards in each package. A Bird Album will be presented to you. 5 cents the ounce, and 5, 10 and 25 cent packets.
SEN SEN CHICLET COMPANY, Metropolitan Tower, New York

JULY illustrates a great truth—that you can carry a good thing too far ❧ Not content to stay like June, she insists on rubbing it in, so to speak. Perhaps it is too much to say that her attentions are unbearable; but that they make us restless and inattentive to business is only too true.

And the worst of July is that she has a habit of fooling us; that is to say, she makes it imperative that we give up our present settled habits and go somewhere else, and how often it is that somewhere else is disappointing!

And yet, on the other hand, how many splendid opportunities she gives us! ❧ Hand in hand with her we may climb mountains, swim in the sea, and scorn Winter's baser coverings. ¶ July is the month of freedom. Who cares for responsibilities now? Who cares for stern duty or the call of conscience? Politicians and saints, the rich and the poor, have all of them more of the same setting than they did have ❧ ❧

Perhaps the most unkind thing one can say of July is that it is the homeless month. It tries, however, to make up to us from its own gift-bag what it withholds in the way of genuine nourishment and home comforts; it gives us balmy airs, and still holds up to our gaze the picture that June painted for us, albeit somewhat faded and burned.

July also in her own individual manner begins to tug at our purse-strings. She shoos away our responsibilities and invites us out into the open to have it out with our desires.

No matter what the cost is, July is importunate. She will have her way in spite of everything.—*Thomas L. Masson.*

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THE Roycrofters sell a book—a Bible—they call it *An American Bible.*

The cost of it-is Two Dollars—and it 's worth its weight in gold

No; this is not an advertisement in order to please the business end of the organization built up by the great philosopher in East Aurora: it 's a plain statement of facts based on honest opinion. ¶ This *Bible* contains more wisdom, more food for thought than any other book we know of. Therein we find the best gems from the writings of Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, Abraham Lincoln, Walt Whitman, Robert Ingersoll, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and last, but not least, carefully selected excerpts from the philosophy of the sage of East Aurora, Elbert Hubbard.

Its pages bristle with eloquence and brilliancy of language, noble, inspiring thoughts, true patriotism, love, faith and good-will toward your fellow-men. ¶ The perusal of this *Bible* gave the writer the incentive to make the topic of this *Zizz*atorial "Optimism."

Be an Optimist! Have faith in your own ability, have faith in your fellow-men.

CAMP-FIRES

Take me where there 's Diamond Hitches,
Ropes and brands and cartridge-belts;
Where the boys wear chaps for britches,
Flannel shirts and Stetson Felts.

GO Montana is rich in all that appeals to the outdoor man and woman. Big Game and BIG Fish—wonderful days and blankets every night. Mountains that surpass in splendor and ruggedness all others on planet Earth—The Rockies. ¶ Our New National Park, with sixty active glaciers and a hundred lakes, is bounded on the North by the Canadian line, on the West and South by a Great Hunting Country, and camped all along its Eastern border are Blackfeet Indians—not savage, but very interesting. ¶ Northwestern Montana is full of color and interest for you, Mr. Easterner. It is a fascinating spectacle of the wilderness invaded by civilization. You see the Indian, the Trapper, the Cowboy and the Dry-Land Farmer, the Prairie-Schooner and the Model little Cities, and our mountains are beautiful and wild, wild, wild!

GO Enter the Guide, his saddle-horses and his pack-train. ¶ A hundred years hence, and but little real color and wilderness will be left; and besides, most of us will then be above (or ?) little outings and frolics in the mountains—and right there is where we lose. Present-day trails lead on through a wonderland and to pretty camping-spots, beside Trout-Streams or to the edge of lakes wherein are waiting Muskalonge, Whitefish, Dolly Vardens, Bull-Trout, Pike, Ling—growing bigger every day too! ¶ An ideal camp-site, the camp equipped for comfort, and a jolly old cook, perhaps, or one of our old-timers who has camped on the trail of "Sitting Bull"—to move at your pleasure and camp where you will—to have a corner in the wilderness all to yourselves for awhile—to fish, gather the mountain Huckleberries and flowers—Friends, have you ever lived?

GO **The Long Trail**—August 15th to Sept. 6th.—Camping through Glacier Park, across a corner of the Blackfeet Reservation, a night or two across our Northern prairies and on to Calgary. "The Stampede"—up in Calgary, Province of Alberta, Canada, on September Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth, the Indians, Cowboys, Stage-Drivers and other Wild Ones will hold a Carnival. They will play with the Broncho, the Texas Steer and the Rope. There will be Stagecoach races, hoss-racing, rough play and howling that would shame a thousand coyotes. This carnival will rival all that have gone before—Oh, Man!

Park Camps—Through Glacier Park.—This trip means a succession of moves (as many as you like) after a couple of days' sightseeing, fishing and resting in each camp or else one Ideal Central Camp within riding distance of the Glacier, etc.

Fishing-Camps—By trout-stream or lake, within or without the Park boundaries. If outside, bring a gun & carry back with you a Bear-Rug. The fishing is excellent.

Hunting-Camps—October 1st to December 1st.—Big Horn (Mountain Sheep), Mountain Goat, Elk, Mule Deer, Whitetail Deer, Grizzly, Black and Brown Bear and the smaller game.

Bring your own bedding, fishing-tackle, guns, riding-suits and toothbrush. We supply camp equipment, cooks, guides and pack-trains. Arrange your trip with us by mail.

McLain and Ailstock, Glacier Park, Midvale, Montana

If you have to choose your viewpoint when looking at things, choose the *sunny side.*

—*Seattle "Zizz."*

BY legalizing this traffic we agree to share with the liquor-seller the responsibilities and evils of his business. Every man who votes for license becomes, of necessity, a partner to the liquor traffic and all its consequences—the most degrading and ruinous of all human pursuits.—*William McKinley.*

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THE PLAYGROUND OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST—*BAYOCEAN, OREGON*

EVERY place where members of the human race congregate has some special attribute, else that particular locality would be left to primeval wilderness or barren waste. Man is quick to see and accept the good things which Nature has placed for his use. Whether it be soil rich in the elements for plant-growth, pastures of succulent grasses for his stock. mineral-laden sands, forest-covered hills, granite or marble wealth in mountain fastnesses, a protected harbor, an accessible shipping-point, or merely a playground where he may rest and enjoy a health-restoring climate, man will find that spot and make it a gathering-place for his fellow-men.

The members of the Bayocean Commercial Club lay no claim to a land rich in agricultural or horticultural possibilities. Bayocean, Oregon, is primarily a pleasure-resort, a playground, where all who come are welcome to share in the abundance of pure sunshine, the invigorating ocean-breezes; in rambles over green hills, through virgin forests; in the boating, fishing and hunting; in surf-bathing or a plunge in the warmer waters of Tillamook Bay. Bayocean is destined to be the "Playground of the Pacific Northwest." Few beach resorts have so varied an assortment of attractions for the pleasure-seeker. None have the unequaled combination of ocean beach and inland bay. No convenience has been overlooked for the comfort of the thousands who will find rest and recreation at Bayocean during the Summer season. Pure water, an abundance of electric lights, beautiful paved streets and automobile driveways, cement walks, amply stocked stores, clean amusements, interesting side trips, natural beach attractions—all are here awaiting those who seek an outing, whether for a few days or for months. Bayocean will not be merely a "Summer" city. It will be a city of no little consequence the year 'round. We who have made our homes here throughout the year realize that Bayocean has the foundation for a city of steady growth ❧ It has advantages as a shipping-point, a good harbor, possibilities as a fishing-center, excellent hunting and an agreeable, healthful climate. The natural advantages of Bayocean were recognized long before easy access was made possible by the coming of the railroad. Off Tillamook mainland stretched the giant arm out into the ocean and bay, beckoning for some power to make it useful, to give it life. The call was answered, and notwithstanding the long, tedious sea-voyage necessary to reach it, the peninsula was taken over by those who were willing to risk a fortune in preparing for the comfort of others to come. The railroad has made access to Bayocean comfortable and easy. Steam and electricity have pulled down forbidding sand cliffs and filled vast hollows. A hundred men have toiled ceaselessly to build streets and walks. A powerful dredge has delved deep into the sands of the bay, digging channels for ocean craft, scooping out bathing-pools and pouring sand out upon the waste places, transforming the low shore-land into graceful boulevards and building sites for business houses.

We can tell you more. A beautiful booklet on Bayocean will be sent you on request.

GEORGE D. LEE, *Service Man for the Bayocean*
Commercial Club, Box 703, Portland, Oregon

THERE is a world of heroic and tragic significance in the fact that the survivors' stories of the last hours of the *Titanic* make no reference whatever to the thirty-five officers of the engineer force. Of the officers of the deck there is frequent mention, and many of them are among the survivors. This is natural and proper, for they were standing at their posts of duty. We read also of farewells between them and other officers whose duties were concerned with the welfare of the *Titanic's* passengers; but in all the records of those final eventful hours there is not a mention of any one of that band of men whose duties called for their presence far down in the deepest recesses of the ship.

In the roll of the saved there is not the name of a single certified engineer. Why this literal silence of the grave? ❧ There can be but one answer. Every man of the engineer watch stuck to his post to the very last and went down with the ship ❧ Furthermore, this devotion to duty leads us to believe that such engineers as were not on watch may have voluntarily gone below to render what assistance they could in the sudden and frightful emergency. ¶ This heroic devotion on the part of a little-recognized body of professional men, the importance of whose duties on board ship is overlooked by the average transatlantic passenger, will make an even greater impression upon our minds if we remember that they, above everybody else on that ship, must have known that she had received her death-wound, and that the hour of her sinking might be delayed, but not by any possibility averted. While those above deck, conscious

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of the enormous magnitude of the *Titanic*, were exclaiming, "You can not sink her," these men standing on the double bottom of the ship may possibly have seen the submerged edge of the iceberg come ripping through the sides of the ship, opening up boiler-room after boiler-room to the savage inrush of the water!

The bunkers, we learn, were arranged transversely to the ship. Hence, if the bilges or side-plating were ruptured, the inrush of water must have occurred before the very eyes of the engineers; and to the seafaring man there is no sight before which his courage will quail so quickly as this. Nevertheless, there is every reason to believe that not a man flinched from the trial. Steam was maintained in such boiler-rooms as were not invaded by the water; the powerful bilge-pumps were kept going to the very last minute; and the electric-lighting plant was watched over, evidently with most careful solicitude. It is certain the pumps alone must have materially delayed the sinking of the ship; and the value, in that hour of terrible stress, of the work done by the electrical engineers in keeping the lights going until the last trace of the ship had disappeared, it is impossible to overestimate.

—"*Scientific American.*"



The Gentleman's Town Car

WHETHER on business or pleasure bent—in crowded city thoroughfares or to and from country club, golf links or suburban home—the *unfailing* service of this trim, aristocratic roadster will win your admiration.

It is the ideal automobile for men who demand an all-around Town Car. It is speedy, noiseless, clean, odorless. With it you can present a well-groomed appearance from morning until night—independent of a chauffeur. It is always ready. Nothing to do but go.

It has the quickest "get-a-way" in traffic of any automobile made.

A greater speed is possible with the Detroit Electric than the traffic ordinance of any city allows. Its mileage is more than ample for an entire day's use.

One to five speeds *instantly* attainable—all controlled by one lever on the steering wheel.

Hills have no terrors for the Detroit Electric. Scores of Kansas City and Seattle people drive them daily.

Further information gladly sent upon request.

Anderson Electric Car Company
412 Clay Ave., Detroit, U. S. A.

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Branches:
New York:—Broadway at 80th Street. Chicago:—2416 Mich. ... Ave
[Also Branch at Evanston
Selling representatives in most leading cities

Kansas City
Minneapolis
St. Louis

THERE is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy if I may

—*R. L. Stevenson.*

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PUBLICITY AND PRAGMATISM



PUBLICITY eliminates pretense. The faker can not work in a club.

¶ Falsehood makes for friction.

¶ Truth and love are lubricants.

¶ Where many people are involved, nothing goes but truth.

¶ The sunlight of publicity destroys the ptomains of fraud.

¶ The faker withers before the fact.

¶ As the planets are held in space through opposition of forces, so are men held in the straight and narrow way of truth through public opinion.

¶ The Ad-Clubs of America are great and important factors in the process of making men unionists and monists. The Ad-Crafters stand for ethics in the highest sense, and also they stand for effectiveness and efficiency.

¶ The Ad-Clubs form, in themselves, a university.

¶ The public meeting once a week for a midday lunch of an Ad-Club will, in the course of a year, evolve every member from a villager into a cosmopolite.

¶ No man can get into an Ad-Club and wrap his ignorance about him, and tuck in his prejudices, feeling safe and secure. Smugosity dies a-borning. Foolishness is given the smile audible. Selfishness flies out through the window.

¶ An advertising-club is a pooling proposition. Everybody puts in all he knows, and takes out all he can carry away. And what he takes away is in reality what he puts in. We keep things by giving them away. Thus we get a practical monism, or a scientific pragmatism.

¶ And pragmatism is simply the science of a sensible selfishness — or, if you prefer, call it enlightened self-interest.

¶ Pragmatism is the law of self-preservation illumined by love of kind.

¶ Righteousness is a form of commonsense.

¶ Business is the science of human service.

¶ Commerce is eminently a divine calling; and the word commercial should never be used as an epithet, save by the man with a guinea-hen mind.

¶ The creed of an Ad-Club is short and concise. It runs something as follows:

CREDO

¶ I believe in myself.

¶ I believe in the goods I sell.

¶ I believe in the firm for whom I work.

¶ I believe in my colleagues and helpers.

¶ I believe in American Business Methods.

¶ I believe in the efficacy of printer's ink.

¶ I believe in producers, creators, manufacturers, distributors, and in all industrial workers who have a job and hold it down.

¶ I believe that truth is an asset.

¶ I believe in good-cheer, and in good health; and I recognize the fact that the first requisite in success is not to achieve the dollar, but to confer a benefit; and the reward will come automatically and as a matter of course.

¶ I believe in sunshine, Sunday Baseball, fresh air, spinach, apple-sauce, buttermilk, laughter, babies, motor-cars, chiffon, always remembering that the greatest word in the English language is "sufficiency."

¶ I believe that when I make a sale I must make a friend.

¶ And I believe that when I part with a man I must do it in such a way that when he sees me again he will be glad — and so will I.

¶ I believe in the hands that work, in the brains that think, and in the hearts that love.

¶ Amen, and amen!

Elbert Hubbard

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JUST THE THING

In 1 and 2 Cow Dairies.



UNITED STATES Cream Separator

¶ Fresh warm milk, run through a sanitary United States Cream Separator, will give you the best quality cream for your table.

¶ Cream from the U. S. Separator is unequaled in smoothness and keeping qualities. No specks of butter in it.

¶ The nickel-silver used in the U. S. Separator skimming sections makes it more sanitary and easier cleaned than any other.

¶ Why not have one on your country estate this summer?

¶ Price for this size, **$25.**

¶ Larger sizes at proportionate prices.

VERMONT FARM MACHINE CO.

Bellows Falls, Vt.
Selling Agents and Distributing Warehouses everywhere.

"THE ART OF LIVING LONG"

Guide to a Long, Healthy, Happy Life

HERE is a book that every man who desires to attain the highest efficiency of mind and body should read. It is the life-story of an Italian Nobleman, Lodovico Cornaro, who at the age of forty was told by his physicians that he had but a short time to live. He lived more than fifty years beyond the time stated by his physicians as his span of life. ¶ This book is translated from Cornaro's *Trattato della Vita Sobria* by the publisher, William F. Butler. It also contains Joseph Addison on *Cornaro and His Writings*, Lord Bacon's *History of Life and Death*, and Sir William Temple's *Health and Long Life*. The book is $1.50 postpaid. Descriptive booklet free if desired.

William F. Butler, 108 Loan and Trust Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

THE THROSSEL PRINTS

RICHARD THROSSEL, THE ARTIST PHOTOGRAPHER, is an Indian, and with his camera he has portrayed Indian Life better than any other artist of our time. His pictures have been declared by Alexis Jean Fournier, the noted Landscape-Painter, as among the most artistic photographs he has ever seen. Here are four favorites:

THE THREE SCOUTS, which is the portrait of three Custer scouts;
TWO MOONS, a portrait of the Cheyenne Chief who led the Indians against Custer;
BABY STUART, a typical Crow baby; and
THE CAMP OF THE RIVER CROWS.

These pictures can be had in black-and-white prints, size 6" x 8" $.50 each.

Platinum prints, size 6 x 8 inches $1.50 each
" " " 8 x 10 " 2.00 "
" " " 10 x 14 " 5.00 "
" " " 14 x 17 " 7.50 "
" " " 16 x 20 " 10.00 "

Prints will be sent promptly on receipt of remittance.

C. A. GERKEN, Box 625, Billings, Montana

FIT FOR AN AMERICAN

AMERICANS are the richest people per capita that the world has ever produced ¶ Our wealth has come from the farm, the forest, the factory, the mine and the sea ¶ Our success is the result of taking advantage of the opportunities which Nature has offered us. ¶ The American people deserve all the good things in the world, because they have worked for them. We used to exclaim over a dish which proved especially good, "Fit for a king"; but of Hunt's Quality Fruits we say, "Fit



for an American," because we know no higher type of individual. ¶ American skill and integrity have evolved Hunt's Perfectly Preserved California Fruits. These fruits excel in purity and in flavor. They are selected, sun-kissed, luscious, prize fruits canned at the right time by the right methods. ¶ Hunt's Pears, Cherries, Peaches, Apricots and Pineapples represent the highest development of the art and science of fruit-canning. Hunt Brothers Company have done more to develop the proper preservation of fruit than any other concern in the world ¶ "There's no lie on the label—There's no lye in the can." Hunt Brothers' fruits get the endorsement of scientists, businessmen and consumers everywhere. ¶ Write for particulars about the Trademark Collecting Contest. Hunt Brothers are presenting one hundred deserving folks with Free Trips to California, also Ten Thousand Dollars in cash prizes to other good people. San Francisco will be the brightest spot in the world in 1915. Investigate the Hunt Free Trip, so that you may participate in this history-making event.

HUNT BROTHERS CO.

112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

Member of the Association for Promotion of Purity in Foods

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The Roycroft Fraternity

Use these questions for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta. From *The Fra* Magazine for July, Nineteen Hundred Twelve.

1. What is meant by the expression, "business barometer"?
2. In your estimation, what influence has politics on business conditions?
3. As a business asset, which would you consider of greater consequence —Honesty or Courtesy?
4. To what extent is it true that Organization is Civilization?
5. Who is Lloyd George?
6. What was the South Sea Bubble?
7. How many varieties of friends are there? Name them.
8. What is Friendship, anyway?
9. What reason do you assign for the Increased Cost of Living?
10. Is a rise in prices an alarming symptom?
11. What is (a) the Pentateuch? (b) a seismograph? (c) a clevis?
12. Who was (a) Sir Christopher Wren? (b) Mommsen?
13. What is Poetry?
14. What is the difference between a potential and a truly-truly poet?
15. Would you consider poetry and prayer as synonymous?
16. What is meant by the expression, "Art is the blooming of the soul"?
17. Where did the Post-Office System originate?
18. What are the uses of Philosophy?
19. Who was (a) Tom Corwin? (b) Horace Greeley?
20. What is the difference between a trained and an unrestrained imagination?
21. Who was the first American Postmaster-General?
22. Wherein does a Star Route differ from Rural Free Delivery?
23. What is meant by the Franking Privilege?
24. Is the Post-Office Department a business institution?
25. What, in your opinion, will be Clara Barton's place in history?
26. What is "First-Aid Work"?
27. What is a Hook-Worm?
28. Where is the Kingdom of Heaven?
29. Where is Sans Souci?
30. What is the Law of Love?
31. What is (a) a Juggernaut? (b) a Caucus? (c) Nirvana?
32. What is the Law of Evolution?
33. What is the difference between Advertising and Salesmanship?
34. Who was Ernest Crosby?
35. What great work did C. M. Hays perform?
36. Who are (a) Sir William Van Horne? (b) Sir Thomas Shaughnessy?
37. For what is George H. Daniels famous?
38. What are the chief qualifications of an executive?
39. What are the Elements of Success?

UNDISMAYED by the conviction that his immediate audience was apathetic if not actually antipathetic to his work, George Meredith produced book after book, marked by sanity of utterance, philosophic poise, and an artistic individuality which must needs ultimately compel recognition ❧ His attitude toward the public, despite an early utterance or two, is one neither of condescending superiority nor of embittered disappointment, but rather of forthright recognition of the fact that the spirit of his thoughtful laughter has not found permanent lodgment in the British intelligence ❧ Significant, indeed, is the circumstance that those two brilliant and whimsical exemplars of Celtic wit, paradox, fantasy and imagination—radical, rationalistic and *intransigeant*—George Meredith and George Bernard Shaw—found their first real general recognition and appreciation, neither in the land of adoption nor nationality, but in a land upon which they had never set foot ❧ America anticipated England in her appreciation of Wagner, as today it outranks England in appreciation of Ibsen; and the catholicity of American taste finds further verification in its saner, more balanced general appreciation of George Meredith.

—*Archibald Henderson.*

❧

A DESCENDANT of a corporal in Julius Cæsar's Tenth Legion, who runs a fruit-stand, was annoyed by customers who handled the fruit, bruising it and making his stuff uninviting. So he put up a sign: "If you mus' pincha da fruit, pincha da cocoanut!"

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ONE man when he has done a service to another is ready to set it down to his account as a favor conferred. Another is not ready to do this, but still in his own mind he thinks of the man as his debtor, and he knows what he has done. A third in a manner does not even know what he has done, but he is like a vine which has produced grapes, and seeks for nothing more after it has once produced its proper fruit. As a horse when he has run, a dog when he has caught the game, a bee when it has made its honey, so a man when he has done a good act does not call out for others to come and see, but he goes on to another act, as a vine goes on to produce again the grapes in season. Must a man then be one of these, who in a manner acts thus without observing it? Yes ❧ What more dost thou want when thou hast done a man a service? Art thou not content that thou hast done something comfortable to thy nature, and dost thou seek to be paid for it, just as if the eye demanded a recompense for seeing, or the feet should demand a recompense for walking?—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Thoughtful people in every State are turning to the POSTAL LIFE

The Company saves them *money* and helps safeguard their *health*

VIGOROUS POSTAL GROWTH

Recently a big business man out West arranged a POSTAL policy for $50,000, paying a premium in advance—all by correspondence.

He found the POSTAL to be sound, well-managed and a money-saver for him.

He saves $613. at the start—the agent's commission on his *first-year's* premium; in *subsequent* years he receives the agent's *renewal-commission* and an *office-expense saving*, amounting to 9½% of his premium, or $163.50 each year, *guaranteed in his policy.*

This seemed good to theman out West and it seems good to many others taking out *smaller policies*, throughout the United States and the Provinces of Canada.

Our first quarter's new business in 1912 has *doubled* that for a like period in 1911.

February 1912 was 17% larger than January, March was 44% larger than February and April was larger still.



No company, new or old, can, we believe, match this record of comparative increase—an increase due to the fact that *"thoughtful people in every State are turning to the POSTAL LIFE."*

STRONG POSTAL POINTS

First: *Old-line legal-reserve insurance*—not fraternal or assessment.

Second: *Standard policy reserves*, now more than $10,000,000. *Insurance in force* more than $50,000,000.

Third: *Standard policy provisions*, approved by the State Insurance Department.

Fourth: Operates under *strict State requirements* and subject to the United States Postal authorities.

Fifth: *High medical standards* in the selection of risks.

Sixth: *Policyholders' Health Bureau* provides one free medical examination each year, if desired.

The POSTAL LIFE conducts an interstate business but with offices in New York only; it does not "enter" other States and is therefore not subject to State licenses, fees, and taxes for occupying territory and for other State exactions, thus *making substantial savings for all policyholders wherever they may live.*

'Twill pay you to find out just what *you* can save, the first year and every other, by arranging with the POSTAL. The Company will send no agent to visit you. To get official information, simply write and say: *"Mail insurance-particulars as mentioned in THE FRA for July."*

And be sure to give:

1. YOUR OCCUPATION ***2. THE EXACT DATE OF YOUR BIRTH***

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Derives Business from Every State

Wm R. MALONE, President
35 NASSAU STREET
NEW YORK

The Only Non-Agency Company in America

THE man who succeeds above his fellows is the man who early in life clearly discerns his object and toward that object habitually directs his powers. Even genius itself is but fine observation strengthened by fixity of purpose.—***Lord Lytton.***

❧

The man who can write a letter that does what another man must make a personal call to do, is the greatest, most independent power in the modern business world.—"*System.*"

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Philistine Subscription Offer



THE PHILISTINE is the most joyful thing in the magazine world. It is a bracing tonic that will aid digestion, eliminate acute mental apathy, and insure days and nights of perfect peace. Elbert Hubbard writes practically all of the text of *The Philistine*, and some of the ads. Among the one hundred ten thousand loyal Roycrofters-at-Large who are on terms of good-fellowship with this magazine, are many who admit that they read *The Philistine* straight through from cover to cover, skipping or avoiding nothing. ¶ A One-Dollar Bill carefully attached to the blank below will bring *The Philistine* to your address for a twelvemonth, and in addition, as a premium, any one of the following Roycroft books:

Manhattan and Henry Hudson

By Joseph I. C. Clarke and Elbert Hubbard

Rarely has Elbert Hubbard written with more genuine sympathy and charm than in this essay on Henry Hudson. A trifle over two centuries ago the great Englishman, then in the employ of the Dutch, sailed into New York Harbor and proceeded up the noble river that bears his name, and made an important chapter of our history.

Accompanying the essay is an Ode to the Spirit of Manhattan, by Joseph I. C. Clarke—a beautiful poem which takes for its theme the rise and development of the greatest city of the Western Hemisphere.

Printed on Italian handmade paper, and bound in boards. Cover design by Dard Hunter.

The Battle of Waterloo

By Victor Hugo

Victor Hugo's description of the Battle of Waterloo is one of the classics of all time. If you have never read it, you owe it to yourself to repair the omission at the earliest possible opportunity. You will never regret having given devoted study to this great literary masterpiece. Hugo is eminently impartial, as all great historians should be, in his account of the world-famous battle. The style of the book is wonderful; there is a thrill on almost every page.

Board binding.

Chicago Tongue

By Elbert Hubbard

Elbert Hubbard has written a little dissertation on the unruly member in the "windy" city. For the past month and more, the papers have teemed with columns about Chicago Tongue. Even Fra Elbertus himself was amazed that there could be so much of it, and made a special de-luxe little journey to Chicago to attend the Convention and get a few side-lights on the state of affairs. *Chicago Tongue*, however, was an anticipation done a few years ago.

Bound in limp leather.

The Myth in Marriage

By Alice Hubbard

The Myth in Marriage deals with various phases of the economic bondage from which women are gradually emancipating themselves. Mrs. Hubbard discusses, from a new and interesting viewpoint, problems that are engaging the serious attention of press and pulpit at the present time. Her book is written in a pleasing style.

Exquisitely bound in flexible leather.

FILL OUT THIS BLANK

To THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, Erie County, New York:

I enclose One Dollar for THE PHILISTINE Magazine for one year, and the book_____

_____which I select as premium.

Name_____

Address_____ State_____

Extra Postage to Canada, Twelve Cents; to Europe, Twenty-four Cents.

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THE FRA — A Journal of Affirmation, Exponent of The American Philosophy. CONTENTS, July, mcmxii

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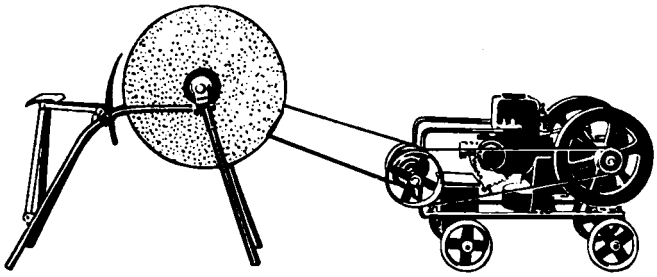
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ECONOMICS changes man's activities. As you change a man's activities you change his way of living, and as you change his environment you change his state of mind. Precept and injunction do not perceptibly affect men; but food, water, air, clothing, shelter, pictures, books, music, will and do. ¶ Man and his activities will be especially prominent in the August *FRA*, which will be our annual Educational Number. The cover design will embody The Roycroft Platform — a platform which, we feel sure, will be emphatically endorsed by the Elect, of whatever shade of political belief, as being eminently safe and sane. ¶ Under the heading of *Convention Echoes*, Mr. Hubbard gives us some interesting and characteristic personalities regarding the late Chicago Turmoil, in which he was an active participant; while Elihu Root contributes a vigorous paper on our Judiciary. Mrs. Hubbard speaks on Life and Work in her usual trenchant and effective manner, and General Sears gives some interesting personal reminiscences of Clara Barton. Many others will contribute timely material of more than passing interest. ¶ The August *FRA* will be on sale at all news-stands — price 25 cents, or $2.00 a year by subscription.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

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The Farmer's Efficiency Helper



HARRINGTON EMERSON, one of the parents of modern efficiency, says that efficiency is neither system nor strenuousness: it is getting the thing done and done right with the least possible work.

Efficiency is a new thing on the farm. The New Farmer has arrived. He came with the age of machinery. He is making steady progress. When the machine came, the farmer straightened his back and looked around at the landscape for the first time.

The New Farmer is an enthusiast. When offered something that will better conditions on the farm, he is receptive and listens. This accounts for the rapid success of the Gilson 60-Speed Gasoline-Engine—the Farmer's Power-House on Wheels. This engine gives the farmer the advantage of being able to move his power-house wherever it is needed most.

The value of the property and equipment of the American farmer aggregates over thirty thousand million dollars. There is not enough cash in the world at the present time to buy one-half of what the American farmer owns, yet much of what he uses is not up to standard and must make way for something better. The Gilson 60-Speed Gasoline-Engine must supplant inefficient stationary engines.

The 1¾-H. P. 60-Speed will pump any well of average depth. It will operate your cream-separator, washing-machine and churn, corn-sheller, grindstone, bone-cutter, honey-extractor, vacuum-cleaner, emery wheel, horse or sheep clipper, power sprayer, electric-light dynamo, etc. The 3-H. P. 60-Speed will do all that the 1¾ will do and more. It will also operate deep wells, do high-pressure pumping, wood-sawing, feed-grinding, feed-cutting, and will operate a grain-dump.

With the Gilson 60-Speed service, you have a one-hundred-point equipment. It is complete when it leaves the factory, mounted on a truck, and fitted with a countershaft and five interchangeable 60-Speed pulleys, a belt-tightener and a universal steel-frame pump-jack. Put your farm on an efficiency basis.

Literature on the subject of the Gilson 60-Speed Engine will be sent you free

GILSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY
PORT WASHINGTON, WIS.

THE highest faculty of mind is the constructive faculty—the faculty that builds. A man who builds an industry must be a strong man. The man that builds is not to be feared ❧ He is helping to organize the world for our benefit, and he is keeping our building faculties in practise ❧ The trouble with the old and narrower culture was that it was receptive rather than constructive. In the early days of our history, we produced men of a very broad culture—a culture that had the quality of constructiveness. Jefferson was such a man. Doctor Benjamin Franklin was such a man. Theirs was, like ours, a building era. Men, then, built government rather than industries. But there was a similarity of activity then and now, and a largeness of mind characterized both periods ❧ ❧

Later, there came a time when the dominant type of the cultivated man in the United States was a college professor or a literary man or a preacher ❧ Along with them and after them, came the professional scholar, who despised practical life ❧ He had slight knowledge of men. His judgment was not always sound ❧ This we might call our pedantic era. A cultivated man of the pedantic era was not a building man ❧ He acquired learning, and he did little else. Nor was he interesting, and it is hard to call an uninteresting man cultivated.

The third era is our own time of industrialism. We have the pedant yet; for a man may become a scholar, a specialist, by sheer industry. We make them by machinery, both in our own universities and abroad. But when we have a cultivated man at all in our industrial

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era, he is more like the men of our first constructive epoch than he is like the pedant. Industry calls into action the constructive qualities, as statecraft called them into action a century or more ago. The cultivated man, in a perfected, democratic industrial life, will be the most widely and sanely cultivated man that has been evolved.

His chief interest will be in the present; and the great forces of our industrial time will make him saner, broader, better and wiser.

—*W. H. Page.*

IT is a curious reflection that the ordinary private person who collects objects of a modest luxury has nothing about him so old as his books. If a wave of the rod made everything around him disappear that did not exist a century ago, he would suddenly find himself with one or two sticks of furniture perhaps, but otherwise alone with his books. Let the work of another century pass, and certainly nothing would be left but these little brown volumes—so many caskets full of tenderness and passion, disappointed ambition, fruitless hope, self-torturing envy, conceit, aware, in maddening, lucid moments, of its own folly.—*E. Gosse.*

Non-Competitive



¶ "An imitation only succeeds in being an imitation." A great modern sage has said this repeatedly with variations. And so far no one has challenged or denied his statement. ¶ The Howard Dustless Duster has not suffered from its imitators, because they have not been able to get at the secret of its perfection, any more than we can analyze the brain of a genius. No other manufacturer has or can use the Howard process. ¶ Kipling says something to this effect: "They can not copy my mind, and I leave them sweating and swearing a mile and a half behind," which is the condition of the Oiled Goods competition of the Howard Dustless Duster. ¶ "No Oil to Soil," is the slogan of the Howard Duster, which can not be applied legally or truthfully to any other duster. ¶ The Howard Dustless Duster means health, economy and labor-saving exercised more efficiently in every home. ¶ The Howard Dustless Duster is a fabric treated by a secret process so that dust adheres to the cloth securely. It keeps the air clean. Wood, glass, metals, leather and other smooth surfaces take a high polish from it. ¶ The properties of the Duster are not destroyed by washing, and here its competitors are defeated. The Howard retains its properties after being sterilized with hot water and soap.

¶ Be sure that you get the Howard with the Red Diamond trademark in the center.

¶ Five styles of Dusters are made of cloth:

Standard (of which the greatest number are used) is a little less than a yard square	$ .25
Office, about one-third as large as Standard	.15
Auto, nearly twice as large as Standard	.45
Floor, for use on walls and draperies	.35
Brush Cover	.50

¶ Sent, prepaid, on receipt of price.

HOWARD

¶ For small Free Sample and Book on Dust, address as below:

Howard Dustless Duster Co.
164-52 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

ADVICE is thrown away on a young man who considers it beneath him to work at anything which hardens his hands or soils his garments; but to the one who is not afraid of downright work I would suggest: frugality, investing surplus earnings (if only a dime a day) in a savings-bank, and reading useful books during leisure-hours.—*Huntington.*

Love is better than spectacles to make everything seem great.—*Philip Sidney.*

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№4711.

When an article is distinguished by One Hundred Twenty years of use, there is little question as to its quality. An overrated article will not go down the centuries, carrying the honest approval of good and great people. ¶ The fact that the popularity of "4711 Eau de Cologne" is increasing is sure proof that its value has never been overestimated. It was first made in 1792. During the century and two decades, the quality of "4711 Eau de Cologne" has never varied. ¶ A woman of intellect and charm says, "It would be quite possible to live happily without '4711 Eau de Cologne' if I had never used it—but not otherwise." When once the virtues of this Cologne are known to a family, it is valued and considered indispensable in the bath and dressing rooms. This delicate toilet-water imparts a refreshing sense of physical cleanliness and well-being. It has the atmosphere of refinement. In the sick-room it is helpful and pleasing. In the bath it is delightful. About the person it gives joy. ¶ "4711 Eau de Cologne" is put up in attractive bottles with blue-and-gold label, which is a mark of this genuine Cologne. Like the Gorham Anchor Mark, it means the best the world affords. You will find it on sale at good dealers everywhere. Four-ounce bottles Fifty-five Cents; other sizes, plain and wicker, Eighty-five Cents to Three Dollars. A two-ounce sample bottle will be sent you for Thirty Cents in stamps, accompanied by a booklet telling all about the "4711" products. Ask for "4711" at your dealer's.

Ferd. Mülhens, 4711 Glockengasse, Cologne O/R, Germany
U. S. Branch: Mülhens and Kropff, 298 Broadway, New York

IN a sinless and painless world the moral element would be lacking; the goodness would have no more significance in our conscious life than that load of atmosphere which we are always carrying about with us.

We are thus brought to a striking conclusion, the essential soundness of which can not be gainsaid. In a happy world there must be pain and sorrow, and in a moral world the knowledge of evil is indispensable. The stern necessity of this has been proved to inhere in the innermost constitution of the human soul. It is part and parcel of the universe ❧ To him who is disposed to cavil at the world which God has in such wise created, we may fairly put the question whether the prospect of escape from its ills would ever induce him to put off this human consciousness, and accept in exchange some form of existence unknown and inconceivable! The alternative is clear: on the one hand a world with sin and suffering, on the other hand an unthinkable world in which conscious life does not involve contrast.

We do not find that evil has been interpolated into the universe from without; we find that, on the contrary, it is an indispensable part of the dramatic whole. God is the creator of evil, and from the eternal scheme of things diabolism is forever excluded ❧ Ormuzd and Ahriman have had their day and perished, along with the doctrine of special creation and other fancies of the untutored mind ❧ From our present standpoint we may fairly ask, what would have been the worth of that primitive innocence portrayed in the myth of the

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Garden of Eden, had it ever been realized in the life of men? What would have been the moral value or significance of a race of human beings ignorant of sin, and doing beneficent acts with no more consciousness or volition than the deftly contrived machine that picks up raw material at one end, and turns out some finished product at the other? Clearly, for strong and resolute men and women, an Eden would be but a fool's paradise. —*John Fiske.*

THE thing needed is not plans, but men A well-thought-out plan without a man to execute it is a waste of money; and as a rule, the more comparatively the details have been thought out by a man who is not going to execute them himself, the larger will be the amount of money wasted Get a man with a plan, and the more money he has the greater is his chance of doing a larger work; but a plan without a man is as bad as a man without a plan—the more he has the more he wastes.—***Arthur T. Hadley.***

Don't be prejudiced against all new ideas, because they invariably surprise you.—*Mahin.*

Yield To The Summer Spirit

For instance:

Relax from the needless restraint of carrying a jeweled watch. Be free to follow your impulses.

An Ingersoll costs less than repairs on other watches.

If you drop it, it runs just the same—no jewels to crack.

If you lose it, a dollar buys another.

And you 'll find, as millions before you have found, that it 's as reliable, accurate and practical as your requirements demand.

Sold everywhere.

INGERSOLL

The Watch That Made the Dollar Famous

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro.
99 Ashland Bldg., New York

YOU can not force the growth of human life and civilization, any more than you can force these slow-growing trees. That is the economy of Almighty God, that all good growth is slow growth.—***Mayor Gaynor.***

POVERTY is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself.—***James A. Garfield.***

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RARE ROYCROFT BOOKS OF PERMANENT VALUE

There are no more elegant books published in America than those which emanate from The Roycroft Shop. The Roycrofters have been printing and binding books for a long time now, and the products of their skill are distinguished and appreciated wherever book-lovers "most do congregate" to discuss books and their merits. ¶ Here, then, are four representative specimens of Roycroft bookcraft, of which there are only a few copies left.

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By ELBERT HUBBARD

A volume of essays in Elbert Hubbard's happiest style — and that is praise enow for those who are acquainted with *White Hyacinths* and the finest of the *Little Journeys*.
This book is a very triumph of the art of typography. It is printed in the style of an Elzevir, the pages being set in two sizes of type — a page within a page, as it were. Printed in two colors, on Imperial Japan Vellum, and bound in three-quarters levant, the most sumptuous of leather bindings. The price is Twenty-five Dollars.

FRIENDSHIP

By HENRY DAVID THOREAU

"The only way to have a friend," said Emerson, "is to be one."
Emerson and Thoreau were great friends. Thoreau was the younger man, and was strongly influenced by Emerson's thought and philosophy. Perhaps he got his cue from Emerson's *Essay on Friendship*. If so, however, we are thankful for it. Thoreau approached his subject from an unusual angle, and treated it with entire originality. This treatise on Friendship is worthy to be compared with Emerson's Essay, or with Cicero's celebrated *De Amicitia*.
There are only five copies of the book left; these are bound in three-quarters levant, and are Twenty-five Dollars, Each.

RESPECTABILITY

By ELBERT HUBBARD

Respectability is a word admitting considerable elasticity of interpretation; and Elbert Hubbard is a man of big thoughts and extensive range of vision. He handles this difficult theme with his usual sound judgment and delightful felicity of expression. The book is a delight, both as to text and typography.
The binding is three-quarters levant. The price, Twenty-five Dollars.

LOVE, LIFE AND WORK

By ELBERT HUBBARD

With Fra Elbertus, Love and Work constitute Life. Love, Life and Work comprise his Creed — a noble Trinity of high ideals. This was one of the first books of essays that he had gathered together to make up a volume. It is written with skill, beautifully printed on vellum, and substantially bound in three-quarters levant. The price is only Ten Dollars.

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

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The Choice of Fine Minds

A YACHT is in the harbor; an excellent model, splendidly built, silken sails, rigging the very best—a cup-winner. A junkman comes along, and his eyes twinkle as he spies the brass trimmings and rips them off; a ragman appropriates the sails and running rigging; a gang of wood-pickers appear and make kindling of the hull. Each takes what he sees. ¶ And so it is with everything in life. We get only what we see. The yachtsman would be the only one to take the yacht in all its grandeur, efficiency and comfort ¶ The Estey Piano has been used by the American public for four generations, and people who know piano values have always considered the Estey a superior instrument in every detail ¶ The influence of the Estey will never die, and under the intelligent hands of musicians it has made hearts glad. It is known, respected and revered. The Estey has always appealed to people of refined taste, exquisite imagination and culture. People who have the eyes to see, the hearts to respond and the minds to understand, love the Estey. ¶ The Estey Company has always felt complimented in the fact that the Estey Piano has been a favorite with people who know what a piano should be. ¶ And now the Estey Company is offering to both musicians and those who love harmony but have not the skill to produce it, the Estey Player-Piano. Estey Player mechanism produces in delightful clarity and under perfect control the vibrant, exquisite and artistic tones in the celebrated Estey Piano ¶ The Estey Company feels that it is introducing to the American people the best value in a Player-Piano. It has taken much thought, study and endless devotion to the work to evolve the Estey Player-Piano to perfection; and now the Estey Company offers you the result of its researches in what professional musicians call "the highest achievement in Player mechanism in the world." ¶ Estey Player-Pianos are $600 and upward. The Estey Company will be glad to communicate with you regarding their pianos, organs and Player-Pianos.

Estey Company

New York, 7 West 29th St.
Philadelphia, Walnut & 17th Sts.
St. Louis, 1116 Olive St.
Boston, 120 Boylston St.
Brattleboro, Vermont
London, 12 Rathbone Pl., Oxford St.

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ORGANS BRATTLEBORO, VT.
PIANOS NEW YORK CITY

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"In the Course of Human Events"

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Underwood Typewriter

Has Become Indispensable to the Equipment of the Modern Business Office.

"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER CO.
(INCORPORATED)
Underwood Building **New York City**
Branches in all Principal Cities

We need less law, not more law ❧ We need an intelligent revision of our entire code of law with the assistance of practical men who know whether the laws can be enforced, and we need greater respect for and enforcement of the law.

We should insist that the Government, which sets itself up as a critic of all business methods, shall adopt an efficient system of accounting, cost-keeping, annual reports promptly issued in a form intelligible to every citizen, and give the businessman a chance to know what he gets for his taxes.

—*F. A. Delano.*

❧

THE only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practise, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him.—***Lowell.***

❧

NO private corporation could survive and be run as our Municipal, State or Federal governments are run. I do not mean that our private corporations are necessarily more honestly conducted. In corporate management there is a necessary and indispensable relation between income and outgo.

It is notorious that in the mazes of Government-bureau figures the most astute accountants find it well-nigh impossible to dig out any conclusive figures.

❧

Love and you will grow wise; grow wise and you must love. One can not truly love without growing better, and to grow better is to become more wise.—*Maeterlinck.*

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BROADLY speaking, there have ever been two things which blocked progress, stifled initiative and smothered genius ❧ ❧

One is ethics and the other is precedent.

Joaquin Miller once remarked that books were intended only for people who were unable to think for themselves.

This might be paraphrased by saying that ethics is intended only for folks who do not know how to behave themselves without looking in a book and reading the rules ❧

Only a few men are big enough to defy precedent, and these are the men who make history and carve their names high.

Tom Reed was such a man.

Once, when accused of having no precedent for a ruling, he declared he would create one, and he did.

The idea that people long dead knew better how to do things than we do today is an idea that is rapidly going into the discard.

A code of ethics for advertising that all could espouse and observe might consist of one single word: Honesty.

To this might be added the Golden Rule, but anything further would be worthless ballast.

—*Bert M. Moses.*

Go to the Shop that Sells



"*Onyx*" *Hosiery*

TRADE MARK

"*A place where you can Get Good Things and Know they are Right*"

Ask for —

No. 498: Women's "*ONYX*" Pure Thread Silk in Black and all Colors. Twenty-nine inches long. Extra Wide and Elastic at Top. "Garter Top" and Sole of Silk Lisle. Specially designed for Comfort and Wear. $1.50 per pair.

or

No. 215: Men's "*ONYX*" Pure Thread Silk in Black and all Colors. Lisle Reinforced Heel and Toe. Lisle Ribbed Elastic Top. 50c per pair.

Sold at the leading shops. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will direct you to the nearest one, or send postpaid any number desired. Write to Dept. F. R.

Lord & Taylor

Wholesale Distributors

NEW YORK

THERE is but one virtue: to help human beings to free and beautiful life; but one sin: to do them indifferent or cruel hurt; the love of humanity is the whole of morality. This is Goodness, this is Humanism, this is the Social Conscience.—*J. William Lloyd.*

❧

DESPISE not any man, and do not spurn anything; for there is no man that has not his hour, nor is there anything that has not its place.—*Rabbi Ben Azai.*

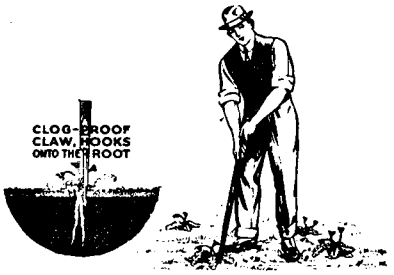
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A Pull in Time Saves Nine

REMOVING dandelions is one task in which the "Do it now" motto is surely the thing. A pull in time saves nine!

If Luther Burbank would only Burbank the dandelion into something beautiful or useful, we would gladly plant it in a bed of its own.

The dandelion will steadily and surely ruin any lawn, no matter how healthy the lawn was originally. If the dandelions are not removed, there will be a sea of yellow instead of green next Spring ❧ All dandelions should be pulled this year before going to seed. Plantains and other weeds should have attention too. Grass must have the lawn to itself to succeed.



The Hall Manufacturing Company Dandelion-Puller will absolutely insure a fine lawn. It gets the root. It leaves no bad-looking hole to mark your work. The trowel-shaped blade slides into the ground, while a patented prong catches the root.

The Dandelion-Puller can be had at most good hardware-stores ❧ If you do not find it, send sixty-five cents and your dealer's name. The Dandelion-Puller will be sent you express prepaid.

THE HALL MANUFACTURING CO.
812 Main Street *Monticello, Iowa*

The Yosemite Scarf
A Dream in Japan Silk

If you want to give a woman something that symbols joyous youth, happiness and never-ending love, send her a Yosemite Scarf. ¶ This Scarf is a miracle worked out in pure Japan silk. The colors are the purest dye in navy-blue, lavender, pink, gray, brown, moss-green, black, cream, pongee, white and light blue. ¶ There is no more exquisite and beautifully made scarf to be had in the world. It carries a suggestion of all that you admire and love best. The colors are art tones and tints. The Scarf is as practical as it is beautiful, being dustproof and waterproof—that is to say, it is washable. ¶ The only reason you can secure the Yosemite Scarf at its remarkably low price is that the machine which knits this fabric is the only one in the world which equals and in some ways surpasses hand-work. ¶ The Yosemite Scarf is veil-like in transparency and daintiness, but it is heavy enough for durability and good wear. ¶ Send Three Dollars today, stating the color you desire, & in a few days you will be the possessor of a scarf which you will value as rare and beautiful.

The Allsilk Sales Company
100 Stone Street, Watertown, N. Y.

THE common roads of a country are not only necessary to its development, but their condition is a measure of its civilization. The highest type of mental and moral culture and development can not be attained without the means of easy and rapid communication between all parts and sections of the country. The railway and telegraph lines are the great modern civilizers of the world; but they are limited in their spheres of usefulness, because they do not reach the farm, the home, the country schoolhouse and church ❧ The common road is the connecting link between these, and without it the progress of a widespread civilization must of necessity be greatly retarded. They are the foundation-stones upon which the superstructure of society is erected, and upon which its symmetry, beauty and stability must rest ❧ ❧

It has been stated by eminent writers that railway and telegraph lines with the wonderful commercial enterprises they make possible are in the end detrimental to a country that has no proportionately adequate system of common highways, because of their tendency to congest the population by drawing the intelligent and ambitious portion of the country youths to the cities and centers of commercial enterprise, until the avenues of that class of labor are overcrowded, the wages of labor decreased by undue and unnatural competition, and the surplus set adrift without the means of a livelihood, to become beggars or criminals, instead of delving in the soil from which the primary wealth of the world is secured, and in which avoca-

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tion there has never yet been a surplus of labor. ¶ Then, too, it is the youthful, intelligent, rugged and ambitious who are thus being coaxed from the farm, whose society is needed to stimulate the sluggish, who are always content to see the world's great cavalcade go by while they remain in slothful isolation ☙ If these conditions continue, there is danger of a barrier being built up between the different classes of our people that will destroy that sympathy, intelligence and co-operation that is so necessary in our mutually dependent condition ☙ ☙ Neighborhoods, counties and States, separated from one another by the barriers of practically impassable roads, in their loneliness degenerate into a condition of moral stagnation from which it is difficult to arouse them to a common and mutual interest and understanding.—*W. H. Moore.*



"Yes, REAL Education Does Count in Business"

"I'll pay ***big*** for the ***kind*** of education I can ***use***. I'm on the lookout for it all the time. Don't think that your college training is valueless just because you can't cash in on it right away—it simply doesn't go far enough, that's all. It is an excellent ***foundation***, but you must ***complete*** the structure before you can realize on it at its ***full value***.

"Why Do I Prefer SHELDON Men?"

"I'll tell you. It's simply because through the study of the New Sheldon Course in Business Building they have reinforced their own ability and previous education with the ***practical*** teachings drawn from the actual experience of over 50,000 of the most successful men in the country.

"You'll get part of this experience and training by going through the mill yourself. Sheldon men ***save*** those wasted years —***they start without a handicap***.

"But Sheldon will do more for you than that. ***Real*** education means more than merely gaining information—it means GROWTH and DEVELOPMENT. Sheldon men become ***big*** men in business because they have learned ***how*** to grow and ***develop*** along the right lines. They have learned the basic laws and principles which every really successful man must know and follow.

"***That's*** the sort of thing that ***every*** business man is not only ***willing*** but ***eager*** to buy. ***That's*** why I prefer Sheldon men."

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Sent FREE. Our handsome new book, "The Service Idea," tells just the things you want to know about the Sheldon School and the new Sheldon Business Building course. The coupon or a postal or letter will bring it to you without cost or obligation. ***Now write.***

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Gentlemen: Please send me FREE copy of the new Sheldon book, "The Service Idea" and full information regarding Sheldon methods.

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EA-POWER is a device for doing injury at a distance. All such injury reacts on the nation which does it. Even bombarding a village of Senegambia costs more for powder than a dozen such villages are worth ☙ The greater the sea-power the weaker the nation. The strength of a nation lies in paying its way. It is weakness to be in debt. In all society, in all history, the creditor controls the debtor. —*David Starr Jordan.*

☙

E who would do some great thing in this short life must apply himself to work with such a concentration of his forces as, to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.—*Parkman* ☙

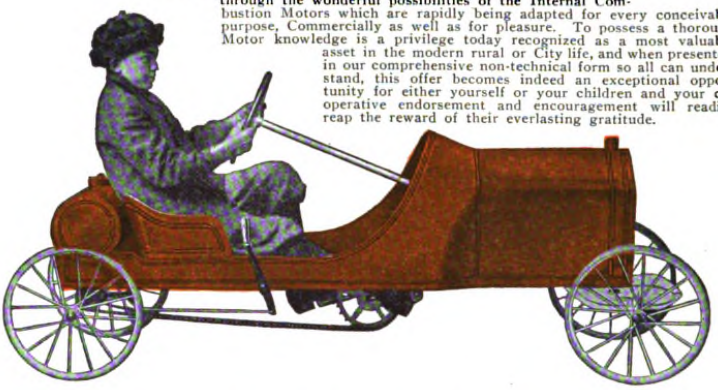
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PROGRESSIVE PARENTS **ATTENTION**



For a limited time only, we shall offer the younger generation a rare opportunity for acquiring through their play and daily recreation, an education on that most popular and pleasing subject of Motoring by Land, Air or Sea Crafts, besides rewarding their efforts in a substantial manner rather difficult to equal at present. The Power of the Hour now commands the world's Master Minds, through the wonderful possibilities of the Internal Combustion Motors which are rapidly being adapted for every conceivable purpose, Commercially as well as for pleasure. To possess a thorough Motor knowledge is a privilege today recognized as a most valuable asset in the modern rural or City life, and when presented in our comprehensive non-technical form so all can understand, this offer becomes indeed an exceptional opportunity for either yourself or your children and your co-operative endorsement and encouragement will readily reap the reward of their everlasting gratitude.



IN EXCHANGE FOR A LITTLE TIME AND LESS EFFORT THAN YOU THINK POSSIBLE

WE WILL GIVE EVERY BOY OR GIRL ONE CYCLEMOBILE ABSOLUTELY FREE

The above is not a catchpenny offer with a string, and we proudly stake the fame of our name and reputation on the merits of this announcement. The CYCLEMOBILE, not being a toy, will prove forever a joy because it is built to last and can be driven by Boy, Girl or a fully grown person of any size or weight for pleasure or touring.

The CYCLEMOBILE is a newly perfected machine not on the market for sale on account of our large exclusive contract with the inventors. It is built like a real Motor Car with two speeds, forward and reverse, besides a neutral coaster speed. The Body and Hood are Pressed Steel and second growth ash, supported on a Chassis frame of Rolled Steel angle iron, capable of carrying the weight of five full grown men. The Axles are also of Steel and Wheels Rubber Tired. The front wheels pivot on regulation Motor Car steering knuckles, eliminating all danger of upsetting on curves. We simply cannot give you one-hundredth part of the real Specifications in this limited space, but send in the coupon and we will TELL IT ALL.



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Dear Sirs:

Kindly mail me full details and Specifications of your CYCLEMOBILE offering and oblige,

Sincerely yours,

Name .....

Address .....

EFFICIENCY is the lifeblood of progress; publicity is the advance-guard, and copartnership the great index that will eventually serve as the arbitrator of peace ☙ In making this declaration I believe it to be an important fundamental for the advancement of prosperity. The science of business today and of the future will be built upon it; the welfare and interest of the people—Civic, State and National—will depend upon it ☙ It is the efficiency of man, more particularly than that of machinery, that in my judgment must be developed. The efficiency of administration reflects the men with brains, refined through the school of experience, who know how to formulate a policy and select the right man to execute it. The efficiency of production in like manner reflects credit, under the policy of organization, to the department heads who employ the results of science and experience, and develop the spirit of copartnership—conserving energy, eliminating waste and bringing the finished product through at the lowest minimum of cost, and equal to the highest standard of quality.

There is a place and a work for every man, and the successful department foreman or manager of the future is the one who develops the highest efficiency for every man in his department. It is the brotherhood of love, the spirit of copartnership, and an equitable distribution of profits that will make the policy of administration effective through factory efficiency.

The efficiency of salesmanship reflects the skilled science of the specialist who thoroughly understands his product and the market and

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the people who will use it. Publicity is a great fundamental of successful salesmanship ❧ It attracts trade, it works without fatigue, and even when it seems to be obliterated it still goes on in the brain of man continuously. If it is the work of the expert the result is effective and it will multiply in importance if the product and policy back of it is correct.

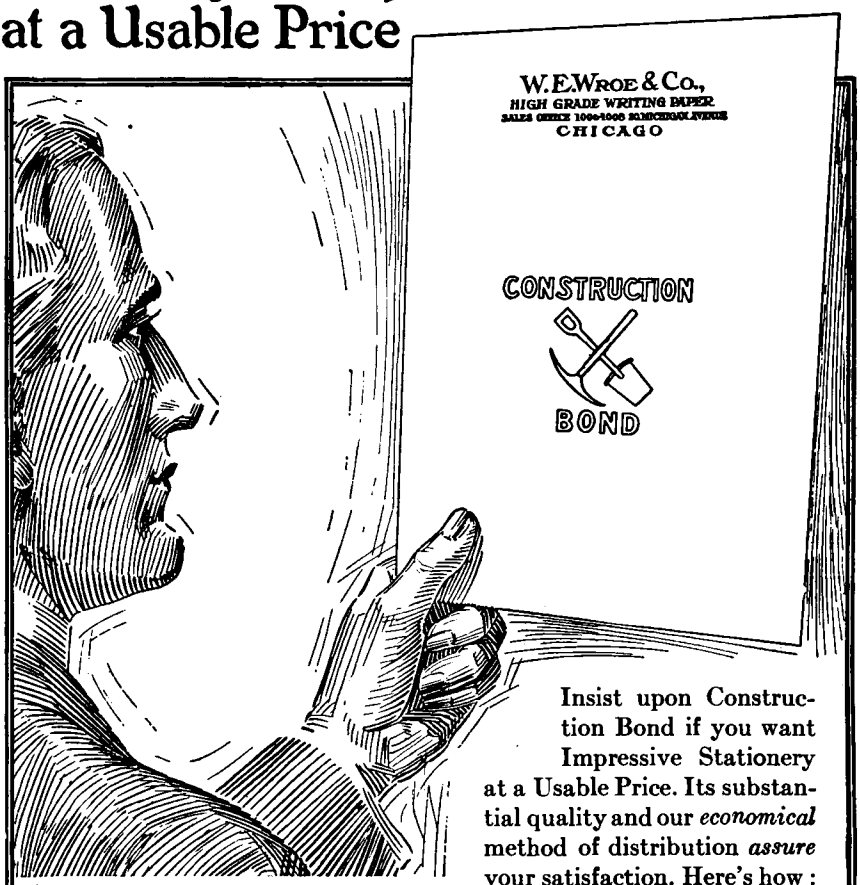
—*C. A. Carlisle.*

❧

CLOSE of kin to the sentimentalist is the optimist, by virtue of his fondness for pleasant illusions, his disinclination to criticism. I have in mind a theoretical optimism like that of the ***Essay on Man,*** consistent with the most vicious application of the critical spirit to human nature. The optimist here considered is the optimist by temperament. Being inclined to a rosy view of things by a happy disposition, his heart is pledged to a faith in his world as the best possible of all worlds ❧ His mind is called into requisition only for supporting argument, and is promptly snubbed on the betrayal of any critical tendency ❧ He will not harbor any disquieting, intrusive suggestions; and will sometimes walk straight into a storm-cloud rather than acknowledge the presence of danger. Upon his own character he turns the same flattering light; and hence proves capable of acts hardly justifiable in the best possible of worlds.

—*Joseph Warren Beach.*

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❧

HE who freely magnifies what hath been nobly done, and fears not to declare as freely what might be done better, gives ye the best covenant of his fidelity.—*Milton.*

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Roycroft Hand-Hammered Copper for the Summer Cottage

¶ Roycroft hand-hammered copper has an intrinsic value of its own. All articles are made by hand, by master craftsmen skilled in the working of copper. Consequently, the workmanship is of the finest. Roycroft copper-ware is noted for the deep, burnished richness of its coloring. This richness is intensified with age.



¶ A vase, to be a suitable foil for the blossom it contains, must unite simplicity with dignity. Here is a vase that does just that — a plain, square, copper vase, hand-hammered. It stands six and seven-eighths inches tall, and is simple, impressive, beautiful.
The price is Five Dollars.



¶ Combination Match-Holder and Ash-Tray. A very godsend to the man who craves the companionship of cigar, cigarette or pipe. Just the thing for the den, office or library. Price, Two Dollars.



¶ Serving-Tray of hand-hammered copper. Twelve inches in diameter.
Price, Three Dollars.



Colonial Candlestick

¶ Here is a rare Candlestick made of hand-hammered copper, in imitation of an exquisite Colonial model. The hook handle, in particular, is a pleasing reminiscence of the days when the "tallow-dip" was the approved light. The diameter of the tray is four inches. The price is Two Dollars.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie County, New York

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"The Crowning Attribute of Lovely Woman is Cleanliness"

Dress Wisdom

THERE'S art in woman's attire—the gown proclaims the woman. The woman may select the gown, but the gown has its sure effect on the thought, action and character of the wearer. And our characters influence all whom we meet.

¶ Dress is the chief factor in environment. And environment shapes, molds, colors and tints our lives. Wise dressing means poise, good taste, health, happiness and sweet content.

The well-dressed woman blesses and benefits herself—and the world—for she adds to its joys. And we can not imagine a woman well dressed without Naiad Dress Shields. They add the final assurance of cleanliness and sweetness.

Naiad Dress Shields are hygienic and scientific. They are a necessity to the woman of delicacy, refinement and good judgment. They are healthful to the skin. As they are made without rubber, they do not have its unpleasant odor.

They are quickly and efficiently sterilized by immersing in boiling water for a few seconds. To be obtained at stores, or a sample pair sent you on receipt of twenty-five cents. Every pair guaranteed.

A handsome colored reproduction of this beautiful Coles Phillips drawing on heavy paper, 10 x 12 inches, sent for 10 cents. No advertising.



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How We Made Good

By S. D. WALDON

Vice-President Packard Motor Car Company

IN the very beginning we felt that we were in a good business with a good future. We believed that we were competent; we believed in one another; we believed in the car we built; we believed in our ability to perpetuate the goodness of that car and our belief in it.

When the present Packard organization started, the automobile business was a "game." Motor cars were not commonly made as the products of a permanent business, but to sell in response to a sort of fad. We saw in the business something that was to be a lasting feature of the world's commerce. We saw the signs of permanency as well as progress in the evidences of a new era in traffic.

We saw that a type of car had to be selected and designed, that it had to be tried out, that it had to be made practical and as nearly perfect as our experience, ingenuity and skill could make it. We saw that this car had to be backed by definite, firm and fair business methods. We saw that our business, like any other permanently successful business, had to be based on the one very simple and logical foundation of a square deal for everybody.

We found a selling condition in existence which did not entirely fit in with our plans, and we made it our business to let our organizing comprehend our dealers as well as our factory. If, on account of the newness of the business, the right man did not exist, we waited for him or made him. We have made a lot of Packard men in our time, and we are still making them on exactly the same principles that were laid down at the beginning.

AS far back as 1904, we laid down the principle that we would have nothing in our construction which would cause wear on what might be called the skeleton of the car. It was decreed that the main structure should have no wearing parts, but should carry the parts that are subjected to legitimate wear and that these parts should be easily and economically replaceable. This sounds like merely a mechanical detail. As a matter of fact, it would not be possible for dealers all over the country to guarantee six months ahead the approximate value of a used Packard car unless they knew that a used Packard can be placed in a readily marketable condition by minor replacements made possible by the removable bushings that were incorporated in the early design.

The second element in Packard growth has been co-operation, absolute and complete. No one man built the Packard factory, no one man designed the Packard car, no one man made the Packard organization or formulated the Packard policies. Each man has helped to share the burdens of the others, and each man has fought shoulder to shoulder with the rest.

The third factor in our progress has been the almost limitless capacity for work of the men who have made up our organization. No one knows, who has not been through the early periods of the business, what has been necessary to do in so short a space of time. Every old problem conquered has simply led us to some new problem, and every task previously done has simply been the foundation of even greater efforts.

In equal measure the success of these features has made possible and has been made possible by the car we build. Without optimism, imagination, co-operation and hard work, the Packard car would have been impossible. Without the Packard car, our present organization, factory, dealers' establishments, service and all other elements of our business would have been impossible.

THERE is another feature which has been as potent as all the rest put together, because it has comprehended all of the rest, and has been, not our fetish, but our strength. It is concentration. We stick to our job and to the type of car we believe is the right one for us to build. We originally set out to build nothing but the highest type of automobile, and upon this purpose we have concentrated all our subsequent effort.

We have greatly developed our type of car. The Packard "48" for 1913 affords a striking contrast when placed alongside one of our earliest models. But our changes have been always careful and invariably beneficial. Every improvement is the result of cautious experimenting, followed up by exhaustive tests on the road. During the last fiscal year our development department cost us over $300,000. It is a complete factory in itself. We have made all kinds of cars and devices in it. We have tried out all kinds of cars of other makes, both European and domestic. We study not only what we ourselves build, but what others have devised.

THE plan we have followed of developing a type will continue to be followed. As the requirements of the market increase, as it is possible to provide additional comfort and convenience, as we learn to make things better, the car will improve accordingly, just as it has improved. But there will be no abandonment of our purpose, no changes merely for the sake of change, and no readjustments of plans, methods, principles or car. We have built carefully and we shall continue carefully.

We are building for permanency in this business, and our tools are optimism, imagination, co-operation, concentration, honesty of purpose and hard work ❧ ❧

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A Little Journey to the Home of THE COLUMBIA GRAFONOLA

By Elbert Hubbard



PRINTING has been called the "Art Preservative," because by its use we duplicate the record of a thought and pass it down the centuries.

David Garrick once regretted that the vibrant, far-reaching voice of Edmund Burke must some day falter and be heard no more by men.

And nobody then, or for a hundred years after, ever imagined that song and speech and music's sweet sounds could be recorded, duplicated, and given to millions, thereby making them wiser, happier, better.

Personally, the Columbia Grafonola has given me more inspiration, more rest and recreation than anything else of a mechanical nature that has ever come into my life.

When my nerves seem overtaxed and my mind has dwelt long on one subject, I turn to the Columbia Grafonola for rest and relief. I play some of the selections of the great composers, dead and gone, some of whom I knew in their lifetimes.

And although these men may have passed out from this earth-life, their work still endures, and here, without any disturbing personal presence to interpret and intervene, I hear and enjoy their wondrous melodies.

With the great living artists I am also familiar. They abide with me. They sing and play for me when I wish. They are never tired—they never obtrude—my pleasure is theirs.

The Universal Harmony

MUSIC is the most universal form of harmony. It makes a quick appeal to the human heart, and through the aid of the Columbia Grafonola we are brought into touch with the world's greatest artists.

Singers, players, famous orchestras, great bands—popular songs, amusing sketches—these are all yours for the asking. They wait so patiently for you. When you need them, they respond.

As a plan for driving away the Glooms, and an invitation for the Joys to enter, there is nothing on earth to equal this Columbia miracle ❧❧

In all sanitariums and hospitals, the pathological value of music is fully understood and appreciated, and there the Columbia plays its part.

However, there is something better than to go to a hospital and be cared for, and that is to care for yourself and not go to a hospital.

¶ The proposition of keeping well and strong and efficient—finding our rest in change and allowing harmony to creep into our lives through the sweet influences of divine music—surely this is the art of arts.

No one can say to what extent the Columbia Grafonola will add to our length of days and our usefulness as well.

When I want to concentrate on some particular bit of writing, I make use of the Columbia and call on my old friend Zenatello, good and great, to minister to me.

There is no stimulant for the imagination equal to good music.

Thus do I get my mental molecules in motion. The Columbia serves as my cosmic starter.

The Beginnings of Music

THERE are just two kinds of musical instruments. One had its rise in the hollow reed, or the pipes of Pan, and the other began with the hunter's bow, which some hunter on a march noticed "sang" when struck and was made to vibrate.

Then another hunter discovered that no two bows sang just alike, owing to different degrees of length, structure and tautness. Where it was, or when, that a hunter took one bow and with it agitated the strings of another, and thus suggested the "fiddle," we do not know. Also, we can only guess when it was and where that a soldier sitting near a campfire surprised his fellows by putting four strings on a bow and making music on that progenitor of all 'cellos. To add many strings and make a harp played with the fingers was a natural and easy evolution.

We hear of how, a thousand years before Christ, the Israelites "hanged their harps upon the willows." The harp was the symbol

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of joy and gladness, and when a supreme sorrow came it was laid aside, and grief was expressed by singing or wailing.

In Ireland, the wail of the professional "keener," or mourner, is still heard, and once heard is never forgotten.

Then comes the cittern, or zither, played by "plucking" the strings. Next we have the dulcimers, instruments with rows of strings, which are struck by little hammers in the hands of the player.

The clavichord was played by striking keys which released little hammers, which, in turn, struck strings. This was an adaptation from the pipe-organ, which by pressing keys released the pressure of air in the pipes and made music

Organ music reached perfection with Sebastian Bach.

The violin reached its height with Stradivarius, and the piano—but that is another story

And the Columbia records give you the quintessence of the ages: players, performers, singers—all are yours!

What is holding you back? Lack of soul fluidity—not quite enough harmony in your cosmic ensemble—you take things too seriously—nerves sort of outside of your clothes—you are forgetting how to enjoy. What you need is more Music!

All Art is harmonious expression. Painting appeals to us through the sense of sight; Literature through the under... Sculpture through the sense of proportion; Music through the hearing. "I would bathe me in sweet sounds," said Ralph Waldo Emerson. And again he says, "The world is being held back on account of a lack of music."

The Columbia Grafonola supplies exquisite music composed by the master minds of all time, and places this music within reach of those who love harmony, but are unskilled in its production.

A Joyful Gathering

THE people who make the Columbia Grafonola are a happy, animated and prosperous people. Good-cheer and courtesy prevail. Cleanliness, order, organization, are on every hand. Each helper is doing his own appointed task, doing it quietly, surely and well

In it all there seems to be no hot haste, no hurry, no anxiety. A sureness of purpose is everywhere evident. Only a well-paid people, whose services are duly appreciated, could produce these marvelous machines.

Workers in gold, silver, brass and wood are here. Engineers, inventors, machinists—each has his own particular work. The manufacture of the various parts of the Columbia is often done by special machines, invented on the premises for this particular purpose, and none other. And then the man must be found who can run the machine. Practically the best men here were educated at their work, by their work.

Emerson says that ten men saved Kansas for the Union. He might have said one.

Fourteen men made Athens the wonder of the world; but without Pericles, probably the beauty of Athens would have been intangible, and the Cupids would have remained forever locked in their blocks of marble. Within a hundred years, a city the equal of Athens will be reproduced, and better possibly, in America.

Where this ideal city will be, no man can say. But this holds: We have in America a growing hunger for beauty, a reaching out for the ideal, a great desire to express harmony. And through this desire will be created cities that will surpass anything the world has as yet seen

The prophecy is safe, for while the world has always had individual artists, yet it has not had the material wealth nor the practical men to re-create the poet's dreams in stone, iron or enduring bronze.

But now we are evolving men who are both artists and businessmen—dreamers and doers—men whose heads are in the clouds, but whose feet are upon earth.

Big things in the way of innovation can be accomplished only when backed by public opinion and public patronage. And now everywhere, in a degree never before known, is there a tendency to hold up the hands of the man who has the creative faculty. Not long ago, instead of holding up his hands, we made him hold up his hands—there is a difference. ¶ The American People welcome the Columbia Grafonola with open arms.

Here is a brand-new business, born in our own time. ¶ Literature is reproduced over and over through the printed page. It can never die. Why should sweet sounds perish and be gone, and gone forever?

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The Evolution of a Great Idea

EVERY good thing in the world, when it is first introduced, has to fight for its life. We distrust an idea or an invention just as we distrust a new dish.

Every innovation has to pass through this period of suspicion, when ridicule, denial and accusation are rife.

"Truth," said Huxley, "passes through three stages: First, we say it is contrary to common-sense. Second, we say it does not make any difference, one way or the other. Third, we say we always believed it.

It is easily understood how many simple souls would be greatly interested in a talking-machine. The mere novelty of the thing would cause us to stop, look and listen.

When it came, however, to reproducing classic music, naturally the artists of the world were opposed to the Phonograph.

A mechanical thing is supposed to be inartistic. Mechanism breaks away from individuality. A machine is opposed to personality. Art is a matter of individuality. Ah, ha, and oh, ho! You will please excuse this smile!!

¶ The Columbia Grafonola has gone through this period of doubt, distrust and patronage that damn with faint praise.

Great artists now do not have to be importuned to play or sing and make records for the Columbia. In fact, they come and offer their services, and a special department has been organized to fight off the near-artists, the would-be and the has-been. This because the Columbia policy is to produce only that which is supremely excellent in its particular line

Not only do they feel that they are highly honored in having their performance reproduced, but incidentally they make a vast amount of money out of it.

So, too, with the critics and connoisseurs. At first they smiled complacently. Now they listen with attention, for the actual fact is that not only does the Columbia reproduce the technique, but the spirit and the soul of the musician are apparent as manifested in his work. If this is not so, the world never hears the record.

Very few of us have the time and the money to travel so we can hear the great artists of the world. But with the aid of the Columbia, the artist comes to us.

Many of our best music-teachers, everywhere, are making use of the Columbia in giving lessons. A great singing-master of my acquaintance inspires his pupils by giving them reproductions from the masters with the aid of the Columbia. Teacher and pupil listen together and enjoy. With the aid of the Columbia a standard is set, and to approach it is the thing desired.

In my little experiences on the stage I noticed that very often on Monday morning the musical headliner, instead of being present in person and rehearsing with the orchestra, would simply supply a Columbia record, and thus save his own strength. And the orchestra would work with the Columbia until the spirit of the act was taken captive.

In one particular theater in San Francisco, I saw in the hallway of the dressing-rooms a printed card reading thus: "Do not operate your Grafonola while the performance is on."

¶ This was no mere pleasantry, because I found that quite a number of people in our company carried Columbia Grafonolas with them for their own amusement, instruction and edification. And almost always, in the morning, the Columbia could be heard, operated in some one of the dressing-rooms, where some performer was studying his part or endeavoring to improve upon it.

In all of the many beautiful homes of America, in all of the great towns and cities of the world, the Columbia Grafonola can be found. It entertains the family, supplies amusement and recreation for the guests, and benefits, pleases and inspires all who hear, as sweet sounds always do, and must, and will.

The Recording-Room

I STOOD in that wonderful room at the Columbia Shop where the records are made—a high-vaulted, monastic chamber, beautiful in its simplicity.

The Columbia Band was making a record. This is the only band that is never applauded, and the only one that I know of that plays to so small and select an audience, and yet is heard by millions. There is no clack and nobody ever shows a sign of approval—or disapproval. In this room you almost hold your breath.

One well-known singer I heard go over the record five times, because at the end of certain pauses he breathed so deeply that the conductor said the sounds would mar the record, and, therefore, he had to do it all over.

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The man paced the room three times, stood at the window, breathed deeply, spat on his hands, and tackled the job again.

My old pal David Bispham once spent three days in this room on one record.

Dave is a hard man to manage. In fact, he could not manage himself before the Columbia, for he kept up a fusillade of talk, explosives and asides, to the effect: "Oh, my God! I never can do that! To think of my standing before this thing, talking into a brass horn! What would my friends think of me now!"

¶ And then he would begin to laugh!

And so it was that the particular gentleman who has charge of this room had to take Dave out and explain to him that grimaces, attitudes and fun were of no avail. These things could only be taken care of by moving pictures.

¶ And Dave said: "Why! Why! Why! I thought the whole dam thing was a moving picture. What else is it?"

But at last some wonderful records were secured

Dave afterward told me that this experience of singing into the horn was the hardest job he had ever undertaken, and the only thing that made it possible for him to continue, and try again and again and again, was the thought, constantly repeated to him by the manager, that on every record sold he would get a big royalty.

The Great Musician

GERMANY excels in philosophy and in music—a seeming paradox.

Music is supposed to be a compound of the stuff that dreams are made of—hazy, misty, dim, intangible feelings set to sounds—we close our eyes and they take us captive and carry us away on the wings of melody.

And so it may be true that music is born of moonshine, and fragrant memories, and hopes too great for earth, and loves unrealized; yet its expression is the most exacting of sciences.

¶ A great musician has not only to be a poet and a dreamer, but he must also be a mathematician, cold as chilled steel, and a philosopher who can follow a reason to its lair and grapple it to the death.

And that is why Great Musicians are so rare, and that is also why, perhaps, there are no great woman composers. "Women of genius are men," said De Goncourts.

A Great Musician is a paradox, a miracle, a multiple-sided man—stern, firm, selfish, proud and unyielding; sensuous as the ether, tender as a woman, innocent as a child, and as plastic as potter's clay. And with most of them, let us frankly admit it, the hands of the Potter shook.

When people write about musicians, they seldom write moderately. The man is either a selfish rogue or an angel of light—it all depends upon your point of view. And the curious part is, both sides are right.

The father of Clara Schumann was a philosopher, but he had a notion that the blood of woman is thinner than that of man—that it contains more white and fewer red corpuscles, and that Nature has designed the body of woman to nourish her offspring, but that man's energy goes to feed his brain. Yet his two girls were so much beyond average mortals—and beyond himself—that they set men a pace in spite of the handicap of sex.

¶ Fortunate it is for me that I do not have to act as the court of last appeal on this genius business. The man who decides against woman will forfeit his popularity, have his reputation ripped into carpet-rags, and his good name worked up into crazy-quilts by a thousand Woman's Clubs.

But certain it is, women are the inspirers of music. As critics they are more judicial and more appreciative. Without women there would be no Symphony Concerts, any more than there would be churches. Women take men to the Grand Opera and to Musical Festivals—and I am glad.

But the Columbia Grafonola appeals to men, women and children alike. By its use, especially is the taste of children evolved so that they appreciate the best in music.

Through the Columbia you can hear the greatest company of singers the world has ever known—Lillian Nordica, Olive Fremstad, Mary Garden, Emmy Destinn, Alice Nielsen, Zenatello, David Bispham, Maria Gay and other Immortals!

And so in schools, churches, hospitals, prisons, and countless rich and beautiful homes, where only the highest art is allowed, the Columbia carries its sweet message of harmony, distributing without limit the wonderful work of artists—great, distinguished, splendid—who otherwise could never come to the millions who now hear their voices.

But living, yet do we join the Choir Invisible, whose music is the gladness of the world.

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Captain Jack Orders Shoes

CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD is the Poet Lariat of America. He is a child of the great outdoors, of the wind and rain; his home the saddle of his broncho; his bed the bosom of Mother Nature. Jack says that your boots ought to be better and cost more than your horse. Captain Jack always expresses himself in verse. So here, then, is his poetical order for a pair of Coward Shoes:



May 11, 1912.

To JAMES S. COWARD:

I never was a coward, you
Can bet your life on that—but see,
It seems as if the "Coward Shoe"
Would fit a tenderfoot like me.
And since I've read the Hubbard ad
In which there seems no false pretense,
I want to say that I'll be glad
To try a pair of "Common Sense."

I've got a tender foot, the right,
I got it hurt one April day
Near Petersburg, and in a fight,
Because I would not run away.
Nor did I ever think that I
Would do what I now think I'll do,
At least I think, I mean to try
To think I want a "Coward Shoe."

—CAPTAIN JACK.

Captain Jack is now shoe-fitted and mighty pleased. He is writing better and more poetry than ever, with the aid of Coward Shoes.

Coward Shoes give mental poise through physical comfort. Unless your shoes fit, there can be no inspiration in your work, no poetry in your soul. The wearing of Coward Shoes is an evidence of good sense. Coward Shoes are made to fit the human foot. That is Mr. Coward's first consideration. Good material and expert workmanship come next. Coward Shoes are always in good style, because no improvement in shape can be made on a shoe that fits. ¶ You can buy Coward Shoes at the New York Store or by mail. The Coward Service is satisfactory and prompt. Mr. Coward has thousands of satisfied customers, America over, who have bought Coward Shoes by mail. Do not wait as long as Captain Jack did. Investigate now.

THE COWARD SHOE

FOR MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN

¶ You Folks who have never been quite foot-suited should write to Mr. Coward for His Little Book, picturing the Coward Family.

Some Coward "SPECIAL" Shoes

The Coward Good-Sense Shoe - - - (made especially for tender feet)
The Coward Extension Heel Shoe - - - - - - - - (for weak arches)
The Coward Bunion Shoe - - - - - The Coward Arch-Support Shoe
The Coward Combination Shoe - - - The Coward Orthopedic Shoe

JAMES S. COWARD

264-274 GREENWICH ST., NEW YORK

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Reclining Adjustable Back
Wide Arms
Solid Oak, $55.00
Solid Mahogany, $62.00
F. O. B. East Aurora, N. Y.



FOOTSTOOL, No. 048
15 inches wide; 9 inches deep
9½ inches high
Oak, $5.00 Mahogany, $6.00

THIS MORRIS CHAIR is a close copy of the one originally designed by William Morris.

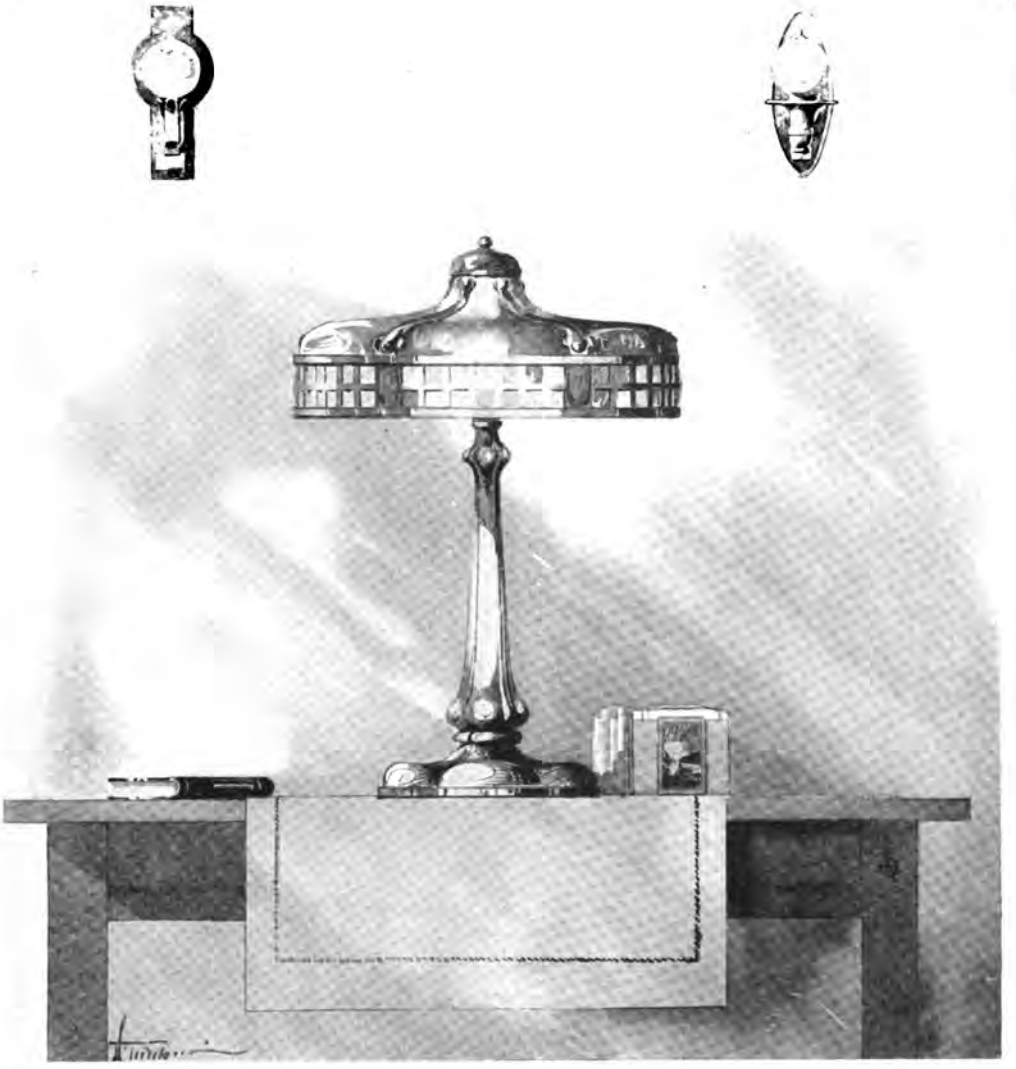
We believe it is a better chair than Morris ever made. The cushions are handmade, of bold-grain Spanish Cowhide—edges laced with leather thongs. These cushions will hold their shape and give almost unlimited wear. Underneath the seat cushion is a strong upholstering of heavy coil springs.

As a premium to you we will send along with each Morris Chair (without extra cost) one of our sturdy little Footstools, leather-covered top, either oak or mahogany, to match the chair—provided cash accompanies your order.

Our new complete catalog, beautifully printed, is now ready to mail. We will be glad to send it to you on receipt of 25 cents.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

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The Roycrofters are adding to their Industries the making of lighting fixtures for all uses. We are prepared to submit estimates for fitting out new homes with electric-lighting or gas-lighting fixtures which will be in every way correct, scientific and artistic. Estimates will be furnished promptly and in detail. We will be glad to co-operate with architects and designers on this work. ¶ The lamp here shown is designed for a library. The glass is light amber, mottled surface inside. It is fitted with six electric sockets, and a switch at the top to operate the lights. The standard is wrought from heavy sheet metal. The graduation of color in the metal is the admiration and wonder of every one who knows what good handwork is. This lamp is furnished in copper, brass and iron. Height twenty-six inches, base ten inches in diameter, shade twenty-two inches in diameter. The price is Eighty-five Dollars. ¶ Electric wall-scones with ball-lamps are made in copper, brass and iron. The price is Seven Dollars each

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK STATE

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The People's Playground



THE MONTEITH HOUSE, ROSSEAU, ONTARIO, CANADA

Run by the Monteith Brothers, three capital boys and sons of Old Man Monteith, who built the hotel and helped settle the country and drive out the Indians. ¶ The Monteiths know how to run a hotel and please their guests. Their meals are elegant, their house steam-heated when necessary, hot and cold water in all rooms, tennis-court, bowling-green, and every courtesy and attention that goes to make a stay with them a fixture in your memory.

CANADA has more sources of wealth-producing prospects undeveloped, and assured, than any other country in the world. She has the soil, the climate, the water, the timber; besides, Canada has "The Playground of America," Northern Ontario. The wooded hills, the endless chain of lakes, the rock cliffs and grandeur of it all, are there now, always were, and, what's more, always will be. American capital can buy up their farming lands, and divest them of the timber and put up manufacturing plants, but the beauty of Nature in the Muskoka Lake district will never be "annexed" by the greedy tentacles of the Octopus. The way to get next to Muskoka is to go there. ¶ There is nothing in the United States to compare with the Muskoka Lakes. ¶ In Muskoka there is no such thing as hay-fever. ¶ Hotel accommodations are most excellent, principal among them being the Royal Muskoka Hotel on Lake Rosseau and the Monteith House at Rosseau Village at the head of Lake Rosseau. ¶ For fishing, boating or hunting the genuine sport can find nothing better than is offered here. If deer-hunting appeals to you, you can satisfy that call Up North to the king's taste during the first fifteen days of November. The Monteith Brothers, at Rosseau, Ontario, are arranging a party and will welcome you. ¶ For all the Muskokas have to offer, the Grand Trunk Railway folks should be thanked. They have prepared some interesting literature—which will be sent upon application to the main office at Montreal.

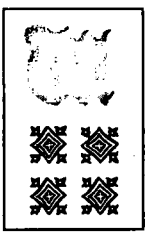




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A Friend of All the Family

A Preachment by Elbert Hubbard



WE have brought art out of the skies, out of dreamland to earth, where it serves and blesses humanity. Art today finds its truest expression in the things which minister to the needs and desires of men and women. ¶ Modern business is human service. We are always inventing, discovering and evolving things which will be of great benefit to the people. Wherever there is a need, there is a response on the part of some one zealous and earnest in the cause of the common good. ¶ Kindergarten Cloth came in response to a need. This cloth is made from the highest quality of cotton yarns especially prepared and brilliantized by a new process. This special process produces a linen finish that is permanent, has exceptional wearing qualities, and is made to undergo frequent washings with no change in its quality. Kindergarten Cloth is made in stripes, checks and plain shades. ¶ William H. Brown Son & Company are introducing Kindergarten Cloth to this country. This firm is known America over for the quality of its products and the stability and integrity of its methods. ¶ Man, like Deity, creates in his own image. When a painter paints a portrait, he makes two — one of himself and one of the sitter. If there is a sleazy thread in your character, you will weave it into the fabric you are making. ¶ Kindergarten Cloth is a most beautiful reflection of the methods and purposes of William H. Brown Son & Company. Kindergarten Cloth is used extensively throughout the British Isles for women's, young girls' and children's suits and dresses, boys' kilts, and Spring and Summer costumes. Women who love the beautiful and appreciate the durable would do well to inform themselves as to the especial value of Kindergarten Cloth. ¶ William H. Brown Son & Company recognize that to deceive a customer would be a calamity for the House of Brown, and to sell anybody anything he does not need or to sell it at a price beyond what it is worth would be a mistake and a sin. So, if it is recommended by William H. Brown Son & Company, you will know that a particular brand of cloth is the best the world affords at its price. ¶ As a material for embroidery, Kindergarten Cloth is superb. There is no other cloth that has so many varied and practical uses in the home where there are growing children. Remember that the colors are absolutely fast and that Kindergarten Cloth launders perfectly. ¶ Ask your dealer to show you the new patterns and colorings. You will be surprised, delighted and remunerated for your investigation. Kindergarten Cloth will be a friend to all of the family. Sold by reputable merchants everywhere.

William H. Brown Son & Company

377 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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TREES were but rivers of sap and woody fiber, flowing from the atmosphere, and emptying into the earth by their trunks, as their roots flowed upward to the surface ❧ And in the heavens there were rivers of stars, and milky ways, already beginning to gleam and ripple over our heads. There were rivers of rock on the earth, and rivers of ore in its bowels, and our thoughts flowed and circulated, and this portion of time was but the current hour. Let us wander where we will, the universe is built round about us, and we are central still. If we look into the heavens they are concave, and if we were to look into a gulf as bottomless, it would be concave also. The sky is curved downward to the earth in the horizon, because we stand on the plain ❧ I draw down its skirts. The stars so low there seemed loath to depart, but by a circuitous path to be remembering me, and returning on their steps.

—*Thoreau.*

❧

THE future of automobiles will probably see an extension of certain uses to which they have already been put—that is, as sources of power for farm or house work. It is easy to see that a form of automobile might be built specially designed for use as a stationary engine, when not being used for locomotion. There could be a number of graduated forms: at one end of the line a machine built mainly for locomotion, but capable of being used as a source of power for machinery; at the other end a machine built mainly as a stationary engine, but capable of locomotion. And thus the precise requirements of each user might be met.—*J. H. Fussell.*

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IT is not that one is afraid of animals, it is just that we are at such a disadvantage in dealing with them, for we have no earthly means of telling what is going on in their heads. It is only our respect for a horse that makes us—well, respectful in our treatment of him. It seems so unlikely that the day will not eventually come when horses will realize that they are much stronger than we are and rightly enough should dictate to us instead of permitting us to dictate to them. And what more likely than that the change should take place while one is on a horse's back? No one can say the idea is unreasonable. When a horse is trotting smartly along, one is not afraid of what he is doing—that stands to reason; one is only absorbingly interested in what he may be thinking of doing. A change in plans on the part of any one is upsetting if the plans concern you, but a horse, having no way of warning you, even if he was kindly intentioned enough to think it necessary, is apt to act so suddenly, and it is at such moments that actions speak with such jarring loudness. He may feel his actions to be beyond criticism, but as we lack all the deductions which led up to his sudden decision we can not help disagreeing with him and feeling a little chagrined that we were so much slower than he in coming to what he must feel to have been a simple conclusion.

—Florida Pier.

The only thing I want to know from you is, "Can you fight?" If you can, it is only a question of time before you will connect with a live opportunity.—*Don E. Mowry.*

Gotham Summer Underwear

Professor William Muldoon is a great believer in the Psychology of Dress. When we dine, we should dress like *gentlemen*—just as if we were to meet expected guests. The act of dressing and undressing tends to stop brooding and speeding to the mental limit. Muldoon says the "gym" dress is only valuable as you discard it for clean, dainty *underwear*, and when you don your over-apparel you appear before the world a *new man*. To wear fine, *well-fitting* underwear is a virtue. GOTHAM SUMMER UNDERWEAR is made for critical men. It is recognized America over as the **"Underwear of a Gentleman."** The materials are produced by mills which specialize on cloth for Gotham Underwear. GOTHAM SUMMER UNDERWEAR retails at 50 cents to $3.50 the garment.

The Gotham people also make SHIRTS at $1.00 to $7.50, PAJAMAS at $1.50 to $12.00 the suit, also SOFT COLLARS for the man who discriminates. They are comfortable, durable, washable, **color-fast**, presentable and **guaranteed.**





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¶ The book covers Copper History, Geology, Geography, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Mining, Milling, Leaching, Smelting, Refining, Brands, Grades, Impurities, Alloys, Uses, Substitutes, Terminology, Deposits by Districts, States, Countries and Continents; Mines in Detail, Statistics of Production, Consumption, Imports, Exports, Finances, Dividends, etc.
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8,130 Mines and Companies

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Elbert Hubbard

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Efficiency, Economy and the Engine

YOU can not use inferior lubricants on your gasoline and kerosene engines. A machine is a scientific product, and to operate it successfully you must use science equal to the science involved in the production of the machine. You should standardize your methods. ¶ Inter-Lube is the one-hundred-point internal lubrication for gasoline-engines. Every man who thinks about it must see that if a thing which is made perfectly is to operate perfectly and to be of the most efficient service, it must be kept as near to its original condition as possible. ¶ Ordinary lubricating-oil burns and produces carbon in the cylinder, also a smoky exhaust. Inter-Lube can not burn or form carbon. It does not foul plugs, and does not make the slightest smoke or smell at the exhaust. ¶ Mr. Edison in announcing his idea for concrete houses said that if he could not make it possible for every workman to have a concrete house complete, costing only a thousand dollars, his idea was not worth much. He placed economy second to the invention With Inter-Lube this is so. Economy comes next to its efficiency. With Inter-Lube in your gasoline, you can cut down the crank-case oil-consumption one-half. The Inter-Lube required for this will cost but a small fraction of your saving on oil alone. You have gasoline economy, increased engine energy, and durability as undiluted profit. ¶ Inter-Lube is a compound to be mixed with your gasoline-supply in the proportion of one quart to fifty gallons of gasoline. ¶ Inter-Lube has many advantages and many uses. It contains no injurious chemicals, and its use is entirely an affirmative proposition. More climbing power, better compression, smoother and more flexible running motors, more mileage per gallon of gasoline. It splits your oil bill in half, doubles the life of your motor, eliminates valve-grinding one-half. For automobiles, motor-boats, motorcycles and stationary engines, it is a genuine blessing and benefit. Inter-Lube is One Dollar per Quart. Write for full information regarding Inter-Lube.

Whitney Chemical Company : : : Cleveland, Ohio

FOR BABY MINE

WILLIAM MARION REEDY says that a baby is a human being, not a problem. A baby can't be explained away by pure reason, because he did n't come by that route. Love brought him here, and only love can nourish him to the fulness of growth in soul and mind.

¶ And so anything that will bring more love into baby's life, more comfort and joy, is worth our consideration. The Fultonette Cart is the latest evolution of the Fulton line of Folding Go-Carts. Baby's health has been the first consideration of the Fulton Manufacturing Company in producing their Go-Carts.

¶ The Fultonette is a sidewalk sulky designed to give the occupant as much comfort as a baby-carriage. Some of the Fultonette models are made to pull, others to push, similar to the Go-Cart which the Fultonette will succeed.

¶ The Fultonette will make it such a pleasure for mothers to take baby out Winter and Summer that baby will get more of that most essential aid to health, fresh air.

¶ The quality of steel, leather and rubber used in these Go-Carts is the highest obtainable. Durability, comfort and beauty considered, the Fultonette is superior to anything on the market.

¶ The Fultonette catalog will interest you. Mothers and prospective mothers should write for this most interesting and comprehensive booklet on the subject of Carts for Baby Mine.



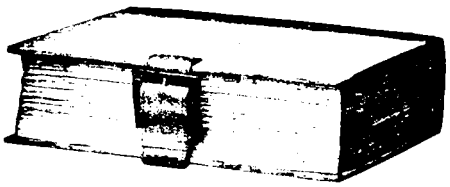
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GOOD MEN AND GREAT



I AM a man," said the Roman Terence, "and all that concerns humanity is of interest to me." ¶ It seems to be a universal truth that nothing interests us so much as people. Elbert Hubbard says he knows nothing greater than man, and he has studied human kind long enough to know. He is at his best when relating the life-stories of eminent men and women who have helped to make the world a better place to live in. ¶ This sturdy volume of three hundred fifty pages contains brief biographies of a baker's dozen of good men and great.



Ruskin Shakespeare Carlyle
Dickens Goldsmith Turner
Swift Wordsworth Hugo
Walt Whitman Gladstone
Thackeray George Eliot

¶ This book is a very extraordinary specimen of the bookmaker's craft. Printed on English paper, bound in antique pigskin, with old-style copper buckle, strap fastening. The type, initials & ornaments were devised especially for this edition. Just the book to take with you on your vacation. The price, too, is a special midsummer inducement—only Five Dollars.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie Co., New York

AN AMERICAN BIBLE

With an Introduction by ALICE HUBBARD

MOST timely is the recent appearance of Arnold Bennett's little book, anent, *Living on Twenty-four Hours a Day.* ¶ Alice Hubbard has edited **An American Bible**, essentially a book for Twenty-four Hours a Day — one that we can understand and appreciate without the use of a concordance or an index expurgatorius. ¶ There has long been a crying need for such a book as this. Since we are living now and here, in this "workaday world," surely our best possible preparation for any future state is a life of optimism, usefulness and service, from day to day. ¶ This practical American Bible includes noteworthy selections from the writings and utterances of eight representative American men, from Benjamin Franklin to Elbert Hubbard. Each one of the eight has a personal message of uplift and inspiration, which no true, red-blooded American can afford to miss.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK STATE

THE Roycrofters have some copies of **An American Bible** that will delight book-lovers. These books are printed in two colors, on Strathmore Japan paper, with specially designed initials, headbands and tailpieces, and eight photogravures. The typography is taken from Venetian books of the Fourteenth Century, and is suggestive and unique. ¶ Bound in gray, antique, full pigskin. Designed cover, price Ten Dollars. ¶ Semi-flexible binding, price Five Dollars

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Constructive Magazines

WHEN you tell your sales story through the pages of THE FRA and THE PHILISTINE Magazines, you are talking to people in sympathy with you and persuaded in your favor. ¶ Most of the advertisements, whether prepared in East Aurora or in the Big Advertising Centers, are prepared especially with this Fraternity Idea in mind. "Special copy for the Elbert Hubbard Magazines" is the rule. Readers of THE FRA and THE PHILISTINE can compliment themselves on the fact that advertisers always want their FRA and PHILISTINE advertisements to be extra good. The readers of these magazines can be sure of the integrity of these ads, too, because when men talk out of their hearts, even through advertising writers, they are sincere and square. ¶ THE FRA Magazine made more sales of Big Ben Clocks at a less expense than any other medium used by Westclox —a significant fact and an interesting one. ¶ THE FRA and THE PHILISTINE carry with them the humanities. They have a serious intent, and yet the smile is not manicured out of them. A magazine without a smile is like a hospital, which can send a man home with one leg less, but never a leg extra. THE FRA and THE PHILISTINE take nothing away, but add much to your happiness and well-being. ¶ I will be glad to hear from advertisers who want to know more about the success of THE FRA and THE PHILISTINE as Advertising Mediums

JAMES WALLEN, Advertising Manager
THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

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IF YOU take an active, healthsome interest in the life of our times, you want *The Fra* Magazine. Through the medium of its pages Elbert Hubbard speaks with gentle philosophy and graceful satire concerning topics that are engaging the public attention at the present time. Mr. Hubbard has a message of courage, uplift and good-cheer for every man, woman and child in this country. If you would realize thoroughly and keenly the full possibilities of our modern American life, you must traverse the Open Road afoot with the Fra, and let him tell you some things that you know, but, as Mr. Edison puts it, do not know that you know until Fra Elbertus tells you.

The subscription price of *The Fra* Magazine is Two Dollars a year, and with it we are now offering any one of the following Roycroft books, as a premium.

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An American Bible is one of the most important books ever published in this country. To quote from the introduction, "This American Bible is fitted to the needs of men and women now on earth, and the hope is that it will help them to live—we can die without assistance."

Bound in flexible leather.

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Henry David Thoreau is a unique figure in American literature. He lived a life of freedom which his contemporaries could not comprehend. Even to worthy people of the present day, Thoreau is somewhat of an enigma; but he was a keen observer of men and manners, and a deep thinker. His ideas on Friendship, Love and Marriage have a strangely modern ring. They are quite as pertinent today as when the Sage committed them to paper.

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Washington Irving's fascinating stories have cast a mantle of charming and subtle persuasion about the region of the Hudson Valley. There has never been a more entertaining tale than *Rip Van Winkle*. It is a perpetual delight to young people of all ages, and if Irving had never written anything else, this story alone would have made him famous. The Roycrofters have clothed the book in appropriate garb.

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Thirty-two essays make up the volume, and each several essay is a little preachment that will give you wholesome, healthful thoughts, and boundless satisfaction.

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BOUND VOLUMES OF *THE FRA* AND *THE PHILISTINE*

TWO HUNDRED years ago Joseph Addison was contributing daily essays to *The Spectator,* with now and then a paper by Sir Richard Steele and Eustace Budgell ❧ The first number of *The Spectator* appeared on March First, 1711; the last on December Twentieth, 1714; but Addison's graceful stylistic pen gave the sheet undying fame. Original copies of *The Spectator* would now be worth many times their weight in radium.

THE FRA and *The Philistine* are to Americans of the present day what *The Spectator* was to Londoners of Queen Anne's time. Elbert Hubbard is a versatile and prolific writer. He has the Midas literary touch. He commands a following that can be claimed by no other writer of modern times. Wilbur Nesbit says, "Any one who reads *THE FRA* for two years is an educated person, whether he has ever trod a College Campus or not."

Bound volumes of *THE FRA* and *The Philistine* are worth possessing. No well-selected library is complete without them. *THE FRA* is bound in solid, heavy boards, with brown leather back. Size, ten by fourteen inches. Volume VIII of *THE FRA* is now ready for shipment. The price is Three Dollars.

¶ Volume XXXIII of *The Philistine*, bound in boards, leather back, is also ready for delivery. Price, One Dollar. Address,

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Eminent Artists Books I and II by Elbert Hubbard

RODMAN WANAMAKER writes: "When in doubt I present 'em with a copy of *Little Journeys* ❧ I have given away thousands of these books."

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The Roycrofters offer Special Sets of *Little Journeys*, printed on handmade paper, bound in three-quarters levant, hand-tooled, and hand-illuminated in gold and colors.

The lining and sides of the books are of marbled paper, and there are six portraits in each volume.

The sets are packed in special boxes, and sent, on request, to the favored folks for whom they are intended.

There are some sets of EMINENT ARTISTS, Books I and II, in Blue and Green Levant. ¶ EMINENT ORATORS, Books I and II, in Blue, Brown and Green Levant. ¶ GREAT SCIENTISTS, Books I and II, in Red, Brown and Green Levant. ¶ GREAT PHILOSOPHERS, Books I and II, in Blue and Green Levant.

Price for each set, Twenty Dollars.

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N.Y.

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Unique Vases Of Hand-Hammered Copper



Hand-hammered copper vase, designed to accommodate a single blossom. The circular base and supporting rods are of hand-hammered copper, & there is a glass flower-holder. Copper & crystal constitute a particularly pleasing combination. The price of this vase is Two Dollars.

Whatever The Roycrofters do, they do with all their hearts, the very best they know how; and herein lies the secret of their success in making things that are serviceable & beautiful. The creator is greater than that which he creates, but that very fact lends charm and individuality to the offspring of his brain.

The Roycrofters love & revere flowers, & because they love flowers & do them reverence, they make flower-vases that are the embodiment of grace, delicacy and chaste beauty.



Square vase of copper, hand-hammered. On one side is wrought in German Silver the famous Roycroft mark. This is an unusually simple, and at the same time, lovely vase. It stands six and seven-eighths inches tall. Price, Seven Dollars.



Simple shaft vase of hand-hammered copper. The four extension handles give an impression of symmetry & strength. The vase is eight inches in height, and costs Five Dollars.



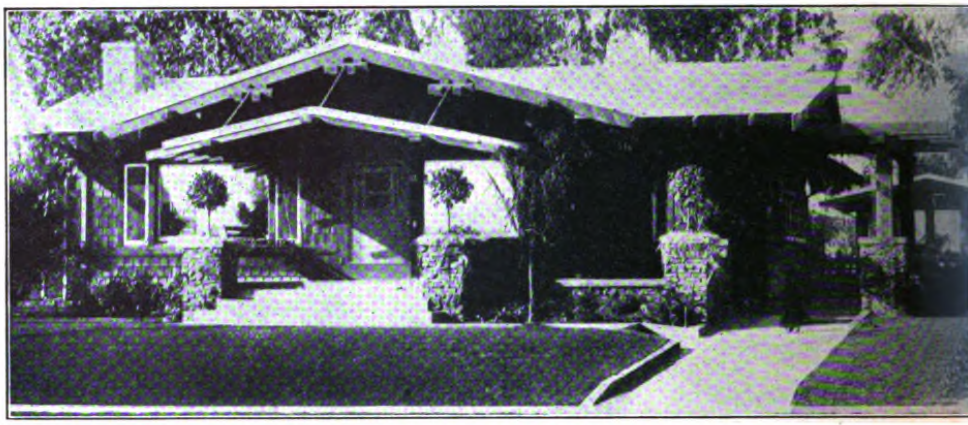
Hand-hammered copper vase with square base & "flying" handle, & glass tube for a single flower. Price, Two Dollars.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

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If you are going to build a home, church, library, school, office building or public bu ing of any kind, or especially if you want to lay out a model town-site, private estat residential tract, or contemplate a city-beautiful campaign, let me come and see you my expense on one of my quarterly coast-to-coast trips and get your exact requireme



Architect HERBERT C

Ah! How That Rascal CAN Write a Letter!

WORDS without wind, waste or wishy-wash. Facts without fol-de-rol. Truth without Tommy-rot. Oh, it 's so very easy to stitch 'em smoothly, Sirrah! Red-blooded, rippling sentences that say something! Why the fellow's letter-language is like fluid—he pours it out with a refreshing simplicity that opens the Mind and Drives the Big Thought Clean Home! For Words come carbonated or uncarbonated. They bubble with effervescent life, or lie still, stale and flat upon the paper. This Davison chap 's an ignoramus at all things save ONE! The Lord meant him for a Letter-writer, and so he is! Now, you can jolly well bet your bloomin' boots he has right in his Roof at this very moment, the Precise package of Persuasives YOU should have in THAT LETTER. "What letter?" Where 's your memory, confound it! Why, *the letter you lack to land the lucre!* And for a few Pounds he 'll let go of it —and like as not it 'll send the Crowns and Sovereigns scamperin' your way. Tap the wireless (Uncle Sam's) and talk to 'im.—His letters are Getters of Debtors

Ad-Man Davison

America's Foremost Wordologist

(Barring Roosevelt, Elbert Hubbard and Tom Lawson)

Waldheim Bldg. : KANSAS CITY

Sound Advice to Small Investors

WHILE in this country the market is shaky and profits go up and down and often vanish entirely in a day or two, there are chances in Canada for the man with a few hundred dollars to invest it with the perfect assurance that his money is at least safe and in reality can hardly fail to double or triple, in a short time.

The way to find out these chances is to watch where the new railroads are going. The railroad has always been the key to wealth in Canada and the greatest of them all, the Grand Trunk Pacific, is now being built.

According to the registered right of way this line when completed will join Fort Fraser, B. C., with both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and gather in a volume of commerce that is sure to make this future city one of the most important in all Canada.

Calgary, when opened up by the Canadian Pacific, took a jump from 4,000 to 40,000 in population and $200 lots rose to fabulous prices, some even going as high as $10,000 to $50,000. Edmonton, Prince Rupert and other towns have had similar experiences and this kind of history is now to be more than repeated in Fort Fraser.

This townsite has more natural advantages than any other new town in Canada, being a center for commerce by both land and water and located in the midst of one of the richest agricultural regions on the earth. It only awaits the railroad, to start the same kind of development which made the fortunes of the early investors in Calgary.

¶ Conditions just now are ripe for big things to happen within a few months. Grading camps are already working in Fort Fraser, government buildings are about to be built there, three other railroads are on the way and hundreds of settlers are crowding in to take advantage of the opportunity offered.

The man with small capital can snap up some of the choicest lots in Fort Fraser now for as little as $200 and up, if he acts quickly; and pay for them on the easy terms of $10 down and $10 per month. No interest or taxes until fully paid and titles guaranteed by the British Columbia government itself. For official plat and full information about Fort Fraser write to

Spence, Jordan & Co., Dept. AX, Marquette Bldg. CHICAGO

Choice selected garden-land near Fort Fraser also to be had on easy terms.

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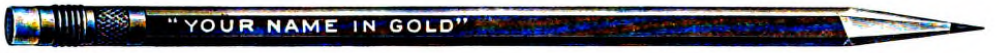
ND SEE YOU

offices at St. Louis or San Francisco take care of such work as I cannot personally idle. At the San Francisco office, Russ Building, I publish a 1000-page $1.00 book of igns, "Artistic Homes," which may interest you. Also a 7 x 11 dollar book of actual otographs of California Bungalows and Homes, also a fifty-cent book of Churches.



HIVERS, Herald Square Bldg., 7th Floor New York

PENCIL PUBLICULTURE



HERBERT N. CASSON says, "While a little corporation may advertise, a large corporation must." And so if you want your business to increase, you must eternally remind the people.

There are some ways of advertising which serve as reminders and are just as important as the other forms of advertising, because they are memory-inducers.

Doctor Parker used to start his sermons with the phrase, "I want to remind you—" complimenting his audience that they already knew what he was going to talk about.

L. G. Farrar, the Pencil Man, is doing more than any one man in his line to help businessmen remind the public of the fact that they are on earth. It was Farrar who evolved genuine gold-stamping, the highest development in quality Ad Pencils.

Just now Farrar is making a special offer to advertisers just to get acquainted. He will sell you One thousand Hexagon Rubber-Tipped Hand-Polished Pencils for Thirty Dollars. This includes your ad in gold. Seven colors are furnished, Lavender, Light Green, Cerise, White, Dark Green, Orange and Blue.

Send Twenty-five Cents for a set of three pencils with your name or ad stamped in gold, enclosed in a beautiful floral-design box. This is a novel and useful gift and a sales-getting premium

Mr. Farrar also supplies round pencils and penholders, showing trademark and special designs for advertising purposes. Farrar's Pencils, whether intended for office use or general distribution, are always first quality in every particular. Let Farrar make friends among the people for you and your business through the medium of his lead-pencils. This is "Scientific Publiculture."

L. G. Farrar, (Inc.) *The "Pencil Man"* 10 Spruce Street, New York

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WORKING FOR AND WITH THE ORGANIZATION BE A CONTRIBUTOR!

A NEWSPAPER clipping has been forwarded to us by a correspondent who signs himself, "An ardent reader, Installer, Orange." ¶ The clipping was Elbert Hubbard's article, *An Unusual Report,* being an able comment on the last report of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and a high tribute to Mr. Vail, which appeared in a number of newspapers recently.

Our correspondent says: "I thought you could use it because it is 'unusual' and it is nice to hear from others who can see through matters of this kind and are reasonable persons."

"Reasonable persons"; this was a happy thought on the part of our contributor. We hope there is no one in this company to whom the term can not be applied, and every one of us should be inspired with the same enthusiasm to do our part towards the success of our great organization that characterizes this outsider. Note the following extracts:

The recently published annual statement of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company is a very remarkable document.

In it President Vail discusses the value of telephone service to the public, and states very frankly that in order to afford the best possible utility to the public, a telephone company should control the entire telephone field. And the nearer this can be brought about, the closer the approach to the maximum efficiency of one hundred per cent will be attained.

In a district where two telephones operate, overhead charges are pretty nearly doubled. The "consumer" has two booths instead of one. One bell rings and the other telephone is answered. Annoyance and waste of time of at least two people are constant results.

If there are three telephone companies in a district, it is absolutely fatal to the success of any of them. The profit involved is so slight that the cost of maintenance must be reduced to a minimum. ¶ Managers of these so-called monopolies all realize the argument here put forth by President Vail, but none that I can now recall have ever had the temerity to go before the public with a frank statement putting forth the argument that a monopoly may do for the people what unrestrained competition never can. ¶ In the history of economics, President Vail's appeal to the public should rank as an epoch. Instead of stating the case to the directors, behind barred doors, around a long table covered with green baize, President Vail takes the public into his confidence. He has nothing to hide, nothing to conceal, nothing to hold back, and his belief is that, when the public at large appreciate the condition, they will agree with him in his conclusions.

President Vail came up from the ranks. Born in the South, he now lives in Vermont. In youth he knew decent poverty, going to the little red schoolhouse, clerking in the village store, becoming a schoolteacher, a country doctor, a businessman, a manufacturer, banker, builder, installing electric railways and telegraphs and telephones in South America, all the time making head, he has evolved into one of the strongest executives in America, or in the round world. ¶ He has health, patience, persistence, and an insight into the heart or things, all coupled with prophetic vision, which mark him as one of the world-makers.

Clippings that are interesting and valuable are always welcome. These should not be at the expense of original contributions, however. We are often asked why we do not print more about one or another branch of the business, when the very ones who ask the questions are able to send us contributions that would supply what they desire.

It is not necessary that you should be able to write like Elbert Hubbard, for instance. We can not do it either, but if you send us in what you can, we will try to make use of it.—*The Telephone Review* (New York Telephone Co.) *June, 1912.*

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ROYCROFT BAGS

In Modeled Leather

¶ Roycroft modeled-leather bags are distinctive, durable and in good style. Only the highest quality material is employed in the making of these bags, and the name of Herr Frederick C. Kranz associated with leather-work is always a guaranty of superfine workmanship.

¶ This is undoubtedly the most exquisite bag The Roycrofters have ever offered to a discriminating public. This bag is made of English calf, and the lining is a soft-toned ooze-calf, lovely in the extreme. The frame is of hand-hammered copper, with trimmings of silver. It is set with cat's-eyes. The bag is hand-laced with strips of goat-skin, remarkably tough-fibered. The hand-braided handles are also of goat-skin. There is an inside pocket, fitted with coin-purse.

¶ Size, 9 x 10¼ inches. Price, Thirty-five Dollars.



¶ Our Shopping-Bags are made of finest quality bold-grain Spanish cowhide, are lined with ooze-morocco, and are constructed with a view to lasting service.

¶ These bags come in three sizes, as follows:

6¾ x 9 inches; price, Ten Dollars.
7½ x 10 inches; price, Twelve Dollars.
7½ x 11 inches; price, Fifteen Dollars.

¶ Each bag has an inside pocket, fitted with coin-purse to match the bag.

¶ Recently The Roycrofters evolved a new style shopping-bag with braided handle, adapted for afternoon use, and designed especially for young girls. The price is but $3.50.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

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Sweet's Catalogue of Building Construction

11,000 Copies Guaranteed

Simplicity of the Index is Vital to You



SWEET'S Catalogue of Building Construction is a co-operative catalogue of nearly 900 firms. Size, 10 x 14 inches, and over 3 inches thick. Contains nearly 2,000 pages. Its distribution is guaranteed, and its daily use is a matter of proven record.

The 1913 edition (eighth year) is now being compiled

THE usefulness of a large catalogue depends mainly upon the completeness and simplicity of its index.

Architects "find it" in

SWEET'S CATALOGUE

in a minute—either by products, by firms, or by locations. Its index is both complete and simple.

Mr. Manufacturer, when YOUR catalogue is in SWEET'S, you may be sure it can be found easily and quickly, and we guarantee it will reach

All Practising Architects
Important Engineers
General Contractors
Purchasing Agents
Railroads
City, State and
Government Officials

and it will be KEPT ON ACTIVE DUTY.

We would like to surprise you with the very low cost of this service.

SWEET'S CATALOGUE

11 East Twenty-fourth Street, New York City

CHICAGO, Monadnock Building
PITTSBURGH, Bessemer Building

BOSTON, 114 Federal Street
PHILADELPHIA, 683 Chestnut Street

IT is folly to attempt by statute law to prevent the operation of natural law ☙ The highest of all natural laws ordains production of the largest possible amount of the necessaries of life at the lowest cost, in order that all may have plenty ☙ The industrial monopoly, rightly managed, can produce goods of all kinds cheaper than competing companies, with their waste investment in duplicated plants, salaries, interest, insurance, etc., have ever done or ever can do. Can do it without cutting wages or lowering the living standard of its employees. Can, indeed, do it while raising wages above the level in competitive companies ☙ We do not say it has, but we say it can. We say it can raise wages and cut prices below old competitive levels, by ceasing to draw off excessive owners' profits on watered stocks and bonds, and by means of excessive salaries, inside grafts of one kind or another, and so on. ¶ Our trusts have undoubtedly effected enormous savings in production and distribution of the necessaries of life ☙ But the fact that the trust masters have not shared these savings with the masses of the people does not disprove the value of the labor-saving and money-saving machinery which they have created.—*Frank Putnam.*

☙

LIFE is a tender thing and is easily molested. There is always something that goes amiss. Vain vexations—vain sometimes, but always vexatious. The smallest and slightest impediments are the most piercing; and as little letters most tire the eyes, so do little affairs most disturb us.—*Montaigne.*

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THE units of a nation's military reserve are its able-bodied fighting men; but as long as these fighting men are scattered over the country, unorganized, they constitute no military reserve to defend the country against mobs, insurrection, or the invasions of the public enemy. So, if these units of the military reserve of a country are organized into seven thousand small bands, under the command of seven thousand independent captains, for the purpose of protecting their individual localities, but absolutely refusing to leave their locality or engage in the general defense of any other locality, owing no allegiance to each other or to any superior officer, they would in no proper sense of the word constitute a military reserve.

The present condition of the so-called bank reserves is exactly similar. Its enormous units, of gold dollars, are unorganized, scattered in insignificant banks, each commanded by an independent captain, who is intent upon taking care of himself, who refuses allegiance to any superior officer, and refuses to go to the defense of any other bank when beset by the public enemy—distrust.—*A. B. Stickney.*



Don't set your mind—set Big Ben

Don't bother *your* head about getting up. Leave it to Big Ben.

You ought to go to sleep at night with a *clear brain*—untroubled and clear from getting up worries. You men, if you are up to date workers, work with your brains as well as with your hands. Such a little thing as "deciding to get up at a certain time in the morning" and *keeping* it on *your mind* often spoils a needed night's rest and makes a bad "next day." Try Big Ben on your dresser for one week. He makes getting up so *easy* that the whole day is better.

Big Ben is not the usual alarm. He's a timekeeper; a good, all-purpose clock for *every day* and *all day* use and for years of service.

He stands seven inches tall. He wears a coat of triple-nickel plated steel. He rings with one long loud ring for 5 minutes *straight*, or for 10 minutes at *intervals* of 30 seconds unless you shut him off.

His big, bold figures and hands are *easy to read* in the dim morning light, his large strong keys are *easy to wind*. His price, $2.50, is *easy to pay* because his advantages are so *easy to see*. See them at your jeweler.

16,000 jewelers have already adopted him. If you cannot find him at yours, a money order addressed to *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*, will bring him to you express charges prepaid.

$2.50

Sold by Jewelers. Three Dollars in Canada.

THAT great mystery of Time, were there no other; the illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called Time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean tide, on which we and all the Universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions which are, and then are not: this is forever very literally a miracle; a thing to strike us dumb, for we have no word to speak about it.—*Carlyle.*

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Three Charming Roycroft Books



THE LAW OF LOVE, BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY

¶ William Marion Reedy has all of the poetry of that other Irishman, Tom Moore, added to the commonsense of Thomas Jefferson. His book, THE LAW OF LOVE, proves this. Listen to his description of Maude Adams:

¶ "In I know not what manner this woman — perhaps I should call her girl — never fails to make me think of old roses, old songs, old landscapes, that I saw and knew under circumstances pleasant, but now sad in remembrance. Something about her ever brings back to mind the fact that there is in life and in memory a' bitterness of things too sweet.' There 's an ancient atmosphere about her, as if she were some creature many million years young, joyous while endeavoring to hide some wondrous secret. Her simplicity is so rare and fine that you scarce can help feeling that she is untrammeled by even original sin."

¶ And now, you want the book. The Roycrofters have but a few copies left. It is printed in three colors, on English Boxmoor, and bound in flexible leather covers. Price, Two Dollars.

THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM



¶ Some books there are of which we never tire. The RUBAIYAT is one of them. No matter how often we have thumbed its familiar pages, Omar is an old friend, whom we love to revisit, and we always find him wise and charming. The RUBAIYAT is a "quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore," whose epigrammatic quatrains sing their way irresistibly into the heart.

¶ Here is an edition to delight the soul of a bibliophile. It ought to adorn your library-table. Printed in two colors, and substantially bound in boards, with leather back. Designed cover.

¶ Price, Two Dollars.



FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND MARRIAGE

BY HENRY DAVID THOREAU

¶ There is an indescribable fascination about Thoreau. The man whose life trends away from the ordinary path of human experience must ever present points of peculiar attraction to the world at large. Life as lived by his Concord neighbors seemed to Thoreau petty, cramped and circumscribed. He was capable of discerning and comprehending a deeper significance in life.

¶ Notwithstanding Thoreau wrote more than sixty years ago, his reflections are quite as pertinent today as they were then. On Friendship, Love and Marriage, in particular, his views have an intimate relation to the thought of our own day.

¶ Bound in one-half Vellum, with sides of Italian handmade paper; special cover-design, title-page and initials.

¶ Price, Two Dollars.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie County, New York

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New HUDSON "37"

Completely Equipped. No Extras to Buy



The Composite Masterpiece of 48 Great Engineers

Working together, the automobile industry's leading engineers have built a wonderful automobile. It is acknowledged the Masterpiece of Four-Cylinder cars.

Working separately, these 48 engineers had had a hand in building more than 200,000 cars of 97 well-known makes.

Their chief in building the HUDSON "37" is Howard E. Coffin, America's foremost motor car designer.

His inspiration and guidance and the stimulating influence of each man upon his associates has brought out of each of these 48 men greater work than was possible under the conditions under which they did work.

So the HUDSON "37" represents the best of which all these men, working together, are capable.

They have concentrated in this one car the combined skill and experience gathered in the 97 leading factories of the world.

Imagine what strides, what advancement, men of such experience are bound to offer in a car which all have joined in perfecting. No individual, no matter how clever, can hope to compete against such a combined array of skill & ability.

No one is likely to soon have many new ideas to offer that these 48 engineers have not already anticipated.

Worked For Two Years

The result of two years' work, the master-work in a four-cylinder car, is shown in the HUDSON "37."

As they built and tested, tore down and rebuilt, they worked toward perfection. Cars were thoroughly tested. Last winter thousands of miles were driven over roads buried in snow. Cars were sent into the mountains.

Thus these men, each studying the part that he knew most about, eliminated the faults that are common to motor cars. They have built a simple car. They have eliminated many parts. An automobile of 1200 parts is a better car than one of 2400 parts, because it is simpler.

That was a principle underlying the building of the "37."

And yet no strength has been sacrificed—no comfort disregarded. Nothing that would add to the ease of riding or pleasure of the passenger has been left out.

All Without Extravagance

And the best point about all these things is that they have been accomplished without extravagance.

The car is complete in every detail. The motor is started electrically. A generator furnishes the electric lights. Speedometer and clock are included. 36-inch wheels are used, carrying four inch tires on demountable rims. The windshield is made a part of the car.

Truly this is a car that represents the best that these 48 expert engineers are capable of producing. They all join in saying, "It is the best we know."

Models and Price

Five-Passenger Touring, Five-Passenger Torpedo, Two-Passenger Roadster—$1875, f. o. b. Detroit. Canadian price, duty paid, $2375, f. o. b. Detroit.

See the Triangle on the Radiator

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7364 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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ELIMINATE CHANCE AND SUCCEED

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

¶ "Get your principles right," says Napoleon, "and the rest is a mere matter of detail." ¶ No man can say to what extent a business will grow when the principles upon which it is founded are scientific and based on good psychology. ¶ In order to get a scientific proposition we have to eliminate chance and thus secure the law of average.

¶ Were it not for statistics, life and fire insurance would be absolute impossibilities. Through large numbers chance is eliminated.

¶ The best and most satisfactory statistical concern in the world is that founded by Roger W. Babson, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts. And in passing, it is well enough to acknowledge the fact that it is the largest statistical organization in America. I believe there are two such in England, one in Germany, one in France, and none in Russia. ¶ The business of Babson is to supply reliable statistics for the use of businessmen.

¶ I have in my library a book entitled, ***Business Barometers,*** by Roger W. Babson. The price of this book is Two Dollars, and it has given me ideas that are worth many hundred. ¶ Roger W. Babson has worked out, at great expense of time, money, patience and materials, business schemes and methods. Babson knows everything that will not work—and some things that will.

¶ Bankers, manufacturers, investors, miners, railroad-men, civil engineers, should be in touch with Roger W. Babson. The laws of trade are just as sure as the trade-winds or the tides that come and go. Commodity prices, commercial failures, cause and effect, supply and demand, over-production, bad business or money flowing throughout the land as waters from an artesian well flow down the sandy slopes and irrigate the waste places—these are the Babson raw-stock.

¶ Business is a science. Until very recent times it has been a haphazard, catch-as-catch-can, happy-go-lucky, now-you-see-it-and-now-you-don't proposition. In degree, business has been a sort of gambling game.

¶ Babson's business is to collect statistics on a vast number of themes relating to the ebb and flow of business, the rise and fall of confidence and credit. Babson tells you where business is good and where things are dull. He shows you which way the tide is running, and by the use of his tables and the valuable information that he can impart to you, you will be able to pilot your ship into port on the high tide and not drown amid the shoals and shallows. There always is business somewhere, and you should be getting your share.

¶ Do not take my word for this: just write a letter to the Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, asking for literature, stating your line of business, and then thank me for putting you next to a good thing.

Address Dept. F-8 of the

Babson Statistical Organization

Babson Offices, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Largest Organization of its Class in U. S.

THERE is no month more beautiful than August. It has a serene splendor and maturity about it that are beautiful. The soil is dry, the sky is bright and beautiful, with scattered and silvery clouds. The foliage is full and luxuriant; the grass fields, mown in June and July, are now full of the richest grass, and cattle wander through them in finest condition, or lie in groups worthy of a painter's hand. There is a sort of second Spring in trees, the oak and the elm especially putting forth new shoots of a lighter tint. The hedges put on the same vernal-looking hue; and the heather on the moors, and scabiuses, blue chicory, and large white convolvulus, hawkweeds, honeysuckles, and the small blue campanula, make the fields gay. The nuts, still green, hang in prodigal clusters on the tall, old hedges of woodland lanes. Young frogs, in thousands, are issuing from the waters and traversing the roads; and birds, having terminated their Spring cares, are out enjoying their families in the sunny and plentiful fields.

It would be a long task to enumerate the flowers that now make brilliant both our gardens and the country. The reign of the rose is, for the most part, over; and the foxglove, the almanac of July, has dropped, day by day, its flowers, beginning at the bottom of the row, and has but a few or none now remaining at the top of the stalk. Pinks, carnations, balsams, scabiuses, agapanthas, evening primroses, coreopses, escholtzias, those purple convolvuluses, the "morning-glory" of the Americans, and an abundance of other flowers, still make gardens charming; and apples, pears, plums, melons,

Our boys explore their environment. We have fields, forests, shops—and opportunity. The Roycroft School for Boys. Send for catalog.

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and other fruits abound; and the hop-harvest begins ❧

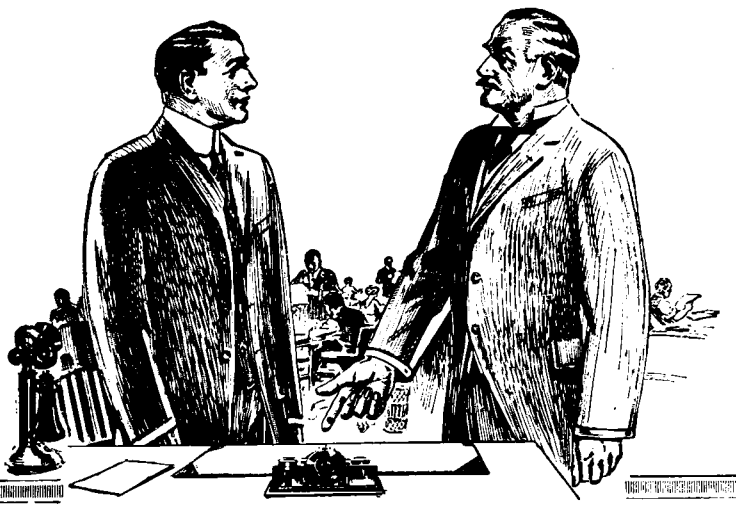
Toward the end of the month symptoms of the year's decline begin to press upon our attention. The morning and the evening air has an autumnal freshness ❧ The hedge-fruit has acquired a tinge of ruddiness ❧ The berries of the mountain-ash have assumed their beautiful orange hue; and swallows twitter as they fly, or sit perched in a row upon a rail, or the dead bough of a tree ❧ The swift has taken its departure ❧ That beautiful phenomenon, the white fog, is again beheld rolling its snowy billows along the valleys, the dark tops of trees emerging from it as from a flood.

¶ All the world is out; seashores, bathing-places, rivers, and mountains, at home and abroad, are more populous now than cities. The tailor, stupefied till he mistakes himself for his own goose—the shopkeeper, till he sees no difference between himself and a *counter*—the very mechanic, steals off to some spot of recreation. Innkeepers only are at home to receive their fellow-subjects' money; and poor authors, because they seldom do receive it.

The only people who, toward the end of August, flock into towns, are farmers, who have cut their corn, and naturally escape for awhile out of the country, of which they have had eleven months' surfeit, and now especially enjoy hot pavements, glowing brick walls, and crowds of sultry people.—*William Howitt.*

❧

Government is a trust, and the officers of the government are trustees; and both the trusts and the trustees are created for the benefit of the people.—*Henry Clay.*



"You Have Learned How to Think
-Take Charge"

"Your Sheldon training has increased your value to me and to yourself at the same time. It has trained you how to develop and use the very powers that most men allow to lie dormant. It has made you an executive before you realized it *because it has taught you how to go ahead without supervision.* This is a big jump for you, but it's only a start if you keep on the way you have begun."

Sheldon Develops & Trains Your Own Unused Strength

Few men ever use more than one-tenth of their full mental powers. Almost *unlimited* possibilities await the man who will develop his own dormant resources.

The new Sheldon Business Building Course teaches you how to think clearly and constructively *in a straight line.* It shows you how to use and apply the fundamental laws that absolutely govern success in every branch of business.

Every single word is thoroughly *practical.* Every lesson marks an *immediate* step forward toward success.

To Employers

The Sheldon Course in Business Building is the *applied science of business in concentrated, practical form.*

2,500 concerns that recognize the value of increasing the efficiency of their own organizations *from the inside,* are now taking up this course officially with their employes. The results are remarkable. We shall be glad to supply you with the names of several in your own vicinity and allow you to communicate with them direct.

Send Now for the Sheldon Book

The coupon below or a postal or letter will bring you the valuable book, "The Service Idea," and clear, complete, detailed information. No obligation whatever. It will only take a couple of minutes to get this information—it may be worth thousands of dollars to you. Send now.

The Sheldon School

1354 Republic Bldg., Chicago
300 Fifth Avenue, NewYork
Birkbeck, Bank Chambers, London, England.

THE SHELDON SCHOOL,
1354 Republic Building, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE copy of "The Service Idea," giving full information regarding Sheldon methods.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

We have the equipment, and we have the teachers. The Roycroft School for Boys at East Aurora, N. Y.

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VOLTITE

A Twentieth-Century Miracle

FOR years so-called electroplating powders have been on the market, but there is not one that has lived up to the claims advanced by its promoters.

¶ At last, however, there has been evolved an article of sterling worth, that is gaining popularity by leaps and bounds, and making thousands of friends in America, just as it did in Australasia.

¶ We refer to VOLTITE, the great invention of Mr. Arthur T. Firth, the well-known electro-chemist and metallurgist, of Auckland, New Zealand.

¶ Voltite is the result of nine years of patient study and research.

¶ The real miracle about Voltite is its amazing simplicity.

¶ Kipling sings of "a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair"; but the Voltite people speak of a rag, some water and a can of Voltite. With the aid of these materials you can work wonders in the twinkling of an eye.

¶ Voltite is a specially prepared powder, by the use of which the veriest novice can quickly and easily replate worn metals.

¶ A layer of gold, silver, nickel, platinum or tin can be deposited on the worn metal surface, and built up to any desired thickness, according to the amount of powder used.

¶ Voltite enables the housewife to do in a few minutes, with not the slightest trouble, what formerly could be accomplished only by prolonged use of the dynamo and the electro-plating baths.

¶ Voltite provides a hard, durable, brilliant surface that will not peel, scale off, corrode or tarnish.

¶ Doctor Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, is greatly interested in the invention of Voltite. He calls it "a wonderful and simple process," and declares that "its practical possibilities are many."

¶ Voltite can be used on so many articles that to enumerate them all within the compass of a brief announcement is next to impossible.

¶ In this connection it may be well to say that Voltite is emphatically not an experiment. Its practical value has been demonstrated time and again, and the tremendous demand for the powders is proof positive that the uses are well-nigh universal.

¶ Ask your dealer for Voltite. If he can not supply you, send Fifty Cents for a sample can of Nickel Voltite Powder, One Dollar for a can of Silver Voltite Powder, or Three Dollars for a bottle of Gold Voltite.

¶ By complying with the directions accompanying each can of Voltite, you will speedily be convinced of the intrinsic worth of this splendid preparation.

AMERICAN VOLTITE CO.

225 WEST 39th STREET ::: NEW YORK CITY

AS indicating the diversity of methods employed to keep the United States in its position as the greatest agricultural nation in the world the United States Bureau of Education notes that instruction in efficiency methods on the farm is now given in this country through no less than eleven main agencies. These agencies are elementary and secondary schools, and agricultural high schools; county schools of agriculture; traveling schools teaching the same pursuit; farmers' educational trains; farmers' institutes; agricultural clubs and like organizations; gardens for city schools; normal schools of agriculture; and colleges of agriculture.

The movement toward agricultural education itself has attained considerable proportions only within a very few years. Thus, it is interesting to note that the first chair in agricultural education, as such, in this country was founded by the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

Now about two-thirds of the agricultural and mechanical colleges in the United States are offering some opportunity for special preparation for teaching agriculture. Agricultural institutions of college grade have of course been in existence for many years, but the agricultural education of children is a movement of such recent growth that, like the pupils, it may almost be said to be even now in its teens.

The nation-wide movement for the instruction of young girls in the household arts as parallel courses to those in agriculture which are taught their brothers is even more of an innovation than the teaching of agriculture itself to children. Nevertheless, the newer

Half a day at the books, and half a day at useful work—that's the plan at The Roycroft School for Boys.

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subject has made such rapid strides that today practically every elementary school or high school which offers agriculture to its pupils, also includes domestic science in its course as well. Indeed, the two courses are regarded as so intimately related that in many colleges the domestic-science courses are included in the department of agriculture, the girl graduates from the cooking-school receiving the same agricultural degree as do the boys who take instruction in agricultural subjects.

Impressive Business Stationery

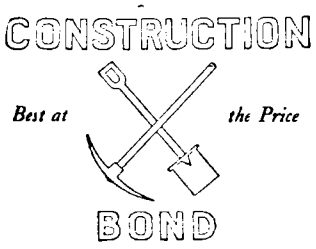
makes a letter seem more important at its destination. Immediate attention and prompter action are the results. That is why stationery produced on

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will increase the efficiency of your correspondence. By using Construction Bond you will also keep the cost within reason, because our *economical* method of distribution assures the user

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Note this difference: Construction Bond is sold *direct* to *responsible* printers and lithographers *everywhere* (never thru jobbers). It is sold *only* in quantities of *500 lbs. or more* at a time (enough for 50,000 letterheads), while other fine papers are handled as little as 20 lbs. at a time, thru jobbers. There is an obvious saving in expense on Construction Bond. It is *your* saving if you secure Construction Bond, and you *can* secure it *only* of those concerns *best* able to produce stationery of the character you want.



Construction Bond is made in white and seven colors, and in three finishes, with envelopes to match. Let us send you specimens of each, bearing handsome letterheads that may offer valuable suggestions for your own. These and the names of nearby printers & lithographers who handle Construction Bond sent *free* if you ask us on your *business* stationery.

W. E. WROE & CO.
Sales Office, 1002 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

TO be my best, not simply for my own sake, but for the sake of the world into which, setting my best, I shall make the world more complete, I shall do my little part to re-create it in the image of God. You can help your fellow-men; you must help your fellow-men; but the only way you can help them is by being the noblest and the best man that it is possible for you to be.—***Phillips Brooks.***

The chap who is really delivering his rated horsepower seldom runs with his cut-out open.—*J. J. Cole.*

LIFE would be a perpetual flea hunt if a man were obliged to run down all the innuendoes, inveracities, insinuations and misrepresentations which are uttered against him.—***Henry Ward Beecher.***

UNDERSTANDING does not always drive onward like an arrow. The mind sometimes by making a halt, and going round for advice, moves straight on none the less, and hits the mark.—***Marcus Aurelius.***

We have a farm of 500 acres—also shops—where our boys learn to be self-respecting and self-supporting. The Roycroft School for Boys.

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The Roycroft School for Boys

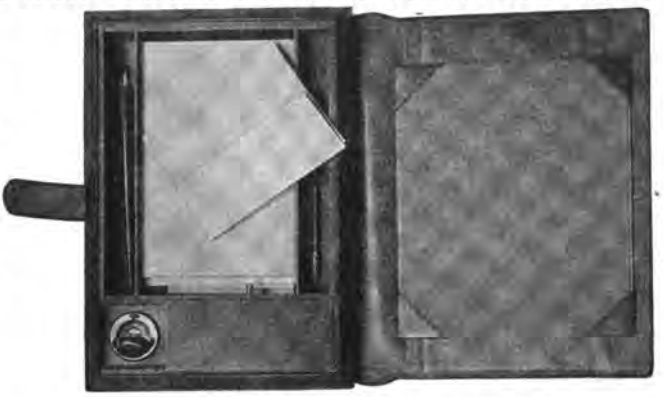
¶ Our School opens September Fifteenth, Nineteen Hundred Twelve.
¶ We want just thirty boys, and no more, as we find this is all we can supervise.
¶ Our plan is essentially the Montessori System --- only we never heard of the Montessori System until we had put our methods into practise. ¶ A year ago we had with us a dozen boys or so who weighed about one hundred pounds each. ¶ In six months' time these boys weighed from one hundred thirty-five to one hundred fifty each. We have never had a case of sickness in our School. One thing sure, our method produces a good animal. ¶ We have no gymnasium and no military methods. Our boys work at useful tasks, mostly out of doors. Their business is simply to explore their environment, make things, invent things, take responsibilities and complete tasks — with the discipline out of sight as much as possible. ¶ Education is a matter of pleasurable and useful employment. ¶ If you wish to know more about The Roycroft School of Life for Boys, write us for a catalog. Alice Hubbard, Principal, East Aurora, New York State.

Our boys adapt themselves to their surroundings. They care for horses, cattle, sheep, pigs and poultry. They plant trees, make gardens, make concrete blocks, build buildings. Best of all, they build character. The Roycroft School for Boys at East Aurora, N. Y. Send for catalog.

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FOR COLLEGE MEN AND WOMEN

THIS Travelers' Writing-Case, though portable, is intended for stationery use. It is quite the thing for the girl who is going away to boarding-school or college, or expects to study in Europe. It is equipped with writing-pad, pen and pencil trays, stamp-box and inkwell. It is of most convenient size, and will accommodate a goodly supply of writing materials. Open, this writing-case measures 2 x 13 x 18½ inches; closed, 2 x 9 x 13 inches. For this one time, as a special inducement, the price is just Ten Dollars.





EVERY college room has its desk or study-table, and a desk-pad is a practical necessity. This one has a hand-blotter and penwiper ☙ It measures 12 x 17 inches. Price, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents.



THERE are always some few favorite books that you like to have handy at your elbow, where you can snatch them up and dip into them at a moment's notice. For these intimate and never-failing friends, there is nothing so serviceable as a book-rack. The Roycrofters offer a book-rack made of hand-hammered copper, solid, substantial, beautiful and satisfactory. The price is Two Dollars.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

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The Yosemite Scarf

A Thing of Beauty

When Keats wrote, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," he was not thinking of the Yosemite Scarf, but he might have been ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ The Yosemite Scarf is a glorious and radiant creation. It is a fragrant reminiscence of some long-forgotten Arabian Night's Entertainment; a delicate suggestion of swinging censers, attar of roses, and tincture of myrrh; a stanza from the Rubaiyat translated into pure Japan silk, in colors of navy-blue, pink, brown, black, pongee, lavender, gray, moss-green, cream, white and light-blue. ¶ There is not a woman in the whole world who would not be proud and happy to possess so beautiful an art product as the Yosemite Scarf. Women who have these scarves prize them as among their most treasured possessions. There is nothing so cool and refreshing for warm midsummer days as a Yosemite Scarf. ¶ The Yosemite Scarf is made of the lightest fabric, consistent with serviceable wearing qualities. Washing furnishes the supreme test. The Yosemite Scarf is dustproof and waterproof. ¶ It can be washed without danger of shrinking or fading, and I know no other scarf of which this can truthfully be said ❧ ❧ ❧ Three Dollars will bring you boundless pleasure and satisfaction, in the shape of a Yosemite Scarf—just designate the tint you prefer and we will do the rest.

The Alisilk Sales Company
100 Stone St., Watertown, N. Y.

THE SEPTEMBER *FRA*

The September *Fra* will be of more than ordinary interest to progressive men and women who are looking toward the light. Among the more noteworthy articles are the following by Elbert Hubbard:

World's Greatest Question.—A new light on international disarmament.
About Pensions.—An honest criticism of the pension system that will evoke much comment.
Chicago Echoes.—Some vivid personal glimpses of the recent Chicago Bolt.
No Discrimination.—A talk on Panama policies.
Railroad Facilities.—Something about Texas and her policies that will strike home. A really remarkable article.

Among the notable contributed articles may be mentioned:

Home-Makers.—A pertinent discussion of home economics, by Alice Hubbard.
Big Business.—Personality as a factor in successful business, by Mike Kinney, Teamster.
Hanging Mark Wilkins.—A remarkable piece of descriptive writing, by John D. Barry, which, secretly, makes us ashamed of ourselves.

The September *Fra* will be on sale at all news-stands. Price, 25 cents, or $2.00 a year by subscription

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie Co., New York

IF we reject socialism, communism, individualism and monarchism, as plans for the bettering of the condition of society, what have we left? I can answer you: We have something better than communism as it has been practiced; better than socialism as today taught; better than individualism as it is urged by the class; better than monarchism, always a failure. What we have is so powerful that it will overcome existing evils and cure discontent; it is so powerful that it will remove the cause of unrest and give to the people the justice they deserve—it is Americanism ❧ Yes; not in a theory of another day and of another country can we find complete relief in this our time of need; but we can turn confidently to Americanism, and in it find the salvation of the nation. How is Americanism made up? From socialism it takes its fine regard for the rights of the minority, the weak, the inefficient. It takes also from socialism its theory that society, as such, deserves the first consideration of its members; its formulary that we owe to our neighbors duties the like of which we consider that they owe us—honesty, kindness, love. These things we take from socialism, for they are abiding principles of social happiness, and man is a social creature.

From individualism we take the bold initiative that is not bound by tradition, but is continually reaching out to labor in new fields of endeavor ❧ We take, too, the desire to better the condition of the individual, for from such desire springs material and intellectual advancement. We take also, but under control of the State, its systems of rewards

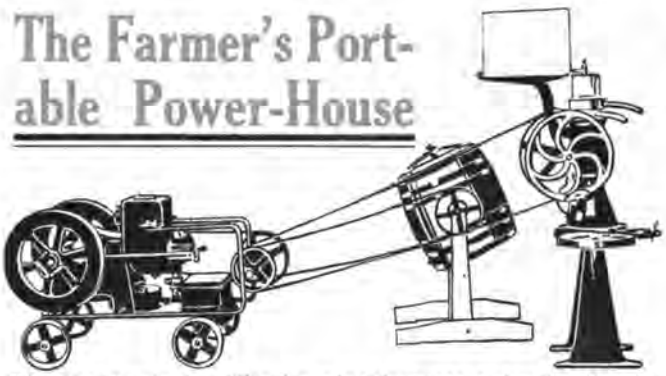
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and punishments attending the success or failure of personal effort. From monarchism we take the prompt and strict enforcement of law, the effective ownership of public utilities. This composite—this blending of the best from all theories of government—is Americanism; and when the people awake to the full force of the strength lying within them, we shall see them triumphant through Americanism.—*Guy Carleton Lee*

MANY serious questions must be considered in selecting men. Honesty is one—a matter, perhaps, to be decided only by records. Loyalty is another. Unlike honesty, this is easily cultivated, if as easily sacrificed in a day. Enthusiasm is important. In some places it is frowned upon—regarded as bad form. Only by stirring up a man's enthusiasm are the fires of his energy kept alive. If he feels he wants to go deeper into the business, to give it more thought, energy and intelligence, to damp his enthusiasm is to kill his value as an employee.
—*H. Gordon Selfridge.*

Fear is always cruel and mean.—*Emerson.*

The Farmer's Portable Power-House



There are nearly six million farms in this country today. In 1911, the total output of farm products aggregated close to ten billions of dollars. ¶ The American Farmer is an autocrat, an aristocrat, a nabob, a prince. The whole world is dependent on him, in greater or less degree. ¶ The American Farmer is conducting his business on a strictly scientific basis these days. Our Dark Ages of farming are gone forever. Farming is no longer the slipshod, happy-go-lucky, haphazard occupation it once was. The advent of labor-saving machinery introduced a New Era of Progress and Prosperity. Farming is at last an Exact Science, and the farmer welcomes ways and means that conduce to conservation of time, energy and vocabulary. ¶ And that is why he endorses the Gilson 60-Speed Gasoline-Engine. The Gilson is a veritable "Handy Young Man and Willin' Young Gal" combined. It can do more work than a dozen of the genus Hired Man, and is almost as omnivorous. ¶ The Gilson comes from the factory complete, on a hand-truck, and fitted with a countershaft, five interchangeable 60-Speed pulleys, a belt-tightener and a universal steel-frame pump-jack. ¶ Whenever and wherever needed, the Gilson can be relied on to "deliver the goods." The mechanism is of the simplest, and a boy can run the machine. ¶ The 1¾-H. P. 60-Speed Engine will pump a well of ordinary depth. It will operate a cream-separator, washing-machine, churn, corn-sheller, grindstone, bone-cutter, honey-extractor, vacuum-cleaner, emery-wheel, horse or sheep clipper, power sprayer, or electric-light dynamo. ¶ The 3-H. P. 60-Speed Engine will do deep-well and high-pressure pumping, wood-sawing, feed-grinding, feed-cutting, etc. ¶ The Gilson is made also in 5, 6 and 8 H. P. sizes, stationary, portable, and with saw attachment. ¶ The farmer who once uses a Gilson 60-Speed Gasoline-Engine is a Gilson convert from that time forth and even forevermore. He "gets religion," so to speak; and Gilson converts never backslide. ¶ The Gilson renders efficient service always. It does all that you expect, and a little more, for good measure. ¶ Write for information about the Gilson 60-Speed Gasoline-Engine

GILSON MANUFACTURING CO.
Port Washington, Wis.

WHY should we call ourselves men, unless it be to succeed in everything, everywhere? Say of nothing, "This is beneath me," nor feel that anything is beyond our powers. Nothing is impossible to the man who can will.—*Mirabeau.*

THE purpose of music is to bring about a oneness of emotion, and thus suggest to our minds the coming time of a Universal Brotherhood.—*Beethoven.*

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WANTED

A One-Hundred-Point Man

I KNOW a first-class manufacturing company out on the Pacific Coast, that wants a man and wants him bad. He must be an unusual man, for the opening itself is most unusual and original. He must be four-square, honest and aboveboard. He must have the foresight to appreciate the opportunity presented, and the courage to take up work that able men have brought to a high state of efficiency. He must display daring originality, but his work must be absolutely free from the slightest suggestion of wildcat methods. ¶ He must have a clean, successful record of past accomplishments at selling stock, as a guaranty of future results. To fulfil the duties of a fiscal agent, he must be able to finance himself at the start. His willingness to do this will attest his confidence in himself, and in his ability to carry his ideas through to a successful consummation. His remuneration will be paid as stock is sold; but until he has established a reputation, he must rely upon his own resources for drawing account or expenses. ¶ The industry in question is not unlike the typewriter and the adding-machine industries, yet the difference *is* sharply defined. An entirely new field of endeavor is being opened up in all lines of commercial enterprise. The first development work has been accomplished, and successful machines have been built, in a well-equipped plant owned by the Company. ¶ The project is national in its scope, and offers unlimited possibilities for large profits. The whole country must be covered, as the demands for the finished product will be national. ¶ The right man has not yet loomed large on the horizon, but he will soon; and when he does, he will be tendered a contract that will warm the cockles of his heart. Only One-Hundred-Point Men, able to carry the Message to Garcia without a hitch, will be considered. Address

LEIGH, care Advertising Dept.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

WHETHER or not farming today pays the farmer, there appears to be sufficient proof that agricultural prosperity can be won, only by unremitting labor ❧ To what extent farm-lands can be designated as worn out is another question which can be answered only after due attention has been paid the soil. The days are past when the husbandman may sit quietly by and expect his acres to yield their crops with little assistance. The ground needs to be nurtured. In the case of a certain Ohio farmer it appears that he arrived at the conclusion that an old homestead of some sixty acres was of little use to him. No longer living on the place, he found farming there to be a losing proposition. But still he wished to retain the property, and not knowing what else to do with the land, he began to plant trees. As a start eleven acres were set out with thirty-five thousand Norway spruce, and it is his intention to turn his waste land into a forest ❧ It is a characteristic of some of the best farm-lands of the country that while agricultural success seems complete, there are no trees to vary the landscape ❧ In many instances, however, good farm and wood lands thrive exceptionally well together. Trees bring moisture, and the very neglect of certain farms, considered no longer profitable, is traceable to forest destitution within those limits. So in planting his sixty acres, where trees are not over-plentiful, the Ohioan may become an unconscious benefactor to all farmers—those in his vicinity as well as those who may have vacant lands which they may hasten to use in the same way.—*Christian Science "Monitor."*

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DEARLY I love a cheerful optimist, a man who can fix his gaze on a will-o'-the-wisp, or a glow-worm, in the blackest midnight, and persuade himself and others that it is high noon—that the world is "dark with excess of bright." Sure, 't is better to laugh than to be sighing—Democritus is preferable to Heraclitus. It is more pleasant to seek and commend virtue than to hurl anathemas at vice ❧ Why, it may well be asked, should a man gaze into a cesspool when he may look at the stars? Marius and Cosette may dream away a hundred sensuous Summer nights hidden in the boskage, satisfied with their own fond imaginings; but rob them of the halo of romance, destroy the airy palace in which they live and love, and there 's naught left but a solfatara of lust ❧ Romance is not alone the corolla of love; it is the very incense of virtue ❧ So long as it envelops man and woman, they wander far above the crass animalism of the world.

—*W. C. Brann.*

❧

Natural history is no longer a study of life, it is a study of death.—*Laurent.*

Yield to the Summer Spirit

For instance:

Relax from the needless restraint of carrying a jeweled watch. Be free to follow your impulses.

An Ingersoll costs less than repairs on other watches.

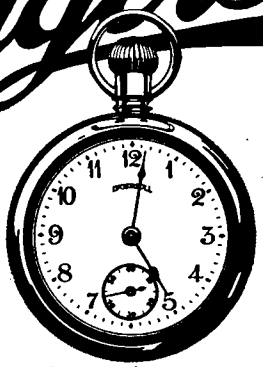
If you drop it, it runs just the same—no jewels to crack.

If you lose it, a dollar buys another.

And you'll find, as millions before you have found, that it's as reliable, accurate and practical as your requirements demand.

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Models at $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00

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Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., 99 Ashland Building, New York

OF what earthly use are our mammoth libraries, our wealthy colleges, our intricate laboratories, our ostentatious displays of learning if, after all, we remain in total ignorance of life?—*Edward Purinton.*

❧

HOW much easier our work would be if we put forth as much effort trying to improve the quality of it as most of us do trying to find excuses for not properly attending to it.—*George W. Ballinger.*

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ABOUT to retire to private life, Senator Aldrich electrified the country with the declaration that the conduct of Government business on a business basis would annually save to the people three hundred million dollars. This was truly a startling presentation of a situation with which the American public has long been familiar; to which, as a rule, it has been sublimely indifferent; for it has long been common knowledge that millions of dollars have been wasted annually in the reckless expenditure of public funds for the erection and maintenance of unnecessary and unnecessarily expensive public buildings; for the prosecution of ill-considered and unsystematic rivers and harbors projects; for our ever-increasing pension burden; and for the maintenance of certain navy-yards and other Federal establishments, the necessity for which has never been fully apparent to the average citizen. Indeed, this knowledge has been of such long standing, and attempts to obtain remedial action have heretofore been so futile, that the people have well-nigh accepted the situation as inevitable. Of course, the people of this country would like to save three hundred million dollars annually; such saving would be a decided factor in the reduction of the present high cost of living; of course, they absolve themselves from all responsibility for a situation that they firmly believe is strictly up to the public officials whom they send down to Washington to manage their business for them.—*Joe Mitchell Chapple.*

God Almighty first planted a garden.—*Bacon.*

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THE man who is most to be wanted for positions of trust is the one who does not work for mere selfish gain, but for the love of the task. If he does his work for love of it, and not out of consideration alone for the result, he will serve his own interests best, for he will do his work well and thereby make himself indispensable to his employer; and when the time comes to choose a man for a higher position, the choice will likely fall upon him who has done his work well

I have sometimes found it difficult to find the right men for the Government service There are plenty of men to fill every job, but few who want the job for its own sake. This applies equally in business There are too many who seek work for the salary alone. As a result, sometimes, if they are well paid, they will commit acts for which they would not otherwise be responsible. ¶ The new order that is coming to the fore in the business world does not seek this kind of man. It is looking for the man who will work for the satisfaction of work well done—for the joy of achievement. For him there are large opportunities.—*President Taft.*

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S C-H-U-M



¶ When I roomed in historic old Massachusetts Hall, a swart, smiling son of Senegambia used to come in once a week and agitate the ether with a broom ¶ His exertions resulted simply in the accumulated dirt of ages being removed from one place to another. ¶ Dust is dust, and will be till the end of time; but there's a way to get the upper hand of dust and make microbes amenable to reason. Otherwise, the bacteria will do you dirt. ¶ The Howard Dustless Duster is the logical key to the solution. Every home, office and public building in the land should be provided with Howard Dustless Dusters. ¶ The Howard Duster is a fabric treated by a secret process, which gives the cloth an adhesive nature. Dust sticks to it like a poor relation. ¶ In the business office, especially, the Dustless Duster is an efficient ally. It will save time, trouble, temper and vocabulary. It will keep a man yare and youthful, and do as much for his wife. ¶ The Howard Duster removes dust effectively and effectually. It is antiseptic, sanitary, economical. It can be washed and sterilized without losing its peculiar adhesive qualities

¶ Five styles of Dusters are made of cloth:

Standard (of which the greatest number are used) is a little less than a yard square	$ .25
Office, about one-third as large as Standard	.15
Auto, nearly twice as large as Standard	.45
Floor, for use on walls and draperies	.35
Brush Cover	.50

¶ Sent, prepaid, on receipt of price. 5000 Best Dealers sell them.

HOWARD

¶ For small Free Sample and Book on Dust, address as below:

Howard Dustless Duster Co.
164-52 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

WHAT then do you call your soul? What idea have you of it? You can not of yourselves, without revelation, admit the existence within you of anything but a power unknown to you of feeling and thinking.—*Voltaire.*

HOW can a man learn to know himself? Never by meditating, but by doing. Endeavor to do thy duty, and thou wilt know at once what within thee lies.—*Goethe.*

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Sales and Service Stations

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Buffalo Baltimore, Jersey City, St Louis, Atlanta, Kansas City, Denver San Francisco, Los Angeles and other large cities

MAN is the artificer of his own happiness. Let him beware how he complains of the disposition of circumstances, for it is his own disposition he blames. If this is sour, or that is rough, or the other steep, let him think if it be not his work ☙ If his look curdles all hearts, let him not complain of a sour reception; if he hobbles in his gait, let him not complain at the roughness of the way; if he is weak in the knees, let him not call the hill steep. This was the pith of the inscription on the wall of the Swedish inn: You will find at Trolhate excellent bread, meat and wine, provided you bring them with you.—*Thoreau.*

❧

IT really seems as if some of our newspapers were busy spreading superstition ☙ Omens and dreams and prodigies are recorded as if they were worth minding. The increasing fashion for printing wonderful tales of crimes and accidents is worse than ridiculous, as it corrupts both the public taste and morals. It multiplies fables and crimes, and thus makes shocking things familiar while it withdraws popular attention from familiar truth, because it is not shocking. Surely, extraordinary events have not the best title to our attention. To study Nature or man, we ought to know things that are in the ordinary course, not the unaccountable things that happen out of it.—*Fisher Ames.*

❧

YOU may retire into yourself and take your own measure of yourself to the satisfaction of yourself. But when you are done, it is the world's judgment of you which must be final and without appeal.—*Howland.*

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THERE was an idea in the olden time—and it is not yet dead—that whoever was educated ought not to work—that he should use his head and not his hands ❧ Graduates of colleges were ashamed to be found engaged in manual labor, in plowing fields, in sowing or gathering grain. To this manly kind of independence they preferred the garret and the precarious existence of an unappreciated poet, borrowing their money from their friends, and their ideas from the dead.

The educated regarded the useful as degrading—they were willing to stain their souls to keep their hands white.

The object of all education should be to increase the usefulness of man—usefulness to himself and others ❧ Every human being should be taught that his first duty is to take care of himself, and that to be self-respecting he must be self-supporting. To live on the labor of others, either by the force which enslaves, or by the cunning which robs, or by borrowing or begging, is wholly dishonorable. Every man should be taught some useful art. His hands should be educated as well as his head. He should be taught to deal with things as they are—with life as it is. This would give a feeling of independence, which is the firmest foundation of honor or character ❧ Every man knowing that he is useful admires himself.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*



We Build Perpetual Rose Gardens

GARDENS of Glass in which you can have roses in bloom 365 days of the whole glad year. ¶ Being fond of roses, as you are, this means a great deal. It means you won't have to give up your flowers and roses when the Katydids announce frost. Simply have your treasures moved into the glass garden and go merrily on picking blooms and having all the fun of gardening just the same. ¶ Last month we published a delightful little booklet called "Two G's, or Glass Gardens—A Peep Into Their Delights." We have a notion you would find in it the answers to the many questions that are this very moment coming up in your mind. It's mostly devoted to gardens of the smaller sorts, but there are also a few large ones.

Glad to send you one of these "Two G's" booklets.

We make Burnham Boilers for residence heating. Send for catalog.

Lord & Burnham Co.

SALES OFFICES
NEW YORK St. James Bldg.
PHILADELPHIA Franklin Bank Bldg.
BOSTON Tremont Bldg.
CHICAGO Rookery Bldg.

FACTORIES
IRVINGTON, N. Y.
DES PLAINES, ILL.

THE wise man must remember that while he is a descendant of the past, he is a parent of the future; and that his thoughts are as children born to him, which he may not carelessly let die.—*Herbert Spencer.*

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I DOUBT that if in those old days that enterprising old apple-drummer familiarly known as the serpent had not turned up in the Garden of Eden to expatiate upon the sweetness of the especial breed of pippin that he was trying to put on the market, we should ever have heard either of him or of Adam and Eve.

That good old couple, born in the full maturity of their powers, would have lived on forever in the quiet obscurity of their Eden home, unwept, unhonored and unsung, had not the serpent entered with a business scheme to turn the earth itself into a villa-plot proposition, with corner lots everywhere, for sale on easy terms, and all the inconveniences of modern life ready to the hand of the investor.

Here was a case where the first kind of advertising that came by word of mouth has been in the last analysis responsible for all the historic reputation that the world has known ❧ "Try one of our Fall Baldwins," whispered the serpent, the subtle advance-agent of prosperity, "and hereafter you will eat no others." Wise old snake! How like the modern book-agent, who strikes his bargain with the women of the house first, knowing full well that what they will fall for the man of the house will stand for! ❧ ❧

"Small profits and quick returns," quoth he, as the lady's mouth began to pucker up with terrible thirst for the joys of his product ❧ "Unequaled for the making of the kind of pies that mother used to make. Unexcelled as an ingredient of hard cider, vinegar, applejack and dumplings ❧ Would you keep your hus-

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band's love? Try our special pippin. Results guaranteed."

Thus did he advertise, and Eve, looking rather for bargains than for trouble, yielded up to the seductive eloquence of that first promoter and exploiter, with the result that today we have the Steel Trust, the Sugar Trust, the Sherman Law, the House of Lords and the City of Boston.

¶ The direct and indirect influence of this original advertisement of so simple a thing as an apple has made the world what it is today. Had it not been for it, Theodore Roosevelt would have been roaming the forests of Eden at this hour, renaming the animals, sniping pterodactyls with the slung-shot, demolishing the diplodoccus and the ornithorhynchus with a stone hatchet, and wishing with Alexander that there were more worlds to conquer.

Andrew Carnegie, instead of flinging his millions into the laps of librarians, would be found shying wampum at the fleeting dinosaur in a friendly rivalry with Cain and Abel, while Mr. Rockefeller would be seen sitting on the banks where the wild thyme grows, instead of presiding over the destinies of those latter-day sorts where the long green grows in well-regulated profusion.

Without that original advertisement of Python's Potted Pippins we should have had no coronations, no Kaiser Wilhelms, no Doctor Wiley, no Senator La Follette, no Gifford Pinchot, no Governor Foss, Champ Clark, Woodrow Wilson or William Jennings Bryan; and Doctor Munyon would be forever out of the panacea business, and no man living would have more fame or publicity



Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

A clean mouth is essential to pleasing personality. And a clean mouth is a healthy one. Chiclets induce mouth-health. They are made by chemists who understand the science of oral cleanliness. Chiclets are True Mint. Save the Bird Cards in each package and secure a beautiful Bird Album free. 5 cents the ounce, and 5, 10 and 25 cent packets.

SEN SEN CHICLET COMPANY, Metropolitan Tower, New York

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Money Earned—Early Hours Saved—Big Ben

Big Ben will save for you those important early hours every day. They have a value in time, energy, confidence, habit and health.

Getting up on time is a profitable business move. No man can be wholly successful who does not appreciate the value of the early morning hours when your mental dynamo generates the greatest power.

Big Ben on your dresser is like a starter for the dynamo. He makes getting up easier and adds to your peace of mind.

Big Ben is an extraordinary alarm. He is an efficient timekeeper, a splendid clock for all purposes. He is durable and beautiful. He is made to serve as well as to ornament.

Big Ben is seven inches tall. He is made from triple-nickel plated steel. He rings with one loud ring for five minutes straight, or for ten minutes at intervals of thirty seconds unless you shut him off.

His pleasing face and cheery ring are a delightful Good-Morning. He is easy to wind. Big Ben's price is $2.50. Sixteen thousand jewelers have him in stock for you. If you can not find him at yours, a money-order addressed to Westclox, La Salle, Illinois, will bring him to you, express charges prepaid.

$2.50

Sold by Jewelers. Three Dollars in Canada.

than is generally accorded to a Vice-President of the United States.

While, of course, I can not even seem to condone the moral turpitude immemorially assumed to have been involved in the breaking of that original law by the first of our forebears, it must be admitted on their behalf that a prohibition law is always hard to enforce, especially in communities insufficiently patroled by officers of justice, and I will add that I am not sure that if Adam and Eve had carried their case to the Supreme Court the intent of the prohibition would not ultimately have been construed to be that they were not to eat of the apple unreasonably, and that thereby we might assume their seemingly unlawful act resulted in beneficial results, which in a sense mitigated the degree of their offering.

All that aside, we see at this point that to advertising simply does the world owe its present pre-eminence among the planets. For good or for evil, for better or for worse, that is the one plain fact in sight. And as we have shown of Adam and Eve that they owe their distinction to that advertising project, so may we say with equal truth of Methuselah, Noah, Samson, Jonah and Ananias, that in their cases, too, their reputations would have remained as naught had not the story of their lives been placed before us by those capable reporters of the deeds, manners and customs of those far-off times whose writings are imperishably preserved in the Scriptures.

—*John Kendrick Bangs.*

There is no solitude in Nature. —*Schiller.*

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WE are told by men of science that all the ventures of mariners on the sea, all that countermarching of tribes and races that confounds old history with its dust and rumor, sprang from nothing more abstruse than the laws of supply and demand, and a certain natural instinct for cheap rations ❧ To any one thinking deeply, this will seem a dull and pitiful explanation. The tribes that came swarming out of the North and East, if they were indeed pressed onward from behind by others, were drawn at the same time by the magnetic influence of the South and West. The fame of other lands had reached them; the name of the Eternal City rang in their ears; they were not colonists, but pilgrims; they traveled toward wine, and gold, and sunshine, but their hearts were set on something higher ❧ That divine unrest, that old stinging trouble of humanity that makes all high achievement and all miserable failure, the same that spread wings with Icarus, the same that sent Columbus into the desolate Atlantic, inspired and supported these barbarians on their perilous march.—*Stevenson.*

—away with suspenders and belts





Emancipation By Elimination

¶ In the old days we studied Physiology and Hygiene. Now Physiology is a discard, and Hygiene is the thing emphasized. It is more important to have clean teeth, for instance, than to know that we have thirty-two ivories, more or less, and that they are called molars, incisors, canines, and so on.

¶ Thus we progress by elimination; and after all, the Science of Health is little more than a matter of elimination. ¶ Once upon a time, a man with an abnormally developed sense of humor was being hanged. "This suspense is killing me," he gurgled, as the rope tickled his Adam's apple. ¶ That's just the way suspender-wearers feel. The "suspense" may not actually be killing them, but it is making them mighty uncomfortable, just the same. Some think suspenders are a reminiscence of the Inquisition. They pull, drag, wrench, worry and torture, and are a prolific source of round and stooping shoulders.

¶ The belt, though a slight improvement, is still eminently unsatisfactory. It is in very truth the tie that binds—stiff, unelastic, unyielding, uncompromising. ¶ The only logical trousers-supporter on the market is the Stanford Invisible Hip-Fit, which eliminates suspenders and belts, and assures men genuine physical comfort.

¶ Hip-Fit has elastic over the hips and at the back, and fits snugly about the waist. It makes trousers hang stylishly and straight, and adds distinction, grace, individuality and poise to the appearance. Absolute bodily freedom is assured at all times and under all circumstances.

¶ Hip-Fit is a hygienic necessity. It takes all weight and pressure off the shoulders, and promotes physical comfort and permanent peace of mind. ¶ Thousands of men are now wearing Stanford Invisible Hip-Fit Trousers Supporters; all are enthusiastic over their "emancipation."

¶ If your tailor or dealer can not supply you, send waist measure, taken comfortably above hips under trousers, accompanied by money-order for One Dollar, and we will promptly fill your order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. ¶ For men of Taftish proportions we make a special size Hip-Fit, which serves as combination trouser and abdominal support. Price, $1.50.

¶ Tailors and dealers are especially invited to write us for literature and terms.



Hip-Fit Mfg. Co., 61B Grand St., New York

WHO could sit upon anything in Fleet Street during the busy hours of the day, and not be dazed and deafened by two immense processions, one ever tending Westward with the sun, the other ever tending Eastward from the sun, both ever tending to the plains beyond the range of red and purple where the sun goes down?—*Charles Dickens.*

❧

Reason is the life of the law; nay, the common law itself is nothing else but reason.—*Coke* ❧

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A FAMOUS CARAVANSARY

No Music at Meals.

NOWHERE else in the world will you meet such a host of congenial folk as at The Roycroft Inn. They come for the express purpose of saturating themselves with Health and Happiness.

Fra Elbertus and other men of merit speak, informally and otherwise, in the Salon almost every evening; and Thomas Paine's fireworks suffer by comparison with the cerebral pyrotechnic displays touched off on these occasions. There is also music, such as it is. ¶ Incidentally, The Roycroft Inn is known for its home cooking. The Inn is operated on the American plan. The rates are Two and One-Half Dollars a day to Five Dollars. Some of the rooms have connecting outdoor sleeping-rooms and bath, at Four Dollars a day. The Inn can accommodate about two hundred fifty guests very comfortably. Make reservation now, while the season is at its height.

Booklet on application.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, Erie County, New York

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THE NEW PUBLICITY

PROFESSOR EATON in one of his sermonettes on advertising says that, to discover the lack of convincing power in the ordinary advertisement, all that you need to do is simply commit one of these ads to memory and recite it before a mixed company. You 'll see how flat it falls. The old idea that a thing has to be over-emphasized in order to make an impression has passed into the shades.

The ad which leads you to the buying point does so gently and pleasingly. It is witty and fairly wise. It "listens" when it is read aloud. The advertisements in *The Fra* and *The Philistine* are models of modern publicity.

If you have anything to sell to good, honest, thinking people, we would like to correspond with you to our mutual advantage

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.



Pro-phy-lac-tic

FLEXIBLE HANDLE Tooth Brush

with its curved and *flexible* handle, permits of its immediate adjustment to the contour of the gums—avoids friction—keeps the gums in a perfect, healthful condition. Enables you to use a stiffer brush than usual.

The irregular tufts of the Pro-phy-lac-tic reach every crevice in and between all the teeth—cleans every tooth thoroughly. "*A clean tooth never decays.*"

These two exclusive features stamp it the ideal sanitary brush. "The brush with a purpose." Packed in an individual yellow box, which protects against handling. **Prices, 25, 35, 40c.** Every Pro-phy-lac-tic fully guaranteed. We replace if defective.

Our interesting booklet—"Do You Clean or Brush Your Teeth?" is yours for the asking. Send for it.

FLORENCE MFG. CO., 195 Pine Street, Florence, Mass.
Sole makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth, Hair, Military and Hand Brushes



BOOKPLATE *by* LILLIAN BONHAM

THIS is the bookplate which Sadakichi Hartmann uses for his private library. Everybody who has ever met Sadakichi Hartmann will recognize him, sitting in bed reading. Perhaps you would like an individual bookplate for your own library. There are any amount of novel devices.

For particulars write to: LILLIAN BONHAM, 297 Grove Street, East Aurora, New York

Designer of
Bookplates, Monograms, Artists' Signatures, Ring Designs and Trade Marks.

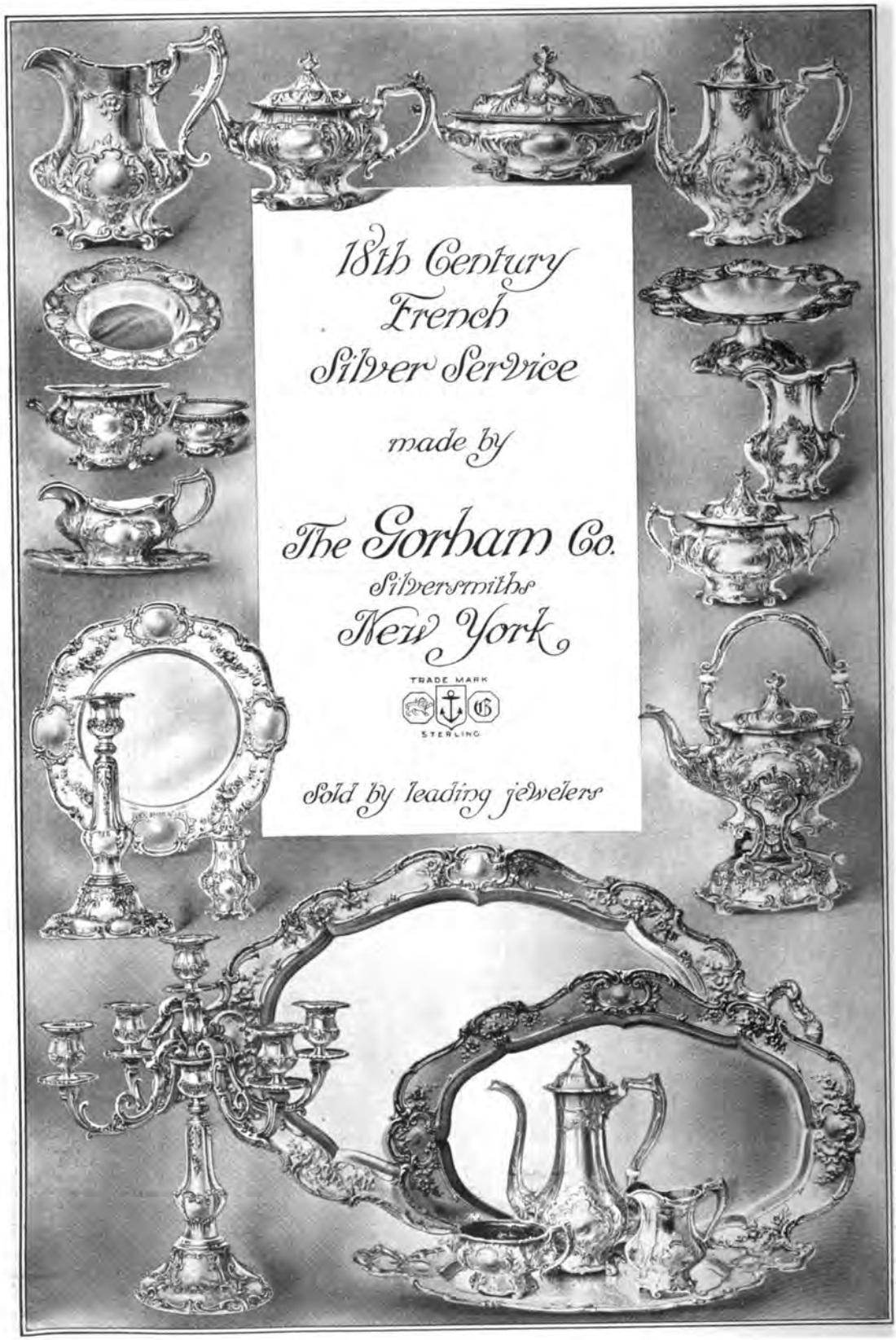
A Man Who Is Success

THE value of a man who has achieved things lies in his splendid courage. There is nothing so hygienic as success. It gives a man stability, confidence, faith in himself & in others. A successful man's capacity has been increased through use. The man who knows and understands fundamental conditions is the only man who is safe and happy. ¶ If your business needs reorganization or if you are opening up a new department or if you have a product which you want to put on the market successfully, there is A Man Who is Success, willing and ready to assist you. ¶ This man for five years was with an organization that is acknowledged to be one of the finest and most efficient in the world. He assisted in a complete reorganization of its plant and helped instil a new spirit into the employees. He was in close touch with the sales plans of the President of the concern, who is considered to be one of the wisest and biggest men in business today. ¶ This man, whose services you are now welcome to consider, worked the Expansion of a Single Idea from a very small proposition into a concern with a current output valued at seven million dollars a year. In this organization he had entire charge of the sales, advertising and general systematizing. ¶ He is now looking for more worlds to conquer. Address,

E. W., Care Advertising Department
THE FRA Magazine, East Aurora, New York

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FOUR GENERATIONS

THE persons whose pictures are shown above are Dr. Silas Hubbard, aged ninety-one; Elbert Hubbard, aged fifty-six; Elbert Hubbard II, aged twenty-eight; "Toodles" Hubbard, aged five. ¶ All of these people are pretty nearly vegetarians. None of them has ever been sick a day in his or her life. ¶ Dr. Silas Hubbard has practised medicine for seventy years, and is still practising. He knows how to keep well and how to show other people how to get along without him. He advises his friends & his patients, and all of his patients are his friends, to drink Armour's Grape Juice. ¶ The tendency of pure grape juice is gently to eliminate the alkaline substances from the blood, and thus prevent all that dire round of diseases that lead to arteriosclerosis or hardening of the arteries, renal deposits, Bright's disease, "stone," appendicitis, etc. All these ailments are results of faulty elimination. The palatable acid qualities, tempered with grape sugar, are found in Armour's Grape Juice to a degree seldom, if ever, found in any other similar preparation. ¶ Armour's Grape Juice is not a medicine; it is a food. Ask any physician of any school anywhere. Ask your druggist. Ask any scientific chemist. Best of all, ask people who use Armour's Grape Juice what they think about it. If you use this brand once, no other but Armour's Grape Juice will satisfy you thereafter. ¶ It is a temperance drink for people who want to live lives of usefulness, partaking of every good thing in moderation, doing good work, adding to the happiness of the world and making this earth a better place because they are here. ¶ The cool nights, with the North wind blowing from Lake Erie; the warm Southern sun of the day, the quality of the soil, the hills green with verdure and filled with flowing springs that irrigate great sections, this is the environment that produces the grapes that make Armour's Grape Juice. ¶ Adjoining Erie County is Chautauqua County, which has given to the world a word. Chautauqua stands for simplicity, directness, intelligence, aspiration, ambition, growth. ¶ Chautauquans are people who work with head, hands and heart. ¶ Chautauqua County is the greatest grape-growing district in America. ¶ Armour's biggest Grape Juice factory is in Chautauqua County. ¶ If your dealer does not carry Armour's Grape Juice in stock, send $3.00 to Armour & Company, Dept. 176, Chicago, for a dozen trial pint bottles, and then think with gratitude for many years to come of the man who wrote this advertisement

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RDINARY Luggage Can Give You Only Ordinary Service—and Ordinary Service Will Never Resist the Wear and Tear of Steady Travel

Indestructo service means dependability—safety—freedom from baggage worries.

Indestructo signalizes those built-in qualities that make for thousands and thousands of miles of splendid service.

Indestructo means that your trunk is guaranteed for five long years of honest wear.

Indestructo is your insurance that if your trunk does not "make good," you will get a new one free.

INDESTRUCTO

You may put off Indestructo Day for a while, but sooner or later your search for travel comfort will lead you straight to the purchase of Indestructo luggage.

Why wait until some ordinary jolt plays "hare and hounds" with your belongings?

Why not buy an Indestructo before the old construction gives way and leaves you stranded?

The Indestructo Dreadnought is the most expensive trunk made.

It has most consistently justified our claim that "if there ever is a better trunk built, it will also be an Indestructo."

The Indestructo Dreadnought is built for the real traveler—the man who knows and demands the best—the most—of comfort, convenience and deference.

Write today for our Travel Book and learn more about the trunk that makes good when the unusual happens.



NATIONAL VENEER PRODUCTS COMPANY, 405 Beiger Street, MISHAWAKA, IND.

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East Aurora - July 13th, 1912

Dear Jim Thrift:

Your letter recd, and I've hit 'em up again as per your request. This time I believe I've got it.

And best of all, Jim, what I've said in this ad was written right out of my heart - it is God's truth. You surely have the Machine that saves printer's bills.

Sincerely Yours
Elbert Hubbard

What Uses Are You Most Interested In?

Check them on this slip and enclose it with your request for information, *written on your business stationery*. We'll show you what others are doing.

AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.
1832 E. Fortieth St., Cleveland

Printing:
- Booklets
- Folders
- Envelope-Stuffers
- House-Organ
- Dealers' Imprints
- Label Imprints
- System-Forms
- Letter-Heads
- Bill-Heads and Statements
- Receipts, Checks, etc.
- Envelopes

Typewriting:
- Circular Letters
- Booklets
- Envelope-Stuffers
- Price-lists
- Reports
- Notices
- Bulletins to Employees
- Inside System-Forms

If you've any faith in the Fra -- and particularly in his knowledge of printing -- don't you think you eliminate all chance when you check and return this list of uses? Then DO IT and let us show you how to save money.

Jim Thrift

Advertising Manager,
The American Multigraph Sales Company.

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The Roycroft Fraternity

Use these questions for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta. From *The Fra* Magazine for August, Nineteen Hundred Twelve.

1. What constitutes kinship?
2. What is mental telegony?
3. Can the punishment of criminals fit their crime?
4. Compare Eastern and Western views on suffrage.
5. What is the attitude of the Chinese republic towards universal suffrage?
6. How does justice compare with chivalry?
7. Can power be overestimated?
8. Which is of greater benefit to a community—competition or co-operation?
6. What is a regulated monopoly?
10. Explain the following terms: (a) social crusades; (b) bashi-bazouks of trade; (c) the woolsack.
11. What excuse for being have the Express Companies?
12. What happens to the satisfied person?
13. What is a "blind-pool"?
14. Name some of the ways in which this country is being exploited.
15. Compare the job of modern kings with that of kings in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.
16. How did Denmark rank among the European powers in the Middle Ages?
17. Name some famous Danes.
18. What are "non-combatant zones"?
19. How is the Monroe Doctrine regarded (a) in Europe? (b) in South and Central America?
20. What is the difference between a joint-stock company, a trust and a corporation?
21. How will economic freedom benefit women?
22. How does a paranoeic differ from one who enjoys poor health?
23. What is the cause for American impatience with the courts?
24. What are the true functions of our courts?
25. How does the Constitution limit the courts?
26. What is the danger of a sinecure?
27. (a) What is the Magna Charta? (b) How was it secured?
28. What makes the modern struggle for existence so keen?
29. What is our attitude towards work, today?
30. What was Clara Barton's greatest work?
31. What is Big Business?
32. What is the reason for the attempted regulation of railroads?
33. Who is Karl Hagenbeck?
34. What is diplomatic mourning?
35. What is the secret of perpetual youth?
36. How can brains be mixed with soil?
37. Why does a state of inactivity mean death?
38. In what way has hard necessity been man's best friend?
39. Distinguish between Hate & Fear.
40. Is literature a profession?
41. Why were the Standard Oil Company and the Tobacco Trust dissolved?
42. What is the Sugar-Trust Suit?
43. Who is the Chief Justice of the United States?
44. Who was (a) Lord Coke? (b) Davy Crockett?
45. Who is the Father of the Trusts?

NOT only for the benefit of printerdom, but also for the general reading public of America and other civilized countries, should a reform in the sizes of type be made which will benefit the coming and the present generations.

The entire blame does not rest with the printer, nor with the typefounder, but with the publisher and advertiser who crowd their pages with matter; and, as far as general advertising goes, the crowding and congesting of matter can never be accorded the welcome which larger and more generous sized type with more white space would create ❧ To be sure, as much can not be said, but a short, concise statement is infinitely more agreeable to look upon than a large page set solid with five point or some other type as small or smaller.

The value of larger sizes of type in advertising or newspaper work not only makes possible bigger and better results, but is a less direct menace to the health and eyesight of a nation, whose intellectual progress is due to its reading ❧ Various foundries throughout the country are making type that is beautiful in its clearness and legibility, but this can not remedy a condition which is threatening and ominous—the eyesight of a nation ❧ ❧

The printing of fine type is not always good nor is it clear. This is due to haste and cheapness—facts that are ultimately the fault of the advertiser who will not tolerate the extra cost of good ink, nor moderately priced paper, therefore the fine lettering becomes difficult to read.

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Reading matter in newspapers should be made one size larger throughout ❧ This is a center that attracts most of the public reading, and is in a great many cases a strain on the optic nerve—a combination due to inferior stock, poor ink and hasty printing, but nevertheless a condition open to reform.

It is a hope that in future years there will be a greater usage of larger type which will eliminate in part an existing condition that compels a greater portion of the reading public to wear eyeglasses. —*J. J. Fisher* ❧

❧

Commerce Follows the Flag

The

Underwood Typewriter

Keeps Pace With Both



Annual sales of Underwoods exceed by many thousands those of any other typewriter.

"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"

Underwood Typewriter Company
(INCORPORATED)
Underwood Building New York
Branches in All Principal Cities

AT its farther end the lane opens into a broad grassy upland field of over twenty acres, slightly sloping to the South. Here I am accustomed to walk for sky views and effects, either morning or sundown ❧ Today from this field my soul is calmed and expanded beyond description, the whole forenoon by the clear blue arching over all, cloudless, nothing particular, only sky and daylight ❧ Their soothing accompaniments, Autumn leaves, the cool dry air, the faint aroma—crows cawing in the distance—two great buzzards wheeling gracefully and slowly far up there—the occasional murmur of the wind, sometimes quite gently, then threatening through the trees—a gang of farm-laborers loading cornstalks in a field in sight, and the patient horses waiting.—*Walt Whitman.*

❧

AS well hope to be able to throw a pebble into the lake without causing a ripple, as to hope to be able to think even a single thought without causing an effect upon "life's surge so restless" of the great whole of humanity.—*Anna Augusta Gaskell.*

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The American Patrol



"'T is now the very witching time of night," when watchmen prowl, and with their Hardinge Clocks keep tab upon the hours.

The Hardinge "Patrol" protects the watchman from suspicion. It enables him to prove where he was. It relieves him from temptation and puts him on his best behavior. Watchmen grow to look upon a "Patrol" as their own familiar, personal friend. ¶ By providing your watchman with this reliable portable timepiece, you are casting no reflections on his honesty and integrity of purpose. ¶ You are simply doing yourself and him the justice of placing your business relationship on a solid business footing. ¶ He will understand and appreciate your motive if he is the sterling article you need in your employ. If he is n't the right stuff, you should know about it, anyway, and the Hardinge "Patrol" will tell you ☞ It will make the watchman a better man by effectually removing the temptation to shirk his duty. ¶ Send for special Catalog K-46.



Hardinge Brothers, *Inc.*
3133-3141 Lincoln Avenue - - Chicago, Illinois
Eastern Representatives:
A. C. Rowe & Sons, 33 Reade St., New York City



HE FRA Magazine corrugates the brain and smooths the face.

It goes to the people who *think* —not the ones who think they think.

The people who think are the ones who do big things, who maintain payrolls, superintend the construction of skyscrapers, build and manage railroads, manufacture automobiles, supply the farmers' needs, and add to the wealth and happiness of the world in a thousand and one ways.

The Fra goes to the teachers—and the teachers of teachers—the builders, the creators; and these, and these only, are in the vanguard of Civilization's onward march.

The man who advertises in *The Fra* has the goods. ¶ *The Fra* stands for truth and honesty in everything—especially in advertising.

We are at your service. Write today for advertising rates.

THE FRA MAGAZINE, Advertising Department
East Aurora, New York

DON'T BLOW YOUR HEADS OFF

Use the easy playing Conn instruments. They are the best ever a man put to his lips

TRY THEM ALL, THEN BUY A CONN

Everything New, Everything Good



Send for Catalogues

Largest and Most Complete Factory in the World Devoted to Manufacturing High Grade Band and Orchestra Instruments.

C. G. CONN, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana

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ROYCROFT BOOKS ON PERTINENT SUBJECTS

THE MYTH IN MARRIAGE
by Alice Hubbard

To the oft-repeated query, "Is marriage a failure?" we need never expect a definite, decisive answer. The individual must determine for himself whether marriage is to be attended with success or failure. At least, the Cosmic Urge we have always with us.

It was Browning who wrote, "As earth lies bare to heaven above, how is it in our power to love, or not to love?"

Women are earning economic independence, and the Golden Age will return when men and women can look into each other's eyes and realize that they are partners in well-doing.

¶ Alice Hubbard handles this difficult theme with consummate skill and mastery.

Bound in flexible calf. Price, One Dollar.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND MARRIAGE
by Henry David Thoreau

Thoreau was a man of few friendships; he loved the great Out-of-Doors, and liked nothing better than to be alone. As a young man, Thoreau was engaged to be married, but his brother fell in love with the girl, and Henry waived his claims and side-stepped gracefully. He was never married.

So here, then, we have the curious anomaly of a book on Friendship, Love and Marriage, written by a man who made few friends, was never really in love, and remained an anchoret to the end of his days.

And yet, Thoreau wrote so interestingly on these never-failing topics, that even today, after the lapse of more than threescore years, his book has a distinct bearing on the thought of our own times.

Bound in one-half Vellum, with sides of Italian handmade paper; special cover-design, title-page and initials. Price, Two Dollars.

SELF-RELIANCE
by Ralph Waldo Emerson

"Speak your latent conviction and it shall be the universal sense; for always the inmost becomes the outmost — and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the Last Judgment."

Thus does Emerson admonish his fellow-men to act their natural selves, to rely on their own thoughts, and not to imitate and ape others.

By his powerful essays Emerson stimulated the thinkers of America and Europe.

Thomas Carlyle wrote to the Sage of Concord, "You are a new era, my man, in your huge country."

Bound in boards and printed on handmade paper. Price, Two Dollars.

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

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Engraving of Highest Merit

THE work of Adam Pietz is characterized by infinite care, skill, and faithful application. His Engraving of Crests, Bookplates, Signet-Rings and Coats of Arms is authoritative and artistic. ¶ Adam Pietz makes and engraves Medals for Commemorative and other events with surprising originality and beauty ❧ His Medallions are Miniatures of rare delicacy. He will gladly send you full information and sample impressions.



ADAM PIETZ, Philadelphia, Penna.
1011 CHESTNUT STREET

IT is of the utmost importance that a nation should have a correct standard by which to weigh the character of its rulers.
LORD JOHN RUSSELL

IN the center of *THE FRA* Magazine for July was an article entitled, *A New Religion,* by Elbert Hubbard. ¶ This was illustrated with a drawing by Charles A. Winter, the whole making a very happy combination that has attracted international attention. ¶ We have had many requests for this article and we have now pulled a few proofs on Japan paper, suitable for framing. ¶ One of these will be sent gratis to any subscriber of this Magazine who will send us a two-cent stamp to pay the postage ❧ ❧ ❧

■

THE ROYCROFTERS
East Aurora
N. Y.



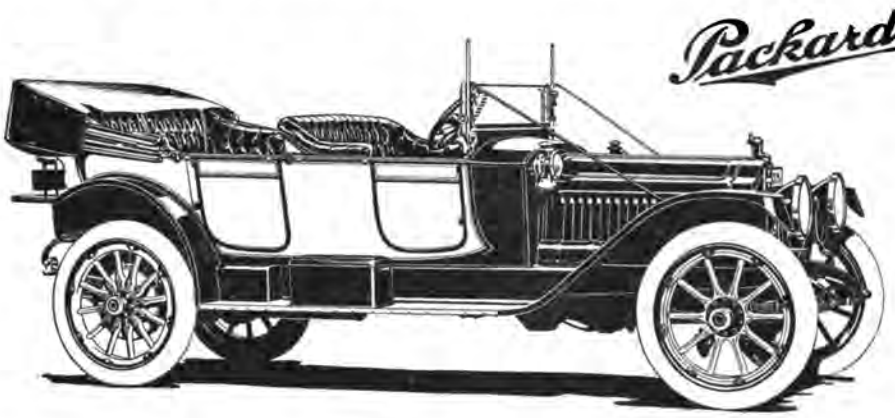
Elbert Hubbard
BANKER
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YOU are invited to open an account.

We teach boys to work—The Roycroft School for Boys at East Aurora, N. Y. Write for catalog.

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A Smaller Six Cylinder Packard
The New "38"

Left drive and control. Electric self starter; electric lighting. Starting, ignition, lighting and carburetor controls on steering column

Horsepower, A. L. A. M. rating.....38
Maximum brake horsepower.....60
Six cylinders: bore, four inches; stroke, five and one-half inches. All valves enclosed. Wheelbase: Touring Car, 134 inches; Phaeton, 138 inches; Runabout, 115½ inches. Tires: 36 by 4½ inches, front and rear. Three-quarter scroll elliptic springs.

The Packard "38" Line

Touring Car, five passengers	$4150	Imperial Limousine	$5400
Phaeton, five passengers	4150	Brougham	5200
Runabout	4050	Coupe	4500
Limousine	5200	Imperial Coupe	4900
Landaulet	5300	A limited number of four-passenger Phaetons	4150

In road efficiency, ease of riding and luxurious appointment, the new "38" typifies Packard quality

DEMONSTRATION BY PACKARD DEALERS ON ANY KIND OF ROAD. CATALOG ON REQUEST

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

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"Onyx" Hosiery

Trade Mark

Silk

Nothing so lengthens the life of SILK STOCKINGS as keeping the silk damp and elastic. Every night the stockings worn during the day should be rinsed out in warm or cold water. They will dry over night and may be worn the next day. If the stockings are washed each time they are worn, they will last at least twice as long as under ordinary conditions.

This is a new and practical treatment calculated to add immeasurably to the Wear of Fine "ONYX" Silk Hosiery.

The extremely beautiful design illustrated in this cut is an example of the artistic qualities original with the "ONYX" Brand.

"ONYX" Silk Hose for Men and Women include every quality, price and color, ranging from 50c. per pair upwards.



No. 6—A handsome example of "ONYX" White Pure Thread Silk, Light Weight, with very chaste and delicate design of berries and leaves. $7.95 per pair.

Sold at the leading shops. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will direct you to the nearest one, or send postpaid any number desired. Write to Dept. FR.

Wholesale Distributors Lord & Taylor *New York*

—but the crowd was entertained and delighted, and so was I.

In Detroit the other day I saw a truly magnificent set of films in Kinemacolor, illustrating *Macbeth.*

The scenes were laid in and about an actual medieval castle, and the parts were taken by French actors and actresses, fully as popular in France as are Bernhardt, Sothern and Marlowe, and our merry friend, Marshall P. Wilder.

I have witnessed some most admirable scenes from *David Copperfield, Oliver Twist, Vanity Fair* and *Daniel Deronda.*

What is this but education visualized?

As a matter of fact, the novelists and short-story writers of our day are gradually discovering that there is money and opportunity in the moving-picture field; and they are taking advantage of the situation.

Such well-known writers as John Luther Long, George Ade, Kate Douglas Wiggin, and a host of others are turning their talents to this remunerative form of literature.

These writers are commanding a far greater audience than is possible with "best sellers" at a dollar and a quarter each, and they are making money hand over fist, which is per-

THE motion-picture industry is doing much more than merely amuse. It is fast becoming a powerful medium of instruction, as well.

Many of the better class of picture-shows are giving their audiences a taste of something besides Hoboken Indians and Wild West scenes enacted on the New Jersey flats.

Not long ago I dropped into a Broadway picture-show that was featuring Browning's *Pippa Passes.* Imagine it! And not only that

Our boys explore their environment. We have fields, forests, shops—and opportunity. The Roycroft School for Boys. Send for catalog.

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haps as important a consideration as any ❧ Some of the pictures reeled off nowadays are extremely beautiful. Those exhibited by the Kinemacolor Company of America, for instance, are reproduced in colors that are true to Nature; and the flickering of the films, which used to resemble a sort of cat-and-dog hailstorm, has been practically eliminated.

The Kinemacolor provides safe, sane, instructive amusement that is within the reach of all classes of people everywhere.

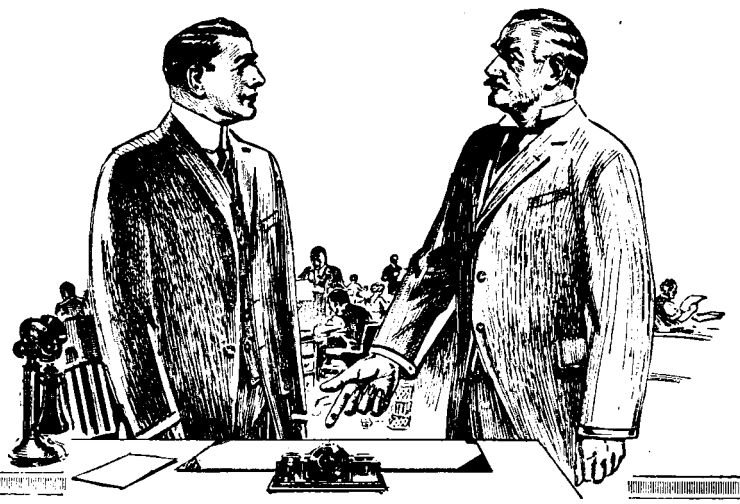
Kinemacolor is an American Institution.

❧

IT is life and joy to appreciate the starlight and sunshine, the moonbeams and the fitful shadows of the night ❧ To know that storms are as good as calms, and to love them, to welcome with equal joy the Winter and the Summer, the Fall and the Spring, is life, too. It is all good. We are bathed in an ocean of love and light and life. All we need to do is to accept it.—*Alice Hubbard.*

❧

A booster is a man who does all the good he can to all the people he can, and then leaves the rest to God.—*Hugh Chalmers.*



"You Have Learned How to Think -Take Charge"

"Your Sheldon training has increased your value to me and to yourself at the same time. It has trained you how to develop and use the very powers that most men allow to lie dormant. It has made you an executive before you realized it *because it has taught you how to go ahead without supervision.* This is a big jump for you, but it's only a start if you keep on the way you have begun."

Sheldon Develops & Trains Your Own Unused Strength

Few men ever use more than one-tenth of their full mental powers. Almost *unlimited* possibilities await the man who will develop his own dormant resources.

The new Sheldon Business Building Course teaches you how to think clearly and constructively *in a straight line.* It shows you how to use and apply the fundamental laws that absolutely govern success in every branch of business.

Every single word is thoroughly *practical.* Every lesson marks an *immediate* step forward toward success.

To Employers

The Sheldon Course in Business Building is the *applied science of business in concentrated, practical form.*

2,500 concerns that recognize the value of increasing the efficiency of their own organizations *from the inside,* are now taking up this course officially with their employes. The results are remarkable. We shall be glad to supply you with the names of several in your own vicinity and allow you to communicate with them direct.

Send Now for the Sheldon Book

The coupon below or a postal or letter will bring you the valuable book, "The Service Idea," and clear, complete, detailed information. No obligation whatever. It will only take a couple of minutes to get this information —it may be worth thousands of dollars to you. Send now.

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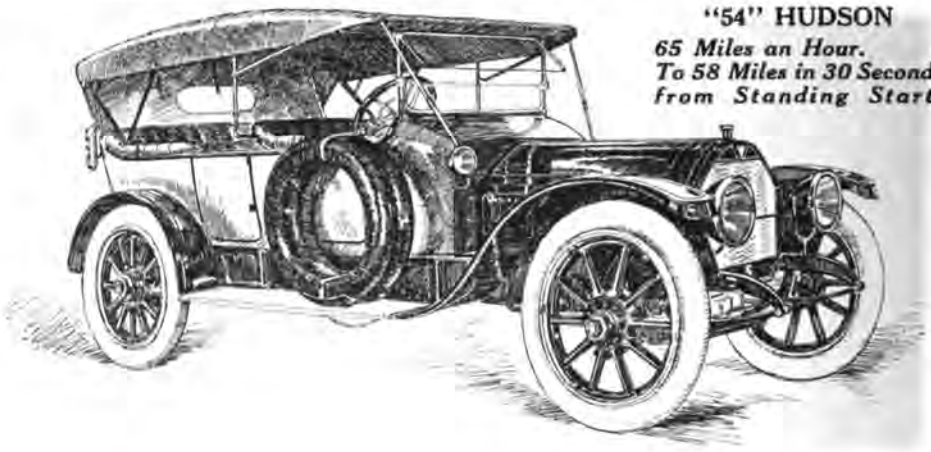
THE best way for a young man who is without friends or influence to begin is: first, to get a position; second, to keep his mouth shut; third, observe; fourth, be faithful; fifth, make his employer think he would be lost in a fog without him; sixth, be polite. —*Russell Sage.*

❧

The supreme test of our area: To what extent are we master of men and circumstances, or they master of us? —*H. G. Liebe.*

Our boys plant trees, make gardens, build buildings. Best of all, they build character. The Roycroft School for Boys, East Aurora, N. Y. Send for Catalog.

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"54" HUDSON
65 Miles an Hour.
To 58 Miles in 30 Seconds
from Standing Start.

Here is the Answer

to that oft asked question: "What will Howard E. Coffin do when he builds a 'Six'?"

The "54" HUDSON answers the question everyone in motordom has been asking for years. All know Howard E. Coffin to be America's foremost engineer. His six famous four cylinder cars gained for him a reputation which led all to expect a wonderful six from him.

But sixes are not like fours as many a designer has learned to his sorrow. Mr. Coffin realized that and so instead of attempting a six alone, he first gathered as his associates the men who had already accomplished the most in six cylinder designing. His men came from the leading factories of Europe and America. There are 48 in all—representing 97 leading motor car manufacturers. Combined they know just about all that has been learned in motor car building. So the "54" HUDSON—Mr. Coffin's answer—is the composite of what the most successful builders, working together, have accomplished.

The Best Car They Know

It is smooth and flexible—the quality for which sixes are really built, and which inexperienced men seem unable to obtain in the sixes they build.

It is powerful—speedy, beautiful, safe and comfortable. Simplicity is a notable feature, and economy in operation is accomplished as it is in but a few cars.

Not Just Two Cylinders Added to a "Four"

Adding two cylinders to a good four won't even make a poor six. Fours and sixes are entirely different. That is why some sixes give less than 30% increased power when their weight, and fuel and oil consumption are 50% greater than the four of same size, to say nothing of the greater first cost.

Comfort—Speed—Completeness

The cushions of the "54" HUDSON are Turkish type—12 inches deep. Backs are high, upholstery thick, springs flexible and the car is so nicely balanced that it will take the worst roads at speed and with little discomfort to passengers.

On the Indianapolis Speedway, a "54" fully equipped carrying extra tires and four passengers did 10 miles at 62 miles an hour. One year ago on the same course a $500 prize was forfeited because none of many of the best known fours and sixes similarly equipped, driven by famous drivers, were able to do one mile in 60 seconds, flying start.

Every detail of motor car comfort is included in the "54."

It is electrically self-cranking, has electric lights, speedometer, clock, top, rain vision windshield, nickel plated trimmings—21 coats paint and varnish body finish, demountable rims—36 x 4½ tires, gasoline tank. with magnetic gauge on rear, robe rails, curtains and all the appointments that go with the highest type of car.

The price for either 5-passenger Touring Car, Torpedo or Roadster is $2450; 7-passenger Touring Car, $2600; Coupe, $2950; Limousine, $3750—f.o.b. Detroit.

See the Triangle on the Radiator

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7416 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

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The Man at His Work

ON HOMER LAUGHLIN CHINA

The man at his work! There is nothing finer. I have seen men homely, uncouth and awkward when "dressed up," who were superb when at their work. Once I saw Augustus St. Gaudens in blouse and overalls, well plastered with mud, at work on a statue, lost to everything but the task in hand, materializing an idea. It was an inspiration to me.

The men in the factory of The Homer Laughlin China Company are superb at their work. They are materializing the Homer Laughlin idea of "Quality in China."

The designers, the decorators and the potters are impressed every day with the fact that every piece of China bearing the Homer Laughlin trademark must be absolutely superior to anything else on the market at the price.

The dealer who sells you Homer Laughlin China is conducting his business in a wise way, because he is acquiring your friendship. He knows that you will be pleased with every piece of Homer Laughlin China which you buy from him.

Homer Laughlin China will wear much better than the average china, and with ordinary care you will have pieces of it in your family as choice and loved possessions from generation to generation.

No undesirable patterns are made by the Homer Laughlin workers; so when you ask a dealer to show you Homer Laughlin China, you will find a range of selections which will appeal to you. Be sure that the Homer Laughlin trademark name appears on the under side of each piece of sufficient size.

Send for *The China Book*, which tells about the manufacture and care of China.



THE HOMER LAUGHLIN CHINA COMPANY
NEWELL, WEST VIRGINIA

from factory to User

THE cost of a thing to the consumer averages just double what the producer gets for it. Cartage, transportation, packing, insurance, storage—all mean loss, breakage, deterioration—expense. Deal with the manufacturer when you can. The most successful manufacturer of automobiles in the world ships his machines "knocked down." By so doing, he puts twelve machines in a car, whereas, at best, other makers put only four in the same space. The cost of shipping furniture crated is four times what it is when the furniture is shipped in compact form in parts or "sections." There is just one furniture company in the world that ships beautiful, artistic furniture direct from factory to user in "sections." The user can set the furniture up by just putting a few screws in place. Furniture shipped in "sections," in close, compact form, arrives in better order, and the saving in packing and transportation is yours. Any bank or commercial agency will tell you that we are eminently reliable. We supply the best furniture to the best people on earth, and at a price that makes it worth your while. Send for our catalog, sent free to any housekeeper on request. Note this exquisite McKinley Rocker, $7.50. You can have the fun of setting it up yourself, and this you can do with the help of your wife or sweetheart.



Come-Packt Furniture Co., 953 Fernwood Avenue, **Toledo, O.**

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VOLTITE

A Modern Necessity

WITH continued use, articles which are electroplated with Gold, Silver, Nickel, Tin, etc., become worn, corroded, unsanitary and unsightly. The so-called plating-powders offered for sale contain mercury, a deadly poison which when applied adds nothing to the surface of metals, but eventually destroys it, thus they do more harm than good.

Voltite is an invention which enables the housewife to keep her silverware looking bright and immaculate, at a minimum of time, trouble and expense. ¶ Voltite is an electroplating powder, by the use of which anyone can quickly and easily replate any worn metal surface with gold, silver, platinum, nickel or tin. This deposit forms a hard, brilliant, durable surface, guaranteed not to corrode, tarnish or peel, and can be built up to any thickness desired, with pure metal. It will last indefinitely, according to the amount of powder used. ¶ The exceeding simplicity of the process of application makes Voltite a prime favorite. All that is needed is the Voltite powder, clean water and a rag. The operation requires but a few moments of your time. ¶ Voltite has an almost universal range of usefulness. For replating tableware and all metal articles about the house, it is eminently serviceable — and indeed, indispensable. ¶ Voltite comes into requisition wherever metals have become worn and tarnished. Voltite can be used to advantage in the garage, hotel, office-building and restaurant; on railroads, motor-boats, yacht and steamship fittings; and on dentists' and surgeons' instruments, as well as on jewelry and toilet articles. ¶ Plumbing and lighting fixtures, copper and brassware, all take on new life and rejuvenation with an application of nickel or tin Voltite powder. ¶ Voltite is inexpensive. It spells true economy. For example, one can of Silver Voltite is amply sufficient for replating heavily the worn parts of six dozen spoons. ¶ Voltite has the unqualified endorsement of chemists, metallurgists, scientists and practical electroplaters the world over. ¶ Charles H. Proctor, President of the National Electroplaters' Association of the United States, writes: "I consider Voltite one of the most important discoveries of the present time. Its commercial possibilities can not be overestimated." ¶ Ask your jeweler, druggist, grocer or hardware-dealer for Voltite. If they can not supply you, send Three Dollars for a bottle of Gold Voltite Powder, One Dollar for a can of Silver Voltite Powder, or Fifty Cents for a can of Nickel Voltite Powder. ¶ By following closely the printed directions accompanying each can of Voltite, you will become a lifelong friend of a great modern necessity.

AMERICAN VOLTITE COMPANY

Dept. F. H., 225 West 39th St., New York City

A MAN as intimate with his own wife as a magistrate is with his clerk, or a Prime Minister with the leader of the opposition, is a man in ten thousand. The majority of couples never get to know one another at all; they only get accustomed to having the same house, the same children, and the same income, which is quite a different matter. The comparatively few men who work at home—writers, artists, and, to some extent, clergymen—have to effect some sort of segregation within the house, or else run a heavy risk of overstraining their domestic relations.

—Shaw.

THE longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is *energy—invincible determination*—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory! That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.

—Buxton.

AFTER you have exhausted what there is in business, politics, conviviality, love, and so on—have found that none of them finally satisfy, or permanently wear—what remains? Nature remains; to bring out from their torpid recesses, the affinities of a man or woman with the open air, the trees, fields, the changes of seasons—the sun by day and the stars of heaven by night.

—Walt Whitman.

To believe with certainty we must begin by doubting.—*Stanislaus.*

We are always all well, and we are happy because we do not stop to think about it. No billiards, booze, buffet, cards, cigarettes, at The Roycroft School for Boys.

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ART is not a mere matter solely of painting, marble and literature. Art is in all good toil, and all good toilers are artists. He who grasps this thought and works it out in his occupation or business has got at the kernel of success. Life for him is transformed from drudgery into adventure. Thrills are everywhere. He is sanely drunk with the wine of exhilarant endeavor and is abnormally capable of really great achievement.

—*Wightman.*

HUMAN beings are not like merchandise, nor are they to be handled like merchandise. Dealing with the purchasing public is a problem in personality, and it is through the point of contact, wherever it may be: at the counter, through correspondence or wherever service may be rendered, that the favorable impressions are created which ultimately constitute one of the firm's greatest assets.—*Henry C. Lytton.*

When a woman says to her husband, "Tom, I want to have a candid talk with you," he knows it is not her faults she wishes to discuss.

—*Ed Howe.*

ARE YOU A MAN?

¶ A Sage with a business bias has issued this pronunciamento: "Man is made of dust—dust settles—are you a man?"

¶ Be that as it may, you should know about the Howard Dustless Duster, which drops the ether-cone surely and effectively on all migratory dust-germs that may be gambling in your vicinity.

¶ The Howard Dustless Duster is a chemically treated fabric, which evinces partiality for passing particles of dust.

¶ Now, most dust is germ-laden—hence, the Dustless Duster, by annihilating dust and bacteria, eliminates danger, disease and death disguised as dirt.

¶ The Howard Duster is a hygienic necessity in the home, office and public building. It does its work in a businesslike way that will endear it to you.

¶ The Howard Duster will give a superior polish to furniture, pianos, showcases, cut glass, floors, mirrors, metal and shoes, in fact, to any smooth surface.

¶ When the Howard Duster has reached the apparent limit of its capabilities, it should be thoroughly cleansed and sterilized with boiling water and soap. It will then be eager for a new campaign of dust-busting. ¶ One Howard Dustless Duster will outwear eight pieces of cheesecloth. Its efficiency and economy are excellent reasons why you should possess a Howard Dustless Duster.

¶ Eleven styles of dusters are made, including Dust Mops, Wall Dusters, Bric-a-brac and Handle Dusters.

¶ Sent, prepaid, on receipt of price.

¶ For small Free Sample and Book on Dust, address as below:



HOWARD

Howard Dustless Duster Co.
164-52 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

INDEED, unless a man can link his written thoughts with the everlasting wants of men, so that they shall draw from them as from wells, there is no more immortality to the thoughts and feelings of the soul than to the muscles and the bones.

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we can not break it.

—*Horace Mann.*

Half a day at the books, and half a day at useful work—that's the plan at The Roycroft School for Boys.

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The Clean Sweep

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ALICE HUBBARD

THE technical work of the Creator, as the story is told, was sorting and classifying. ¶ The Creator had a chaos of possibilities to work with, and by His skill in choosing wisely and putting into the right places, He made a beautiful earth, seas, lakes, rivers, continents, islands and peninsulas.

Chaos, dirt and litter are all right when assorted and in the right place. But that place is not in the home, hotel or workshop.

No home-maker wants particles of dust in her rugs, on the floor, in the curtains and hangings of her house. ¶ The particles of dust and dirt, with their boon companions, microbes, are brought into the house by every person who enters, by the breeze and even with the flowers. They become enmeshed into the fiber and texture of rug, carpet, curtain and upholstery. Even the pillows and blankets on the baby's bed are contaminated by them.

The vexing question that confronts every housekeeper is: "What can I do to get the dust and dirt out of my house?"

Rugs and carpets are taken out into the back-yard by a man whom you pay Three Dollars a day for his work. There he beats and sweeps clouds of dust out of them. What dirt he does not swallow, is sent flying into the air for the family and neighbors to consume. ¶ Nothing has been created. Chaos is made to come again. ¶ I know a housekeeper who has the genuine touch of the Creator genius. ¶ She sorts and classifies to a purpose. She does not sweep dust that has settled somewhere into action again. ¶ She uses an Electric Sweeper.

"How does it work?" she was asked. ¶ "Fairly well!" was the extent of her enthusiasm. ¶ "The Hoover Suction Sweeper Company advertise a sweeper that will suit you," I said. And I sent for one. ¶ It came and we put it to work. It sorted all the dust and dirt out of The Roycroft Inn in a way that was genius. ¶ "It is the only machine I ever saw that did more than its maker claimed it could," said the housekeeper this time. "This is a marvel. It is worth all the other devices for cleaning and then more. See here!" ¶ Then she showed a quantity of compact, heavy dust that the Sweeper had collected, and rugs made beautiful and clean as new.



The fibers of the wool had been lifted and enlivened so that the wear upon the rug would come on the filling, not on the rug foundation. ¶ And the rug was clean.

The work had been done very rapidly and easily. ¶ There is nothing complex about this Sweeper, and it is made to last a lifetime. The Hoover Suction Sweeper sweeps, it cleans by suction, it works in the room without disturbing the household, and makes no dust while it removes all dirt.

To use a Hoover Sweeper is economy of time and money, and the work is perfectly done. ¶ Write to them for their booklet.

The Hoover Suction Sweeper Company

Dept. "F" New Berlin, Ohio.

FEAR is lack of faith. Lack of faith is ignorance. Fear can only be cured by vision.

Give the world eyes. It will see. Give it ears. It will hear. Give it a right arm. It will act.

Man needs time and room. Man needs soil, sunshine and rain. Needs a chance. ¶ Open all your doors and windows. Let everything pass freely in and out, out and in.

Even the evil. Let it pass out and in, in and out.

No man hates the truth. But most men are afraid of the truth.

Make the truth easier than a lie. Make the truth welcomer than its counterfeits.

Then men will no longer be afraid.

Being afraid is being ignorant. Being ignorant is being without faith.—*Horace Traubel.*

I WOULD compromise war. I would compromise glory. I would compromise everything at that point where hate comes in, where misery comes in, where love ceases to be love, and life begins its descent into the valley of the shadow of death. But I would not compromise Truth. I would not compromise the right.

—*Henry Watterson.*

Sincerity is the way to heaven. The attainment of sincerity is the way of man.—*Confucius.*

IF the people of the United States would elect as President a great businessman, such as the late Marshall Field, Andrew Carnegie, or James J. Hill, I think it would be found that such a business mind would be a valuable asset to the nation. Why do we not elect a businessman for the place?

—*A. E. Stilwell.*

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Tone

That's where the Victor-Victrola is pre-eminent.

You might be able to build a cabinet that outwardly would resemble a Victor-Victrola. You might even copy the inside construction and details, if they were not protected by patents. But there is no copying the superior Victor-Victrola tone-quality.

That represents years of patient experiment—with various woods, with different proportions, with numerous vibratory surfaces—and it is simply astonishing how slight a variation in size, in shape, in position, seriously affects the tone quality.

No, the Victor-Victrola tone can't be equaled! Even though the eye could take in every detail of construction, there is still that same indescribable "something" which makes the Stradivarius supreme among violins, which gives to the Victor-Victrola the wonderfully sweet, clear and mellow tone that has established this instrument as pre-eminent in tone quality.

Hear the Victor-Victrola today at the nearest Victor dealer's—you'll spend a delightful half-hour and come away with a greater love for music and a more thorough appreciation of this superb instrument.

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal
Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination.* There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.



Victor-Victrola VI, $25
Oak



Victor-Victrola IX, $50
Mahogany or oak



Victor-Victrola XVI, $200
Mahogany or [illegible] quartered oak
Other styles $15 to $150

Victor-Victrola

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Do not keep your sublime love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness; speak approving, cheering words while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them ❧ The kind things you mean to do when they are gone, do before they go ❧ The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them ❧ If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection that they intend to break over my dead body, I should rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours and open them that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I should rather have a plain coffin without flowers, a funeral without a eulogy, than life without sweetness. Let us learn to anoint our friend beforehand for burial. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit; flowers on a coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary way.—*L. C. Ball.*

❧

Work first, and then rest.—*John Ruskin* ❧

I HAVE ever gained the most profit, and the most pleasure also, from the books which have made me think the most; and, when the difficulties have once been overcome, these are the books which have struck the deepest root, not only in my memory and understanding, but likewise in my affections.

—*A. W. Hare.*

❧

Never leave that till tomorrow which you can do today.—*Franklin.*

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THE ASHLEY SYSTEM
SEWAGE DISPOSAL

GOOD HEALTH and HOW TO KEEP IT

ARISTOTLE, writing a letter to his pupil, Alexander the Great, said, "The foes of your army are in your own camp." What he meant was that the germs of infection within, are much more to be feared than the enemies from without.

Aristotle was the world's first scientist; and through his preventive skill, he taught Alexander how to avoid disease and death through unsanitary camp surroundings.

In our war with Spain we lost more men from typhus, twice over, than were killed in battle.

There is a man in America who knows how to side-step Typhoid and Diphtheria through sanitary sewage disposal. This man is Burton J. Ashley. He is the modern Aristotle in his own particular line. He knows the secrets of health and the science of right living.

If you have Sewage Sorrows, or fear you are going to have, you should get in touch — and quickly, too — with Mr. Ashley. His advice, counsel, plan and system are at your disposal. He can save you money and give you sweet peace.

Mr. Ashley is a public servant — he studies residential sewage disposal cases and makes estimates free.

No man knows the sewage subject better than Mr. Ashley. He knows everything that will not work. He knows where the enemy lurks, and best of all, he knows how to rout him out.

If you live in the country, in a village, or in a small town without sewers, and have or want modern plumbing in your house it is well enough for you to make the acquaintance of Ashley. Write him today for his Booklet C.

Ashley House-Sewage Disposal Company, Morgan Park, Chicago, Ill.

CONSIDER THE LILIES—HOW THEY GROW

THOREAU says there is something primeval in the desire that most of us evince, to dig in the earth and stir up the soil.

The best way to get back to Nature is to cultivate flowers. A love of flowers is already rooted deep in the human heart. All that is necessary is a little systematic irrigation, and lo! we blossom forth as ardent horticulturists.

My good friend, Frederick H. Horsford, has for years made an intensive study of flowers and plants, and his advice on the subject of gardens is worth going a Sabbath day's Little Journey to seek.

About this time of year you should begin to think of setting out lilies, tulips, hyacinths, daffodils and numerous other varieties of those hardy perennial plants which thrive so lustily in our cold northerly clime.

Before placing your orders, send for Horsford's Catalog and Autumn Supplement, containing a long list of lilies, and other bulbs and plants, trees and shrubs, for Autumn setting.

HORSFORD'S NURSERIES, Charlotte, Vermont

OUR jails and prisons are not crowded with defectives, nor with a second generation of criminals. They are filled with unfortunates, who have fallen once, often through accident, and who never again get firmly planted on their feet. For such men, victims of their own memories or conditions, there must be some hope or cure; yet the study of jail commitments in Massachusetts or in other States shows a terrible record of second commitments. Men get out of jail or prison; but the original taint is now added to the taint of prison, and they come back to confinement with less effort at self-restraint than they used at first ☙ The medical world would rise up as a body to condemn any method of medical treatment which left a patient more liable to a recurrence of a disease than he was to its first attack. Yet everywhere men are being sent out of prison, with the prison pallor on them, penniless, weakened in body by prison conditions, and broken in spirit by the withdrawal of all hope, ambition and self-confidence ☙ They have been trained by prison discipline, but it is a discipline which is, in itself, a punishment, and does not fit them for the conditions they must face when they are again free. They have moved by iron rules; been regulated like clocks; but not encouraged as men, or stimulated to take up the personal responsibilities of self-supporting and self-respecting freedom. In some places criminals are sent to jail with no guard, going freely on their honor, and even when they reach the jail they find no guard waiting to shoot them down, but are given a

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chance to test their own manhood, given a chance to live in a wholesome place, with sun and air. There is every incentive to gain their own self-respect ❧ I realize that these measures are extreme and radically opposite to the customary prison method, and it may be necessary to proceed cautiously in following them. But they have proven effective, and they promise not only hope of betterment, but the only hope of betterment that I know of. We can begin to work towards that by gradually abolishing our city prisons, with their dark and cheerless interiors, and by building our future houses of correction out in the country, where the sun and the wind can get in, and where all the men who do not forfeit such right can work in an open field. Gradually the idea is growing that crime is not only to be punished, but to be cured.—***Honorable Eugene N. Foss, Governor of Massachusetts.***

❧

Self-culture aims at perfection and is the highest fulfilment of the law of God ❧ It means perfect symmetrical development of all our powers of body, mind and spirit.—*Goethe*

A Business Girl



Needs a clear brain, steady nerves and endurance.

Each day thinkers use up brain cells.

Each day active workers destroy cells in the nerve centres.

This waste must be replaced daily by proper food. Otherwise nervous prostration and brain-fag result.

Nature cannot rebuild gray matter in nerve centres and brain without Phosphate of Potash—not from the drug shop, but as grown in the field grains.

Phosphate of Potash is more than half the mineral salts in

Grape-Nuts

—a food made from choice wheat and barley.

It is perfectly cooked—easily digested—has fine flavour and specially adapted for brain workers.

You can replace each day the worn-out parts of yesterday. The world pays well for efficiency.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

THE idea of immortality, like the great sea, has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, beating with its countless waves against the rocks and sands of Fate and Time. It was not born of the Bible. It was born of the human heart, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness, as long as love kisses the lips of death.—***Ingersoll.***

❧

Marriage is a duet in one flat. *Beulah Hood*

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Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

If you would know the gum par excellence, get Chiclets. Chiclets are tempting, refreshing, satisfying, wholesome and healthful. Chiclets are the gum of recognized merit. They lend zest to the appetite and stimulate digestion. Save the Bird Cards in each package. They entitle you to a Bird Album free. 5 cents the ounce, and 5, 10 and 25 cent packets.

SEN SEN CHICLET COMPANY, Metropolitan Tower, New York

THERE are certain erring ones who regard discontent as an evil genius ❧ I beg to differ. Discontent is the daughter of Ambition and the mother of the heavenly twins, Endeavor and Progress. She, and she alone, makes the wheel of human striving go round. The ideal of content is the dumb ox, placidly chewing his grassy cud beneath the spreading shade of a tree in the middle of the pasture. He has tormenting flies, but no ambitions ❧ Mayhap, from the bovine point of view, this is a distinction without a difference, but—give me the ambitions; Mr. Ox may keep the flies. Ambitions that lead to disappointments are better than flies and gnats and mosquitoes, and other winged things annoying.

Then there is the clam; he has n't even flies to bother him, and if he had, he would never know. Yes, on the whole, I prefer the ambitions, be they ever so frequently and deeply tinged with disappointment ❧ ❧

Content is the mortal foe of success—it is the moth that corrodes Endeavor, the rust that clogs the wheel of Progress; but to the inert it is sweeter than any morsel ever rolled beneath the human tongue. He who is ambitious must pay the price. He who overcomes has yet more to overcome. There is no rest for the ambitious one this side the grave. Aye, and for him there is no "success," for so long as ambition lasts and rules, both endeavor and deeds accomplished are swallowed up by Mother Earth. The star of ambition illumines ten times ten million million graves. And yet—ambition is the tabasco-sauce of life and makes it worth the living.—*Doctor G. Frank Lydston.*

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IT appears as if in making a marriage either the individual or the interests of the species must come off a loser. And this is generally the case; for that convenience and passionate love should go hand in hand is the rarest of lucky accidents. If, however, besides convenience, inclination is also to a certain extent regarded, this is, as it were, an agreement with the genius of the species. Happy marriages are well known to be rare; just as it lies in the nature of marriage that its chief end is not the present but the coming generation. However, let me add, for the consolation of tender, loving naures, that sometimes passionate love associates itself with a feeling of an entirely different origin—real friendship based upon agreement of disposition.

—*Schopenhauer.*



Life's too short—says old Big Ben
Get up at five 'stead of seven

Big Ben will save for you those important early hours every day. They have a value in time, energy, confidence, habit and health.

Getting up on time is a profitable business move. No man can be wholly successful who does not appreciate the value of the early morning hours when your mental dynamo generates the greatest power.

Big Ben on your dresser is like a starter for the dynamo. He makes getting up easier and adds to your peace of mind.

Big Ben is an extraordinary alarm. He is an efficient timekeeper, a splendid clock for all purposes. He is durable and beautiful. He is made to serve as well as to ornament.

Big Ben is seven inches tall. He is made from triple-nickel plated steel. He rings with one loud ring for five minutes straight, or for ten minutes at intervals of thirty seconds unless you shut him off.

His pleasing face and cheery ring are a delightful Good-Morning. He is easy to wind. Big Ben's price is $2.50. Sixteen thousand jewelers have him in stock for you. If you can not find him at yours, a money-order addressed to Westclox, La Salle, Illinois, will bring him to you, express charges prepaid.

$2.50

Sold by Jewelers. Three Dollars in Canada.

THERE is no short-cut, no patent tramroad, to wisdom. After all the centuries of invention, the soul's path lies through the thorny wilderness which must still be trodden in solitude, with bleeding feet, with sobs for help, as it was trodden by them of old time.

—*George Eliot.*

AS life wears on, it (marriage) proves a game of permutation and combination of all possible positions of the parties, to employ all the resources of each and acquaint each with the strength and weakness of the other. For it is the nature and end of this relation that they should represent the human race to each other. All that is in the world, which is or ought to be known, is cunningly wrought into the texture of man, of woman.

—*Emerson.*

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COME FORTY-SEVEN-'LEVEN

4711

An Ad-Crack by Elbert Hubbard

THAT means good luck for you—4711. And everybody has good luck who is cleanly, orderly, loving and lovable. No one is lovable who does not use the right kind of Toilet Soap, at the right time.

4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap is the soap for hands, face, bath, shampoo, and dental purposes. It is sweet, wholesome, antiseptic, effective, and everything that a good soap should be. It does not dry and crack the skin. For the hair, it contains enough oily substance to vitalize and feed the pedicles.

The White Rose Perfume is much more than a perfume. It is an aroma. 4711 does not contain any free alkali or caustic soda. Free caustic soda in Soap tends to irritate the skin, brings about a tendency to eczema, and makes a man quarrel with anybody who is handy.

4711 is no experiment. White Rose Transparent Glycerine Soap has been made after one formula for the past forty years. It is the crowning invention of a German chemist who worked long and patiently before he had achieved the desired result. Get the 4711 Habit!

Glycerine is too costly a product for most soap-makers to use. Glycerine is generally removed from the fatty substances used in soap and sold for other purposes. Glycerine is the emollient property in 4711 that gives a gloss to your hair when this soap is used for shampoo, that softens the skin, and gives the delightful feeling of freshness as if you had washed your hands in the morning dew. Ask your dealer for Forty-seven-'leven—he will understand.

Ferd. Mülhens, 4711 Glockengasse, Cologne O/R, Germany
U. S. Branch: Mülhens and Kropff, 298 Broadway, New York

THE best image which this world can give of Paradise is in the slope of the meadows, orchards and cornfields on the sides of a great Alp, with its purple rocks and eternal snows above; this excellence not being in anywise a matter referable to feeling, or to individual preferences, but demonstrable by calm enumeration of the number of lovely colors on the rocks, the varied grouping of the trees, and the quantity of noble incidents in stream, crag or cloud, presented to the eye at any given moment.

Of the grandeur or expression of the hills, I have not spoken; how far they are great, or strong, or terrible, I do not for the moment consider, because vastness, strength, and terror are not to all minds subjects of desired contemplation. It may make no difference to some men whether a natural object be large or small, whether it be strong or feeble. But loveliness of color, perfectness of form, endlessness of change, wonderfulness of structure, are precious to all undiseased human minds; and the superiority of the mountains in all these things to the lowland is, I repeat, as measurable as the richness of a painted window matched with a white one, or the wealth of a museum compared with that of a simply furnished chamber. They seem to have been built for the human race, as at once their schools and cathedrals; full of treasures of illuminated manuscript for the scholar, kindly in simple lessons to the worker, quiet in pale cloisters for the thinker, glorious in holiness for the worshiper. And of these great cathedrals of the earth, with their gates of rock, pavements of cloud, choirs of stream and stone, altars of

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snow, and vaults of purple, traversed by the continual stars—of these, as we have seen, it was written, not long ago, by one of the best of the poor human race for whom they were built, wondering in himself for whom their Creator could have made them, and thinking to have discerned entirely the Divine intent in them—"They are inhabited by the Beasts."

—*John Ruskin.*

ABOVE, the clear sky was full of stars, and among them the beautiful planet Jupiter shone serene. The sky was of a lovely night blue; it was an hour to think, to dream, to revere, to love—a time when, if ever it will, the soul reigns, and the coarse rude acts of day are forgotten in the aspirations of the inmost mind. The night was calm—still; it was in no haste to do anything—it had nothing it needed to do. To be is enough for the stars.—*Richard Jefferies.*

MARRIAGE is of so much use to a woman, opens out to her so much more of life and puts her in the way of so much more freedom and usefulness, that, whether she marry ill or well, she can hardly miss some benefit. It is true, however, that some of the merriest and most genuine of women are old maids; and that those old maids, and wives who are unhappily married, have often most of the true motherly touch. And this would seem to show, even for women, some narrowing influence in comfortable married life. But the rule is none the less certain, if you wish the pick of men and women, take a good bachelor and a good wife.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*



Build That Conservatory You Have Talked About So Long

STOP talking about it—build it! It won't cost a cent less next year—maybe more.

Then anyway, perhaps it won't cost as much as you think it will. Of course if your ideas are large—the cost will be proportionate. If they are large, then mayhap we can suggest to you how approximately the same results can be secured at considerably less cost. Or, on the other hand, we may be able to make suggestions that will develop your first idea into one with twice the cost. In either case you will secure the one you want; and if we build it, it will be worth all it costs and more

There are two exceedingly attractive interior views of the conservatory above shown in our greenhouse catalog. In fact, there are thirteen pages devoted entirely to conservatories and porch enclosures. Send for the catalog and get this conservatory question settled at once so we can have it all completed before frost comes.

We make Burnham Boilers for residence heating. Send for catalog

Lord & Burnham Co.

SALES OFFICES

NEW YORK, St. James Bldg.
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BOSTON, Tremont Bldg.
CHICAGO, Rookery Bldg.

FACTORIES

IRVINGTON, N. Y.
DES PLAINES, ILL.

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KNOX HATS

SELF-RESPECT SUPREMACY AND FATE



¶ Wrote Henry David Thoreau, "What a man thinks of himself, that it is which determines, or rather indicates, his fate."

¶ The Sage of Walden never said a truer thing than that. "What a man thinks of himself"—herein lies the clue to Knox Supremacy.

¶ The self-respecting man realizes that first impressions are often lasting, and that attention to details of dress go a long way towards making these lasting impressions pleasing ones.

¶ We are not now referring to the "glass of fashion and the mold of form," but to the well-groomed business or professional man, who appreciates the fact that his personal appearance on the Rialto, "there, where merchants most do congregate," is an asset not lightly to be appraised.

¶ Mr. Knox is a self-respecting American man, who makes self-respecting hats for self-respecting American men.

¶ The man who wears a Knox looks the whole world in the face, with that delightful consciousness of poise and power that must be experienced to be appreciated. ¶ Knox hats are beyond compare in respect of quality of materials and workmanship.

¶ Styles have changed repeatedly in the past three-quarters of a century, and Knox styles have changed with them, but in this matter of quality, Knox hats have clung consistently & steadfastly to the very highest standards.

¶ The Knox hat aims at absolute perfection of finish, and attains the mark.

¶ Knox hats may be purchased at the best shops in the land. Just say "Knox," and the man behind the counter will show you a wealth of stylish, seasonable headwear that will elicit your thorough approval.

¶ The Knox is the last word in hats for men. If you are not now a Knox patron, fall in line and learn Hat-Happiness via the Knox.

KNOX, HATTER

RETAIL STORES

452 Fifth Avenue, Cor. 40th Street
196 Fifth Avenue, Near 23d Street
Downtown Store: 161 Broadway—
Singer Building

MANUFACTORY

Grand and St. Mark's Avenues
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

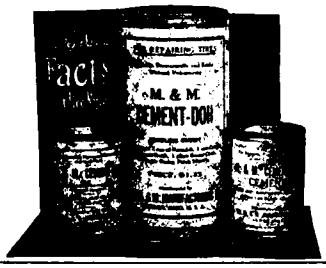
NEW YORK

ESTABLISHED 1838

WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT

452 Fifth Avenue
(sixth floor)

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A TIRADE AND A TIRE-AID

TIRE troubles have all the other ills that an auto is heir to, pickled in fifty-seven varieties of brine. ¶ But for tire catastrophes, the motorist's life would resolve itself into one long joy-ride, free from fuming, fretting, ferment and frenzy. ¶ It 's the little things that make up the big sum total of Weal or Woe. ¶ Curb-cuts, stone-bruises, minor injuries to the casing —all these lead to punctures, blowouts and cosmic cuss-words. ¶ It 's best to overhaul your tires frequently and keep them trim and fit. ¶ The M. & M. Cement-Doh kit is the autoist's Handy Helper. It repairs cuts, sand-pockets and blowouts in casings; punctures in tubes, and casings where the carcass is exposed. ¶ The complete M. & M. Cement-Doh outfit comprises one can M. & M. Cement-Doh, one can M. & M. Cement, one blowout patch, 5½ x 8½, one piece emery-cloth, brushes, and detailed directions, all for the low price of $1.25. ¶ M. & M. Cement-Doh seals securely, sets quickly, and becomes part and parcel of the tire, without the expense of vulcanization. ¶ So send along the Doh and learn what is meant by the Cheerful Life. Our guaranty of Money-Back is a symbol of protection for the purchaser

THE M. & M. MANUFACTURING CO.
Akron, Ohio, U. S. A.

The House of Albrecht

An Ad-fur-tisement — By the Fra for the Frau

IF it 's furs you 're buying, no need to look any fur-ther. Get them at E. Albrecht & Son's big place in Saint Paul.

For fifty-six years — over half a century — this firm has maintained a high reputation for honor and integrity in all its dealings The "skin" game was tabu as early as 1855.

All pelts are obtained direct from the trappers of the Northwest. Only the most perfect of these skins are fashioned into furs. ¶ The House of Albrecht has evolved a mail-order service which assures the buyer the personal aid and attention of Mr. Otto E. Albrecht. Absolute satisfaction is thus guaranteed



Model 29-X and Pillow Muff made up in Blended Muskrat. The regular price of this set is $39.50. The special 15 per cent discount price is $33.58 on all orders received before September 30th.

Send four cents in stamps for "Albrecht Fur Facts and Fashions" No. 25, the new Style-Book, picturing and describing hundreds of varieties of the finest furs in all the world.

This catalog gives invaluable directions anent the selecting of beautiful, serviceable furs at prices that are strictly right.

References: Any bank or mercantile agency.

E. Albrecht & Son

Established 1855

Sixth and Minnesota Sts., Station "P," St. Paul

NOTICE

¶ I am the original Bull Muse. ¶ All I have to do for the next month is to write advertisements for my friends. ¶ My advertisements possess lilt, lure, logic and lucidity. ¶ I place the reader *en rapport* with himself, stimulating the nerves that lead to his pocketbook. ¶ Advertising with me is salesmanship. ¶ I would like to introduce your goods to the hundred thousand or so Roycrofters-at-Large who read THE FRA. Please command me.

Elbert Hubbard
East Aurora, N. Y.

Deaf People Hear Whispers

With Common-Sense Ear Drums—"Wireless Phones for the Ears"



FOR TWENTY YEARS the Common-Sense Ear Drums have been giving good hearing to hundreds of thousands of deaf people, and they will do the same for all who try them. ¶ Every condition of deafness or defective hearing is being helped and cured, such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated or Partially Destroyed Drums, Drums Wholly Destroyed, Discharge from Ears—no matter what the cause or how long standing the case may be, there is hope of good hearing for all the afflicted deaf. ¶ The Common-Sense Ear Drum is made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are out of sight when worn, and easily adjusted by the wearer. ¶ Good hearing brings cheerfulness, comfort and sunshine into the life of the lonely deaf.

Our Free Book, which tells all, will be sent on application. Write for it today to

Wilson Ear Drum Co., 403 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Engraving of Highest Merit



THE work of Adam Pietz is characterized by infinite care, skill, and faithful application. His Engraving of Crests, Bookplates, Signet-Rings and Coats of Arms is authoritative and artistic. ¶ Adam Pietz makes and engraves Medals for Commemorative and other events with surprising originality and beauty His Medallions are Miniatures of rare delicacy. Mr. Pietz will gladly send you full information and sample impressions.



ADAM PIETZ, Philadelphia, Penna.
1011 CHESTNUT STREET

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The Wonder of The Modern World

The Underwood Typewriter



A Mighty Colossus In Its Overwhelming Superiority

"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER CO.
(INCORPORATED)
Underwood Building New York City
Branches in all Principal Cities

hogging of labor's fruits by the great masters of business. It seems likely that a revolt of this character will cause the election of a Democratic President in Nineteen Hundred Twelve. But it will not, in my opinion, if the leaders of the Democracy in the meantime shall once more manifest their inability to comprehend the new organization of the nation's and the world's industries. A policy of destruction will not win. The commonsense of the American people will forbid it. The Democracy in Nineteen Hundred Twelve must demonstrate its ability to understand the new organization of industry, must adapt its policies to the spirit of the new social order, and must choose for a leader a man who holds sanely conservative, constructive views on these matters, or it will probably be beaten at the polls in November. Should it win the Presidency and the Congress on a program of mere destructive revolt against trust oppression, it bids fair to fail to satisfy the deep desire of the people, which is that they shall be given the benefit of the savings made by the trusts in the cost of producing and distributing the necessaries of life. The

I HOLD with those who would preserve the vast, intricate, enormously valuable machinery which business genius has created. Evolution is a forward process. The Republican party has won its victories since the War because it stood for the fullest, freest expression of the commercial genius of this people. The Democracy has been defeated because it stood for repression of America's business genius. Democracy has won a few incidental victories, due to popular revolt against the

Our boys explore their environment. We have fields, forests, shops—and opportunity. The Roycroft School for Boys. Send for catalog.

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party which can reasonably satisfy that desire can hold office indefinitely; the party that does not prove it sees in that desire its first obligation to the country may possibly win office, but it will not stay long in power.—*Frank Putnam.*

IF all the trusts that afflict us, the Express Trust is the meanest ❧ It is great by virtue of petty larceny cumulative. It is a useless institution, an interference with the post-office, a parasite upon the railroads ❧ For its robberies it never makes restitution, and it is noted for its poor pay of employees ❧ It grafts on the government, the railroads and the people. It cuts the juiciest melons ❧ The government must smash it, for it has no excuse for existence in service or in economy. The Interstate Commerce Commission has the goods on the Express Trust, which, in fact, is hardly to be considered as representing a single vested right.—*William Marion Reedy.*

Remember that to change thy mind and to follow him that sets thee right is to be none the less the free agent that thou wast before.—*Marcus Aurelius.*



The Dollar Watch



The Eclipse, $1.50



The Midget
Ladies' Watch, $2.00

Ingersoll
WATCHES

are the timepieces of over 30,000,000 people—people in every walk of life, but people who judge a watch solely by its timekeeping accuracy, and not by the amount of money it represents.

THE YANKEE, the original Ingersoll Dollar Watch.
THE ECLIPSE, a thin model for men and boys, $1.50.
THE MIDGET, a small, thin model for women, $2.00.
THE JUNIOR, a small, thin model for boys and girls, $2.00.

60,000 dealers sell Ingersoll Watches
Booklet sent free on request

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro.,
99 Ashland Building, New York

TO act in obedience to the hidden precepts of Nature—that is rest; and in this special case, since man is meant to be an intelligent creature, the more intelligent his acts are, the more he finds repose in them. When a child acts only in a disorderly, disconnected manner, his nervous force is under a great strain; while, on the other hand, his nervous energy is positively increased and multiplied by intelligent actions.

—*Maria Montessori.*

We are always all well, and we are happy because we do not stop to think about it. No billiards, booze, buffet, cards, cigarettes, at The Roycroft School for Boys.

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AD-MAN DAVISON

KANSAS CITY

MASTER Magician of the Mails! Phraseological prestidigitator! Whatever that means, Davison *is!* He surely weaves words and stitches sentences on the bias, that bristle with business-bringability! Elbert Hubbard says a *live* language *has* no grammar; *dead* ones have! Well, Dave's daring departures from dried-and-cut dictionary dictum drive the dingbats from a duffer's dynamo and freshen the mental atmosphere like the air after a sweet summer's rain!

¶ But helzbelz, this is all horseplay. What you 're to burn in your bermuda is that if you need Follow-up Letters, you need Davison! He twirls out trade-teasing talk that makes busy men sit up and sign order blanks, write checks, send telegrams, ask prices or demand information about the thing you have to sell. Advertisers big and little find his warm, human letters have something to do with a bigger bank balance! His winsome Websterian will woo the wherewith *Your* way, also! No man can read his stuff and thrust it into the wicker. He side-steps all the dear old stiff-backed speech styles and gives you glowing grammar that gurgles with ginger, get-up, gumption, and the glorious grift of gold-gath'ring! If you 've never used real humanized letters to turn the trick, now 's the time and Dave 's the cute little composer.

¶ Being America's Foremost Wordologist, he of course charges a bit high, but it 's a bum, bum businessman who 'll not listen and loosen for letters that 'll make OTHERS do it!

¶ Agreed?

¶ Then there 's Money in this Mug's Maw for YOU, Mister! Get busy and give him your facts. Watch 'im grind out a greenback getter!

¶ Gospel!

AD-MAN DAVISON

Waldheim Bldg., Kansas City, Missouri

STAMMERING is a habit which can be overcome. It is an error, however, to suppose that it will disappear of itself.

Stammerers are assured permanent relief from their affliction at the Lamb School for Stammerers. Consultation, whether in person or by correspondence, is free and strictly confidential. For detailed information, address **Joseph J. Lamb,** founder and principal of the Lamb School for Stammerers, **1252 Franklin Street, North Side, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.**



Elbert Hubbard

Banker

East Aurora, N. Y.

□□□

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A COMING EMPIRE



Very few people know how big Texas is. In order to know the size of Texas we have to travel through it, from North to South and from East to West—and then hike out of it, and get the perspective. ¶ The Northern extremity of Texas is nearer to Chicago than it is to Brownsville. ¶ It is as far from El Paso to Texarkana as it is from Chicago to Boston or from Saint Louis to New York City. ¶ You may put all of New England, New York and Pennsylvania inside of Texas and they will rattle around like peas in a pod. And while some people may know how big Texas is, no one can guess her wealth. She is producing every year right out of the ground necessities of life worth over six hundred million dollars. And this is not one-twentieth of her possibilities. ¶ Texas has four million folks; twelve million cattle; fifteen million sheep; four million horses ❧ ❧ ❧ ¶ If Texas keeps on growing in population and increasing in wealth as she has done during the last five years, in twenty-five years from now she will be the Empire State of the Nation. She has the climate, the soil, the sunshine, the water, the men and women. The tide is setting strongly in the direction of Texas. ¶ The City of Waco is in the exact center of the population of Texas. Just turn to your map and take a look at the location of Waco. See the railroads centering there like the spokes in a wagon-wheel! In Texas, all roads lead to Waco. ¶ The businessman has become supreme in Texas, as he has everywhere. The skill, the thrift, the knowledge of New England you will find transplanted in Waco. Waco has grown as the farmers have grown and as the railroads have prospered. ¶ Waco distributes her merchandise for five hundred miles in every direction. Some day it will be a great packing-house center. In degree it is now. In Waco there is a demand for money. Collateral is plentiful. Loans are safe, because everybody is making money. ¶ The Continental Trust Company of Waco, just organized with a capital of one million dollars, is bound to be one of the great financial institutions of the Great Southwest. Here is a bank with the added powers of a Trust Company. It executes business for individuals living or dead, for estates and for corporations. It is in touch with big business in New York, Boston and other cities of the East. It lends moneys upon gilt-edged securities—unlike the banks that loan on one-name paper. ¶ Its business will be largely to place money for its Eastern correspondents on ample securities. Its directors and managers are men who know the country, know values, and know what is going to pay and what not. All of them are successful businessmen. None are Has-Beens, Never-Wases or Not-Yet-But-Soons ❧ ❧ ¶ The Continental Trust Company of Waco lends money only to those who are making money. ¶ It will not lend money to promoters, speculators or bounders. Texas has opportunities untold for using money in a legitimate way: cattle, oil, cotton, grain, hogs, fruits, dairy-products—these are the things that Texas produces and these are the things that the world demands and never gets enough of. ¶ The Continental Trust Company starts business under most favorable conditions. Texas has never been so prosperous as it is today. The pioneer age has passed. Texas needs money now to harvest her crops, and she needs money to get these crops to market. The money is moving in the direction of Texas, and it will be the business of the Continental Trust Company to see that ample return is made on all funds entrusted to it, and that the principal itself is always and forever secure. ¶ The Continental Trust Company is not a one-man institution. Its officers and Board of Directors are made up of men who take an active interest in the business; and no one man's hopes will ever be allowed to run away with his brains, nor will he be allowed to intoxicate himself on sunshine and go on an excursion into the blue ether. ¶ Ask any one in Texas who these men are that are running the Continental Trust Company, and you will be told they are men whose feet are firmly planted on the earth; that they are hard-headed men, men with records for integrity; that they are financial men who have made good and can neither be stampeded, bought nor bribed. ¶ Incidentally they are rich men, and they have made their money out of real Texas Products. ¶ A little stock in the Continental Trust Company can now be bought at $105.00 per share. $100.00 is par. ¶ Trust Companies often pay 20 per cent dividends a year. Read up on the Trust Companies of Pittsburgh, Chicago, Denver, Philadelphia, Kansas City, and see how they have piled up the money. J. P. Morgan & Co. is a trust concern, that has made its money by placing safe loans. Continental Trust stock, beyond a doubt, will soon be worth $200.00 a share. Prospective investors would do well to telegraph their wishes.

Continental Trust Company
of Waco, Texas

Judge Sam R. Scott, President
W. E. Johnson, Vice-President
C. B. Reynolds, Vice-President
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the One perfected fountain pen-

it fills itself

in four seconds-from any inkwell

Forget the old-style dropper-filler fountain pen with its ink-baths and general nuisance. ***Now,*** when you think of a fountain pen think of the ***self-filling Conklin*** — the one pen that fills itself — that is wholly free from pen troubles of any kind.



Conklin's Self-Filling Fountain Pen

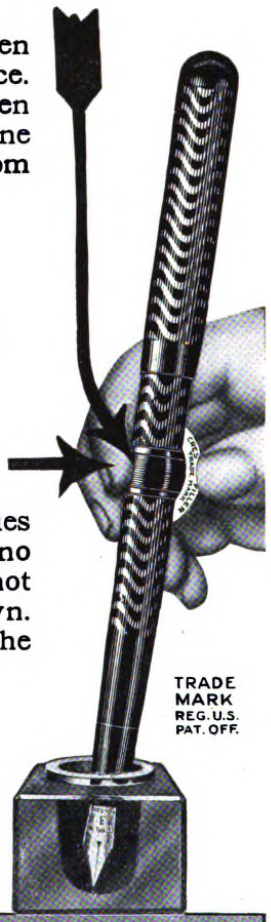
The thumb-press "Crescent-Filler" identifies it always. Every Conklin pen has it — no other has. The Conklin screw cap pen will not leak in the pocket even if carried upside down. Stationers, Jewelers and Druggists sell the ***self-filling Conklin*** on 30 days' trial.

Prices $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00 and up. Write to-day for catalog and two little books of wit — all free.

The Conklin Pen Mfg. Co.

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YOU are probably familiar with the fact that W. J. Bryan has long posed as a Good Man, and you will no doubt recall, also, that he has been much distressed because other men are not as loyal to friends as he is. ¶ Bryan never had a more faithful friend than Champ Clark, of Missouri. For sixteen years Clark has been trying his best to force Bryan into the White House. Bryan has paid tribute after tribute to Clark, saying he is incorruptible, and a man of excellent sense. Yet at the Baltimore Convention, Bryan fought Clark like a fiend, and finally defeated him for the presidential nomination, in favor of Woodrow Wilson, who is on record as an enemy of Bryan's. Clark had won fairly before the people; he received a majority vote in the convention, which has heretofore been sufficient to insure a nomination. Yet Bryan brought about a deadlock, and finally succeeded in defeating his friend, and in giving the prize to his enemy ❧ Roosevelt was not equally successful in humiliating his friend, but he worked as hard to insure that result as Bryan did ❧ ❧ There is no trick resorted to by horse-traders that politicians do not accept as statesmanship. ¶ Bryan's real excuse was that he wanted the nomination himself; his pretended excuse was that the New York delegation voted for a New York man for temporary chairman of the convention, which was no excuse at all.—***Ed Howe.***

❧

Consider how few things are worthy of anger, and thou wilt wonder that any fools should be wroth.—*Robert Dodsley.*

It is no longer an experiment—our boys are well, happy, strong and useful. The Roycroft School for Boys, at East Aurora, N. Y. Send for catalog.

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IT 'S a queer thing about this body business ❧ The first time I heard some one say that a certain man was too strong to work I thought it was rather a foolish joke. I 'd never known a "good-condition" faddist then ❧ I know several of them now, and every one that I know is "too strong to work." They 'll run on the track, play basketball, wrestle, "chin" themselves a dozen times a day; but run on an errand for anybody, mow the lawn, put up a shelf in the pantry when the perfidious carpenter has broken his plighted word—not they.

When I want any real work done I don't get a big, husky six-footer with a famous set of muscles to do it. I pick out some little delicate man who has to make his tired body work when it does n't want to, and he 'll do the job and do it right.

The strong man means well enough, but he can't really work; his body won't let him, and his body is the ruler of the firm every day in the week.

Why not? He has spent much valuable time teaching his body that it is the most important thing on earth. Why should it be bossed around by nothing but will and mind all at once?—*Winifred Black.*

❧

"THERE is too much misery in the world for me to punish anybody for laughing," said Judge Simon Hahn in the First Criminal Court in Newark yesterday, in disposing of a charge that had been made against Frank Pace, eighteen years old, for laughing too loudly and continuously in a moving-picture show.—*New York "American."*

Half a day at the books, and half a day at useful work—that's the plan at The Roycroft School for Boys.

Impressive Stationery at a Usable Price

Obtainable of the best printers and lithographers in the 160 principal cities of the United States

Your letters must secure *immediate* and *favorable* attention *before* they can "get the business." Take care that your letters *look* their *importance* and the order is half won.

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is helping thousands of concerns to get more business because it gives *impressive character* to their stationery. Also the use of Construction Bond practically assures an attractive design and good workmanship all at a moderate price. The reason is beyond dispute.

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Best at the Price

Want to see 25 specimen letterheads that may help you improve your own? Ask us on your business stationery and we will send them *free.* Also we will tell you the firms in your locality who handle and recommend Construction Bond.

W. E. WROE & CO., 1002 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Made in White and Eight Colors with Envelopes to Match

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OLIVER TWIST HAS ASKED FOR MORE!

You may stir up the grounds in the cup if you will,
But the scent of La Touraine will cling to it still.
Adapted from THOMAS MOORE.



EFORE me, as I write this appreciation, stands an empty package which yesterday held a pound of the famous brand of coffee known as La Touraine. ¶ There is not so much as a smitch of coffee left in it now, yet the agreeable aroma that greets my nostrils is as much a reality as the bag itself. ¶ I am a coffee-drinker. I like coffee, and if I have any nerves I 've never been aware of them. I would not give a picayune for a breakfast without just one cup of coffee — but it must be the right kind. The English are addicted to tea. As tea-tipplers they take the Souchong. Never yet was a cricket-match played but right when the play was at its height, time was called, you know, while all hands gathered sociably around the wicked tea-cozy, to have a jolly, ripping time, y'know, old Chappie! ¶ Britons never can be slaves, but they are in thrall to the teapot. Does this account for the recent Olympic records at Stockholm! ¶ The Americans at Stockholm drank coffee, in moderation. For sensible people use every good thing in moderation. And they had to buy steamer-trunks to bring back their medals. The English carried home a grouch. ¶ In The Roycroft Inn we serve La Touraine to our guests, and many of them declare they have never tasted anything more delicious. ¶ La Touraine is the criterion of good coffee. It is culled from the cream of the world's choicest coffee-crops, and blended like the Sextette from Lucia. ¶ In freshness, piquancy of flavor, fragrance and delicacy of aroma, no coffee in the world equals La Touraine. ¶ La Touraine comes fresh roasted and fresh ground, in attractive paper bags colored red, black and yellow. The Arab on the bag is a guaranty of genuine quality. La Touraine is not put up in tin cans. It costs forty cents the pound, and is sold by representative grocers everywhere. Ask your grocer for La Touraine. One trial cup will convince you that it is the best coffee you ever sipped in your life, also that a pound of it will go further than any brand you know. Drink La Touraine and carry off a few world's records.

W. S. QUINBY COMPANY

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SHIP AHOY!---LIFEBUOY? SURE!!

An Advertisement by ELBERT HUBBARD



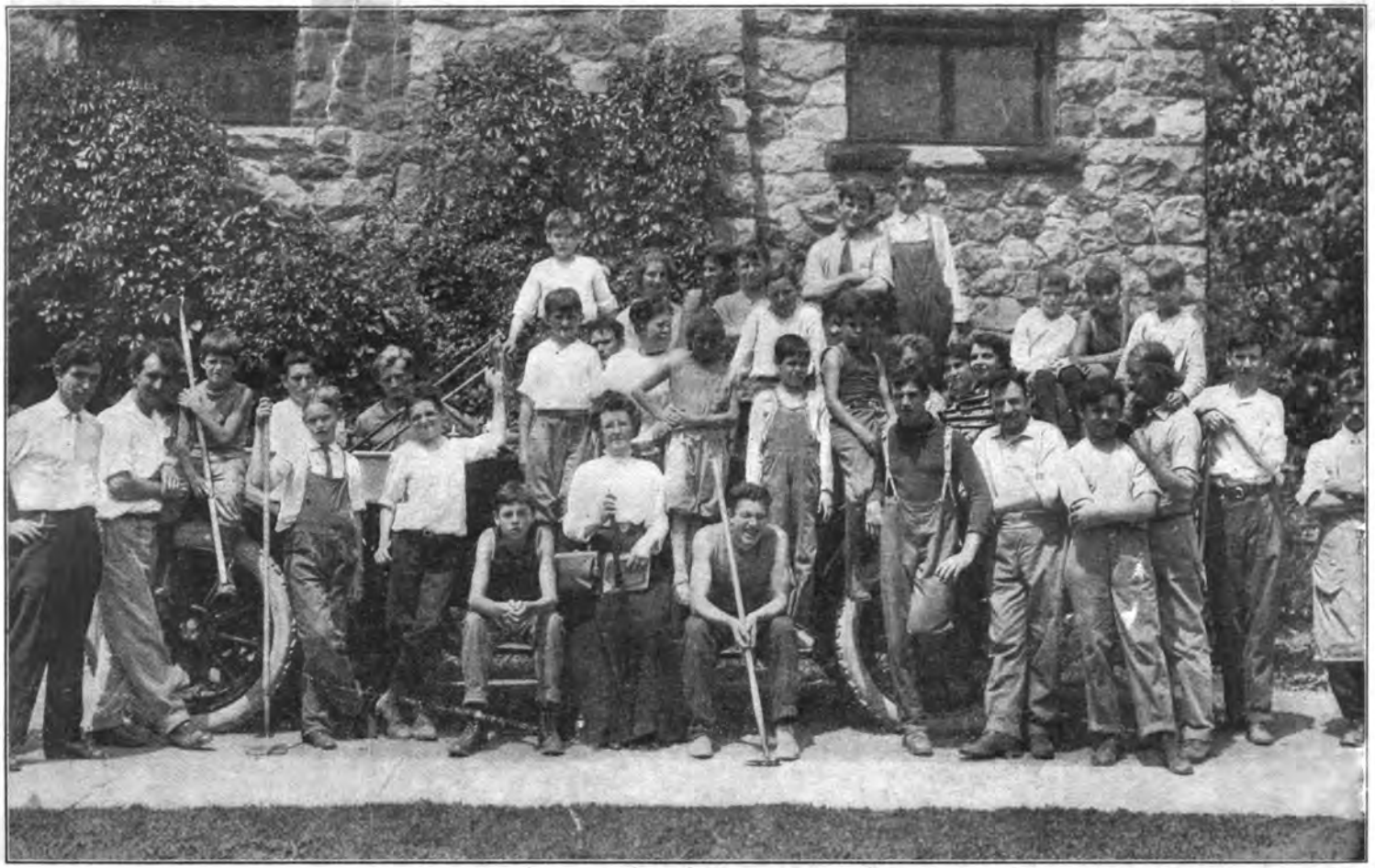
I USED to help my mother make soft soap in the back yard. ¶ Also, I served an apprenticeship of ten years in a soap-factory. I stirred a big kettle with a dipper that had a handle twelve feet long; and later I shoveled the strongbox of that soap man full of shining gold. ¶ I know every ingredient that goes into good soap, and I know a few ingredients that should not go into any. ¶ Just at the present time I am not in the soap business, save as a consumer, but any man who makes good soap is a brother of mine. ¶ In The Roycroft Laundry we wash the clothes for two hundred people and do the washee-washee for The Roycroft Inn and Emerson Hall. ¶ We use Lifebuoy Soap because it destroys the germs of infection, putting the kibosh on the microbes without injuring the fabric. ¶ Lifebuoy Soap is a disinfectant that disinfects. We use it for bath purposes, in the lavatories, and the boys at The Roycroft School carry it down to the "Ole Swimming Hole." And never once has a boy been sick in our school. ¶ We use Lifebuoy Soap in The Roycroft Shop at all of the washstands. We use it for cleaning floors, stairways, type, printing forms, windows, and all of the thousand uses to which a good soap is put. ¶ In all my experience I do not know of a cake of soap that will go as far and do as much good work as the Lifebuoy. It is a genuine life-saver. ¶ Many brands of soap contain a certain per cent of free alkali. This caustic soda that is not perfectly saponified is always a menace and a danger. This is the substance that rots the fabric and frays your linen on the edges, gives a sawtooth edge to your collars, roughens the complexion, produces eczema of a very tantalizing kind and sort on the hands, and works general havoc with the temper of the laundress. ¶ Lifebuoy is made by the Sunlight Folks. ¶ I know what the Lever Brothers have done at Port Sunlight, for I have been there and spent many happy hours in that wonderful factory that makes more than soap—that makes for character, manhood, beauty, and all that is worth while in this world in which we live. ¶ There is nothing tainted in Lifebuoy Soap or in the hearts of the men who make it. ¶ Sociological sentiment is all right, but it must be backed up by the suds. ¶ Lever Brothers supply the soap that lasts and the soap that serves. ¶ I am not writing on hearsay and belief. I am talking about things of which I know. ¶ Ask your grocer or druggist for "Lifebuoy" 15c a cake.

LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY, Soap Manufacturers, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

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THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS—THE ROYCROFT SCHOOL OF LIFE, READY TO START FOR THE FARM

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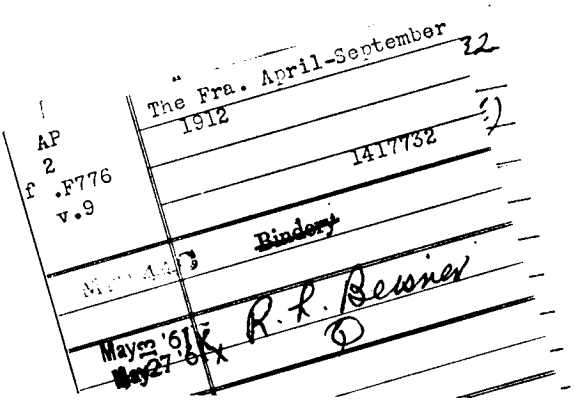
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